Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
JUNE 1987

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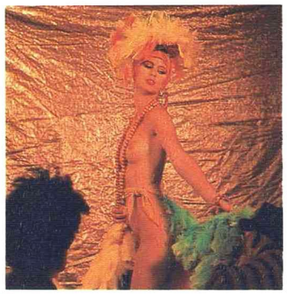

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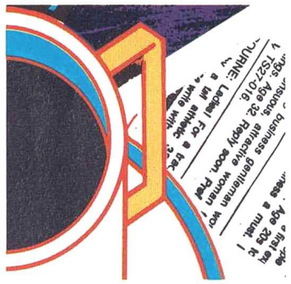

Desperately Seeking . . .

Paradise Lost

Wild Child

REGULARS

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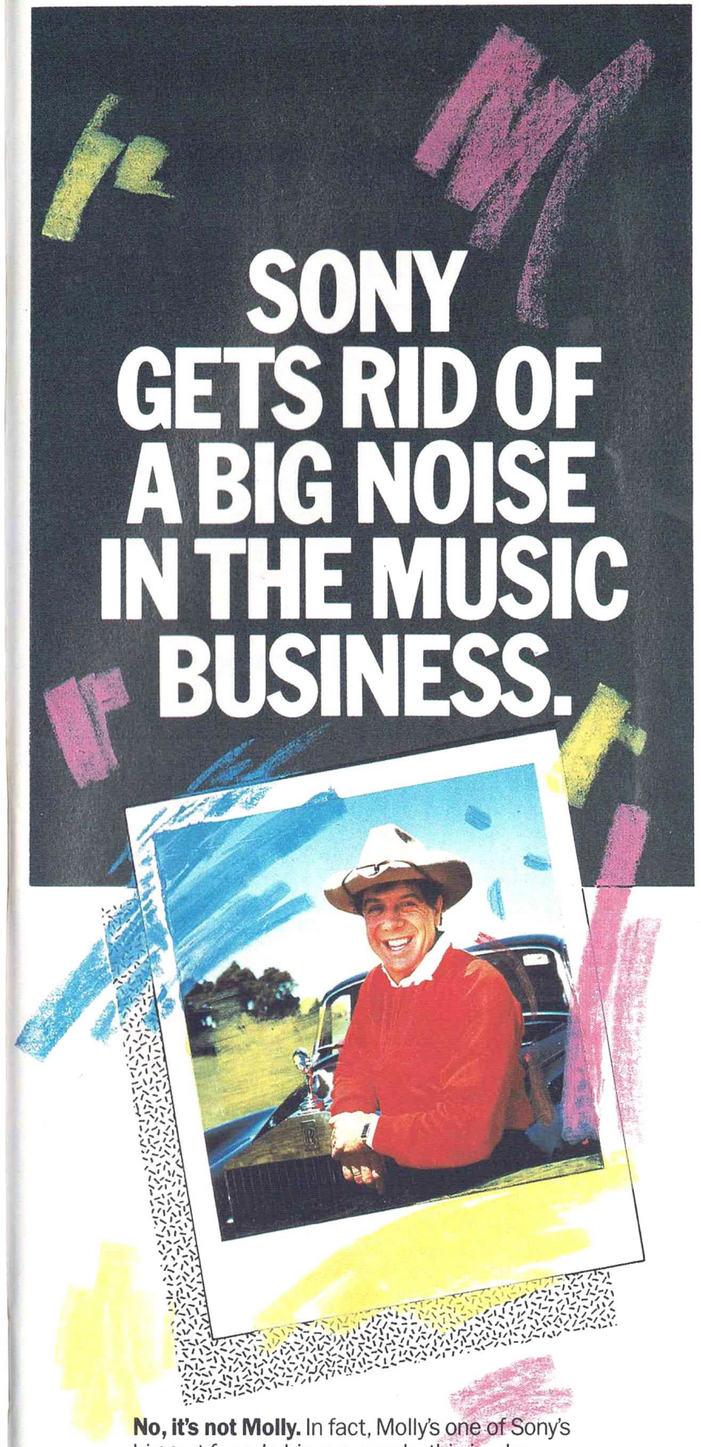

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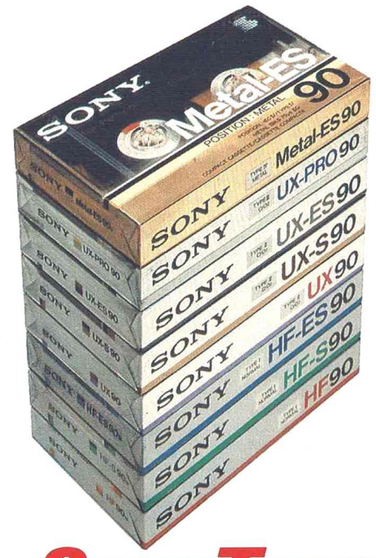

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JUNE

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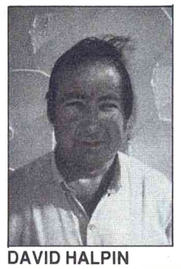
JOHNNY TOPPER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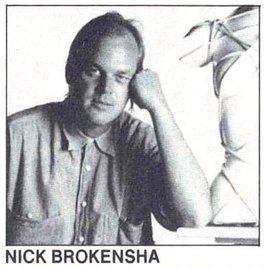
NICK BROKENSHA

NIGEL BUCHANAN

HOUSECALL

PARADISE LOST
Already the sun is beginning to set on the world's greatest sexual pleasuredome, the girlie bars of Manila. **David Halpin**, a veteran observer of the Philippine vice trade, details the diverse forces now aligning themselves against the Australian criminals, pimps and goons who've held a stranglehold over Sin City for the past two decades. **Nigel Buchanan** created the illustration on page 32.

WILD CHILD
Christina Amphlett, lead singer of the Divinyls, is one of the most captivating rock performers of the Eighties. **Vince Lovegrove's** profile of Amphlett is a no-holds-barred account of how the wild child of Australian rock manipulated her way to the top. Lovegrove was the band's manager for five turbulent years and his insider's account of the traumas and triumphs of Chrissie Amphlett makes for a rivetting read. Turn to page 78.

STRIPSLEAZE
There are now only a handful of strippers left who retain the once-noble art of their predecessors. **Tony Maguire** reveals the sad story of striptease's fall from grace while photographer **Nick Brokensha** presents a pictorial tribute with the help of beautiful Rebecca Rhodes on page 39.

JOHNNY TOPPER
Johnny Topper is the all-Australian male. He's young, he's horny, and he likes nothing more than to poke his nose into places where it doesn't belong. But Johnny has an advantage that puts him way out in front: he's invisible. Every day is a good day for the Ghost Who Porks. Follow his erotic adventures in an hilarious new *Penthouse* cartoon feature created by **Gerhart** and starting this month on page 125.

DOCTOR SHOCK
Who is this Dr John Harrison, this man who has rocked the medical establishment with his best-selling book *Love Your Disease — It's Keeping You Healthy*, who has apparently cured arthritis, cancer, infertility and even blindness, and who has been labelled everything from shameless charlatan to miracle-worker? **John Emery** combines fact and fiction to create an immensely insightful profile that could (dare we say it?) change your life. Turn to page 56.

DESPERATELY SEEKING . . .
If you've ever hunted through the Share Accommodation ads you'll already know that "broadminded" means "homosexual" and "house-trained" means "a pain in the arse." It's a code, right? But what about those incredibly cryptic lonely hearts ads featuring "romantic, bubbly" femmes who will "try anything once"? What the hell does that mean? **Garry Sargeant** saves you the trouble of cracking the code in an hilarious piece of satire beginning on page 60 with an illustration by **Collide**.

AIDS: DON'T PANIC
Those who stand to profit most from AIDS hysteria are feeding dubious and sometimes downright false stories to the ever-hungry, uncritical media. **Gary Null** presents some startling revelations of behind-the-scenes skullduggery in an important story starting on page 74. The artwork was created by **Etienne Sandotzfi.**

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*— its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Gagging on gags

What's with all these bloodthirsty and tasteless cartoons you're printing these days? I can't pick up a *Penthouse* without seeing supposedly funny cartoons showing guys getting their heads ripped off or bums in the street offering to lick shit off women's shoes for money. Keep it straight — more sex and less sick violence. You're putting me off my breakfast. — *C. R. Grahame, Frankston, Vic*

Them's the breaks

Listen, I sent you a Forum letter about three months ago and I haven't seen it in print yet. I've told all my mates, and I'll look a right wally if you don't use it. Give us a break. — *Name and address withheld*

Stoned on Emma

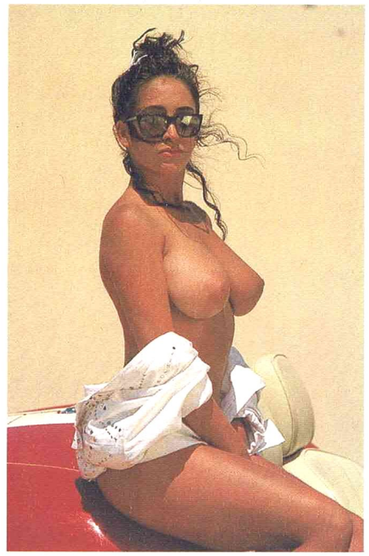
Emma, your March centrefold, absolutely knocked me for six. That girl has got attributes that just don't quit. Not only that, she's all class from head to toe. I've actually seen her around a few times up here on the northern beaches of Sydney, and she's every bit as stunning in the flesh as she appears in *Penthouse*. Believe me, when Emma turns up at the beach in her bikini, grown men weep . . . well, *I* did, anyway. She gets my vote for Pet of the Year hands down. — *J.P., Avalon, NSW*

Peter power

My hat goes off to Peter Brock and *Penthouse* (March issue). I don't know much about his Energy Polariser but I know a bloke with guts when I see one, and Brock has certainly got that. I can't believe how badly he's been treated by the shinybums at GMH who've never even sat in a race car, let alone driven one. Have they forgotten this man has won Bathurst eight times? How could a man with that sort of ability and experience be taken in by a device that doesn't work? As far as I'm concerned, Peter Brock is still the King of the Mountain. — *J. McGahan, Wyong, NSW*

Tee hee

I'd be talking through my freckle if I said I wasn't used to seeing holes in *Penthouse*. But I'm not used to seeing them in the written sections of the mag. So it was with great delight that I explored 18 hilarious holes in writer Colin Bowles' Cheat's Guide To Golf in the March edition. Why don't you combine sport and humor more often? By the way, I'll eat Greg Norman's Akubra before I say that I don't enjoy your magazine every month. Even the bits that aren't in color. — *Howard Robinson, Sydney, NSW*



Stunning Emma Stone

Might I say that the *Penthouse* Cheat's Guide To Golf (March) was extremely demeaning to the game. Bravo. Thank you. — *C. Lewis, Kensington, NSW*

Centrefold of the decade?

As an admirer of your magazine, I was knocked over by your February 1987 issue — and in particular Ian Potter's pictorial featuring Nikki Downey. She is magnificent and the photographer's portrayal of her is top class, particularly her definition and skin tone. Bravo.

But did you take a holiday when organising your March edition and pictorials? The girls, I'm sorry ladies, were just not up to the usual high standard that I'm used to seeing in your magazine. Or — what I suspect might be closer to the truth — the photographers made a very poor effort in captivating the ladies' charms on camera.

I look forward to seeing more lovely ladies like Nikki. She should be centrefold of the decade.— *R. Sinclair, Mosman, NSW*

Just a gigolo

I know it's only rock 'n' roll but I liked your interview with David Lee Roth in the March issue. Good on you for thinking about the blokes in your readership who get into music. How about some more interviews with rock 'n' rollers in future editions? What with DLR, the story on Brockie's box of tricks and the pull-out poster and cover of Emma Stone, your March effort had to be one of the best ever. — *J. Allenby, Adelaide, SA*

For local rock 'n' roll color, turn to Wild Child on page 78 — Ed

Covering note

Just thought I'd drop you a line as I posted off the survey which you put in the March edition. You asked me what it was that prompted me to buy this particular edition. Well, it's an uncontrollable habit that I have. Sure enough I have the frequent desire to simply look at a naked woman, but I also strongly believe that *Australian Penthouse* is far and away the best value for money magazine there is.

Not only do you present your ladies tastefully and erotically, but combined with the Seven Deadly Sins, Forum, Motoring, Loose Ends and feature articles of a consistently high standard, all in all I don't think anyone can complain.

I only have three suggestions: more, more and more. Ever thought of becoming a weekly? — *T. Jackson, Warilla, NSW*

Assertions

I enjoyed the article Going Down (March), but had difficulty working out what to make of these sexology people from ASSERT.

One minute the reader is being implored to sympathise with the fact that this organisation is routinely ignored by medical authorities and politicians — and then right at the end we're given the impression that they're some kind of "underground organisation . . . hardly an optimistic picture."

Either ASSERT represents a significant body of professionals or it doesn't. I've heard from an associate that in fact ASSERT members find it hard to agree on anything but their own perceptions of their importance.

Also in the story was the suggestion that Australia is about 10 years or so behind the US in socio-sexual trends and acceptance of sexuality. I would suggest that Australia is light years behind, — *T.L., Lane Cove, NSW*

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Job prospects

It all started at a job interview. I walked in the door to see an older man (I guess that's not hard seeing I'm only 20). He had a nice smile and was very friendly; the interview was casual and relaxed. He showed me down to the back of the factory where I would work under his supervision until I learned the ropes.

He asked if I was good with my hands — and I gave a cheeky grin. Needless to say I got the job; I must say it was a pleasure to get up and go to work with my new boss. He was very open and easy to talk to. We became quite close, with some really deep and meaningful conversations being a matter of course. I knew he was married (happily) and had a son. But he didn't talk much about them.

After a few weeks on the job, and being familiar with each other, he started sneaking up behind me and biting me on the neck. I found it such a turn-on. It gave me goosebumps every time. I loved being with him and started staying back after work so we could be alone together.

One afternoon he put the hard word on me. He explained he would never leave his wife but he would love to have a mistress. His proposal left me dumbfounded. It was completely against my morals but I had often daydreamed about having his bulge slamming my cunt from behind. Now was the chance to have my secret desires come true. I couldn't take anymore of this "just dreaming" shit. I wanted to live it. I asked, "When?"

Our first night was terrible. I was so nervous and so was he. It was like losing my virginity again. I guess we're both human — but we didn't give up. Now that we've had plenty of practice, I think we're getting our fucking down to perfection.

Nothing gets my love hole juicier than to be able to wrap my laughing gear around his joystick. His groans of pleasure let me know how well I work my mouth around his pole. I love to work from his lips all the way over his body, kissing, nipping, licking and sucking, probing every nook and cranny with my tongue. I leave the tastiest, meatiest part until last. When it comes my turn to be eaten I claw the walls every time. Having my body caressed makes my pussy literally melt. He slurps at my sweet juices like a kid with an icecream. His expert tonguing and gentle nibbling of my clit sends my leg muscles into involuntary spasms. A few minutes of this and I can't stop myself from coming. I just wrap my legs firmly around his head, hold on, and enjoy the trip into inner space. He doesn't stop until I beg him; then he comes to my lips, kisses me with all the juices on his face and I lick him clean. I thrust my hips upwards to remind him that my pussy is just aching to be fucked.

In the missionary position, his cock has the perfect angle to reach my G-spot. I have learned to hold myself in the perfect position to tantalise my precious little spot. He puts his pole in as far as it will go, then I arch my back and lift my hips up and down. It's not a thrusting "in-out" motion, but the sensation for both of us is fantastic. I can reach the most incredible explosive orgasm that anyone could imagine. It takes all my energy away. When I finally get there I'm like a rag doll. My pussy is the only thing left moving with its spasmodic flutterings.

Occasionally we come together (we can't be perfect all the time), with me feeling the kickback of his shotgun propelling its melted bullets far up me and my pussy exploding under the impact.

Sometimes when I feel he's about to come I simply clench my love hole nice and tight, so I can feel everything happening. My pussy has been likened to a rabbit trap, so its nice for him, too.

When our session is over, I sometimes lick his perspiration away. We fall into a relaxed conversation about our love-making. It's rarely long before words fail us . . . *C. Licken, Brookvale, NSW*

Happy trails

The event I would like to share with you happened last year on our annual family holiday. I planned to take my kids camping to one of the south coast beaches. As the date for departure neared, my two sons, 21 and 19 years old, bowed out, pleading other commitments. My 18-year-old daughter asked me if she could have one of her friends accompany us, since there would be plenty of room in the camper. Sandra asked Erica, who was happy to be able to get away for a few days. Now, Erica is 20, and built like a *Penthouse* Pet. I was ecstatic that she would be joining us. I've been lucky enough to see Erica in a bikini, and she's always given me an instant hard-on,with her perfect tits and super-shapely arse.

As we drove to our destination, my mind was racing, just thinking about Erica sitting behind me and the prospect of her sleeping within a few feet of me. When we arrived and pitched our camp, I got my first peek of her in her string bikini. I thought my cock would rip out of the confines of my bathing suit! We all lounged on the beach for hours, just soaking up the sun and surf. When late afternoon approached, I told the girls that I was going up to the tent for a cold beer and a quick snooze. They told me that they were going to stay on the beach a little longer, and would wake me up in time for dinner.

I don't know how long I was asleep when I was woken up by a noise in the camper. I opened my eyes slightly to see Erica coming out of the toilet with just the bottoms of her bikini on. My eight-and-a-half inches of man meat went wild, and I was afraid I would come in my shorts. Unbeknownst to me at that time, my cock was sticking out of the leg of my cutoff

jeans. Erica's tits were magnificent. I decided to keep on pretending I was asleep so that I could drink in as much of her as possible before she either put her top back on or left the van.

To my surprise, Erica did not put her bikini bra back on. Instead, she removed the bottoms, and walked over to the fridge to get a brew. By now, my love stick was so hard it hurt. As she opened the can she looked over at me, and stared right at the spot where my dick was sticking out of my shorts. She set the can on the counter and walked over to my bunk. I was going out of my mind, watching her huge knockers jiggle over her trim, neat bush.

Thinking I was asleep, Erica started to softly stroke my cock. I opened my eyes and smiled at her. She winked at me and removed my shorts, never saying a word. She kneeled down, her tits resting on my knees, and took my tool into her mouth. It didn't take me long to pop my load down her throat with a force I didn't know I possessed. She licked me clean, and then stood up to show me her beautiful cunt, which was dripping wet.

I laid Erica down on the bunk and went down on her to taste the sweetest pussy I've ever eaten. She came two or three times before I had her get on top of me so that she was sitting on my face. Her pussy was out of this world — soft, sweet, and hot. Her grinding gyrations got me hard again, and after she spurted her love juice on my face, I flipped her over and filled her slit with my hungry cock. Erica met my every thrust, and moaned with such passion that I was sure our camping neighbors would hear her. I continued pumping her with all the vigor I could muster, and as she was about to come I gave a couple of thrusts so that I would come with her.

We lay arm in arm, cock in cunt, on the bunk for a while until Erica got up and told me that she was still hot. I pulled her pussy on to my face and lapped away at her labia, making her come again and again until she just collapsed on top of me. I wasn't about to let her go yet. My dick was hard again, so I rolled her over and put it between her tits, fucking them furiously while Erica stuck our her tongue to lick the tip of my penis upon each thrust. As I neared orgasm, she grabbed me and stuffed the entire length of my shaft into her mouth, savoring all my jism as it came squirting out.

We were both pretty exhausted by our efforts, but thought it wise to return to the beach so as not to arouse any suspicions in my daughter. Although I was always on the lookout for one, we never did get an opportunity to repeat our wonderful experience. When our holiday was over, Erica went away to uni, and except for a few brief hellos when she'd come over to my house to pick up Sandra, I never really saw her again. But I will never forget her, and I can tell by the smile on her face whenever we meet that she won't forget me either. — *Name and address withheld*

"Don't worry about getting pregnant. I've got immaculate contraception."

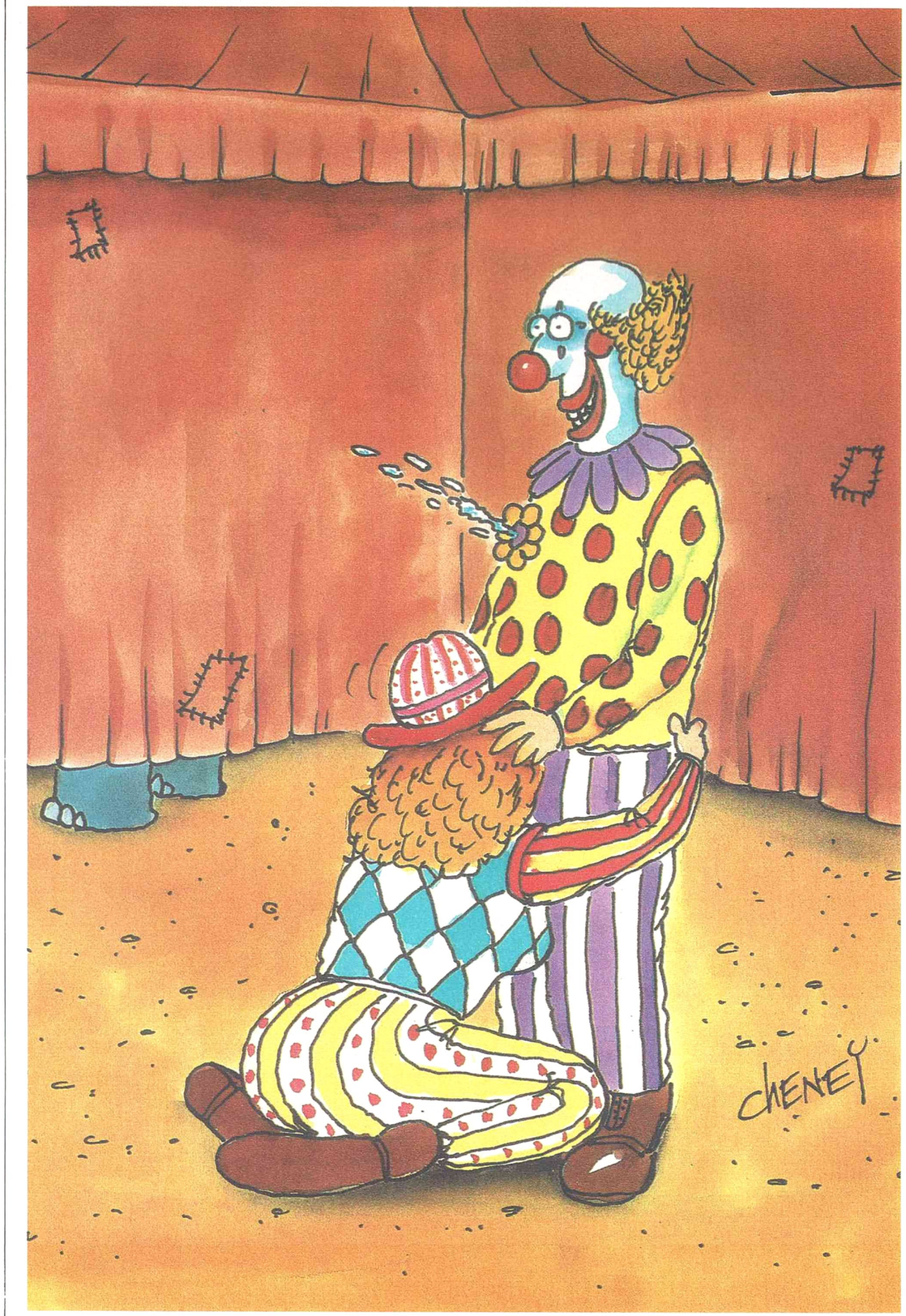
Co-ed go ahead

I am a student at a rural university renowned for attracting nerdy types. I am one of several women living in a co-ed college located across the street from an all-male college. Most of the guys I live with are good-looking, but like the boys back home, they have almost no imagination in bed. At first it was a real buzz to be able to walk down the hall and just take whatever I wanted, which is easy for me as an attractive blonde who has no problem getting men. After a while, though, having my pick just wasn't enough. These guys were all afraid to take command and make a girl feel like a real woman. So I began to fantasise about the men across the street.

When I was a fresher, my roommate Lindy, a petite brunette, and I shared a room with a window facing that block. We didn't know that one of our window shades was almost transparent to anyone on the street. When we found out, we were shocked, but also a bit excited. Sometimes we would "forget" to lower our extra shade, and put on a show. We would slowly undress, playing with our breasts, fingering our nipples as they began to stiffen. By the time we worked our way down to our panties, we were soaking wet. Despite our mutual participation in this game, we had never done anything to each other, although I must confess to sometimes fantasising about caressing Lindy's rich brown nipples and eating her dark wet snatch.

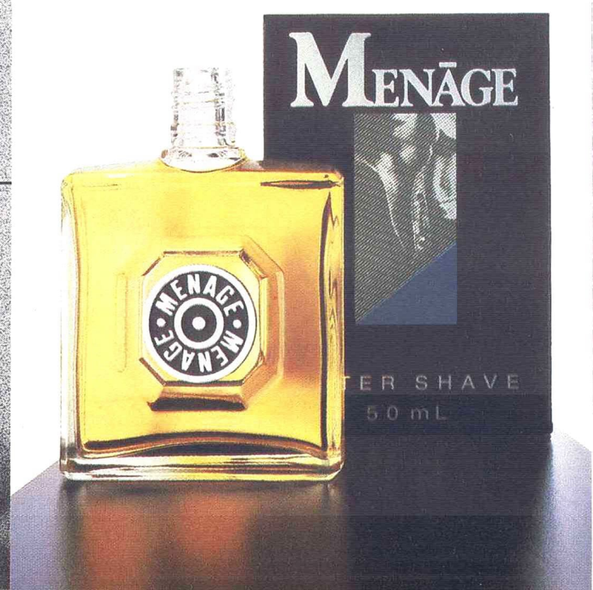
One night, with the thought of sexual adventures in mind, Lindy and I went over to the other block for a party. Some of the guys were really spunky. The conversation turned to our living mates, and we all agreed that they were a bit straight. The guys then invited Lindy and me upstairs to enjoy some "real men." We were amused and excited, and when I noticed the hard-ons they were sporting, I was more than ready for some action. One guy in particular attracted me. He was tall, thin, and blond, but best of all, he had "virgin" written all over his face. I tingled at the thought of introducing this young Adonis to the pleasures of women. I could tell that Lindy wanted him too. As roommates, we shared almost everything, and I didn't mind sharing Doug with her as long as I had him first.

We went upstairs with the four guys. As we climbed the stairs, I whispered to Lindy that I wanted Doug first; she could have the other three, and after a while we would swap. She giggled and informed our companions of this arrangement, to which they all agreed. Doug blushed a little, but I could tell by his expression and his extension in his pants that he wanted to do it. I gave him



"There are two things about him I'll never forget.
One of them is Menāge."

Some things linger in a woman's memory.



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a long French kiss, grabbed his thigh, and led him into a bedroom, shutting the door behind us.

As soon as we got inside I attacked him. I tore his shirt off, revealing a surprisingly hairy chest. He fondled my breasts as I released his cock from his pants. I plunged on it, licking and sucking like crazy, making him moan and shudder. In about a minute he came in my throat, and I swallowed all of it like a hungry animal. I knew he would last a lot longer the second time around.

Doug took me into his arms and lay me on the bed. He moved his tongue down my body as my every nerve thrilled to the sensation. He didn't stop until he reached my damp mound. He was pretty good for a virgin, but you could tell it was his first time. I screamed, "Fuck me! Fuck me hard!" and he awkwardly mounted me. I had to help him a bit, but it was worth it. His thrusting almost split me in half. This virgin was pushing my pussy in a way that so-called men had never done. I screamed out in delight as waves of orgasmic pleasure broke over me. He came as I did, and our final moans rang out as one.

As I prepared for round two, Lindy came in. As much as the thought of three men to myself excited me, I couldn't bear the thought of leaving Doug, so I invited Lindy to join us. Lindy began to fondle Doug's newly erect love rod as I positioned my pleasure mound over his moving tongue. He was so good! His hands were roaming all over me, playing with my arse, kneading my breasts, and just doing everything. This went on for an eternity until I felt myself being lifted off Doug and placed on the bed.

Doug licked my rock-hard nipples, and I felt another tongue on my snatch. My God, I thought, that's Lindy! As she explored, I felt her tongue slip up my crack, just nipping my clit, and I exploded, nearly drowning her. I moved over and began caressing her breasts as I had longed to do. Doug and I moved up and down her body, causing Lindy to come over and over again. The three of us fondled, fucked, and sucked with abandon.

Suddenly there seemed to be more hands roaming my body, and I squirmed with pleasure. I realised that the three guys outside had become bored and wanted to check out the action. I looked at Lindy, and with a wink she confirmed that the two of us were ready for all four of them. There were so many bodies on that bed that the rest of the night is really a blur. All I remember is that there were hands and mouths all over my tits, arse and cunt all night. I was almost insatiable. I can't remember how many times Lindy and I came. I can remember the special experience of having a gorgeous hunk hammer away at me while I watched the sunrise. I couldn't believe this was happening to me. It was better than my wildest dreams.

As the last guy collapsed into sleep, Lindy and I looked at each other. We fell into a beautiful sixty-nine for the longest time. After a while, we got dressed and walked back home, our bodies atingle and our nostrils filled with the sweet smell of sex. That night, the guys launched some fireworks, calling Lindy and me to tell us that they hoped we got as big a bang out of those as they had gotten out of us last night. It was just the start of some fantastic sex. I wish I could tell you about the next time we went over there, but I've gotten so horny writing this that I'm going over for some more fun right now! — *Name and address withheld*

All the right moves

I am a cleaner at an exclusive girls' school. Seeing all the beatiful young ladies each day causes me to spend most of my working hours with a raging hard-on, but unfortunately I can't do anything about it. That is until the girls' PE teacher paid a visit to my office.

Nadia is a five-foot-two svelte ex-gymnast who has caught my eye many a time with her skintight gym outfits. Little did I know she had admired my huge biceps as much as I had admired her fine arse.

One afternoon she walked past my door and peeped in. I said hello and she answered me with a large grin, stepping inside my office. After a few minutes of idle conversation, Nadia closed the door and locked it behind her. At this point I realised that something was up, and it was more than my erect penis.

Before I knew it, Nadia was unzipping my pants and lapping at my dong. Taken aback by this sudden display of affection, I could think of nothing to do but lean back and enjoy the warmth of her mouth. Before I shot my wad in her throat, I backed off and pulled off her clothes. As soon as I had done that, I spun her around into a sixty-nine position. I held her as she once again pumped my cock with her mouth. I returned the favor by putting my tongue to work, licking the flowing juices from her beautiful blonde pussy.

We continued sucking and licking until I came in her mouth in a tremendous shot. Begging for more, Nadia pulled me close to her and pleaded with me to fuck her. I readily obliged and placed her on top of me, shoving my rod into her tight slit. Screaming for all of me, she twisted her body in such a way that my slab of meat was so far inside of her I thought I was going to come again.

Before I could come, Nadia hopped off my dick and asked me to lie on my back, my cock pointing straight up like a flagpole. The next thing I knew she was pulling herself up by the overhead pipes lining the ceiling of my office and positioning herself for a pinpoint landing. Suddenly she let go,

and with a perfectly planned drop impaled herself on my straining cock. Nadia rode me like she was hanging on to a bucking bronco. I could not contain myself any longer, and as she reached a screaming orgasm my come filled her pussy, cooling it down like a fire hose on a burning bush.

Although Nadia never speaks to me in front of the girls, she has come back to pay several visits to my little office, showing me a new trick each time. I hope to know her entire gymnastic repertoire by the time this term is over. — *Name and address withheld*

Doctor's orders

When I finished medical studies a few years ago, I began working in the city.

One of my better friends was a nurse I'll call Alice. Alice was petite with shoulder-length black hair and beautiful brown eyes. You always knew when Alice was around, because whether it was the nursing station, the cafeteria, or the bar across the street, for some reason everything was livelier whenever she was there.

After a month of trying, I finally arranged a dinner date with Alice. She was ready to go when I arrived at her house, looking great in her high heels, tight jeans, and fur coat. When I helped her off with her coat at the restaurant, I couldn't help but notice her perfect breasts, which were accentuated by the clinging jumper she had on.

Our conversation began innocently enough, but Alice was killing me by playing with her hair with her dark red fingernails. Alice mentioned that she used to wear her hair long, down to her waist, but it was too much trouble. I asked what she meant by too much trouble, and Alice matter-of-factly replied, "Washing it took too much time and my boyfriends were always coming in it." I nearly collapsed. I was not used to this type of conversation.

Alice knew I was aroused and curious, so she leaned forward and parked her curvy breasts on the tabletop. I could see the faint outline of erect nipples beneath her sweater. She then asked me how I was in bed! Gathering my composure, I informed her that I had satisfied a few women and was told that I had good staying power. Alice replied that she had seen me walking about the hospital with an erection.

We quickly paid and left.

When we arrived at her flat, Alice flipped on the stereo and kissed me while rubbing herself against my pelvis. She took off my coat and had me sit down on the lounge. She removed her fur and knelt on my thighs, kissing me, then rubbing her clothed breasts in my face. Next she stood up and slowly undressed me, examining my jocks upon their removal. Alice got up and brought out two glasses of wine, then kissed me before going into the bedroom. She returned wearing her fur open, with nothing underneath. She tossed something at me; that revealing top. "I believe this has served its purpose," she said. "I'd like to congratulate you on your stamina. Most guys usually come long before this."

Alice then resumed her position, kneeling on my thighs and rubbing my face with those beautiful breasts. With one hand she reached down and grasped my balls while with the other she stroked my erect penis. It only took the touch of her hand to make me come all over her. She took one finger and gathered some semen, smearing her lips with it. She kissed me again, and more of my hot fluid escaped. We spent the rest of the night satisfying Alice. In fact, Alice is still teaching me to satisfy her to this day. — *Name and address withheld*

Bookworm

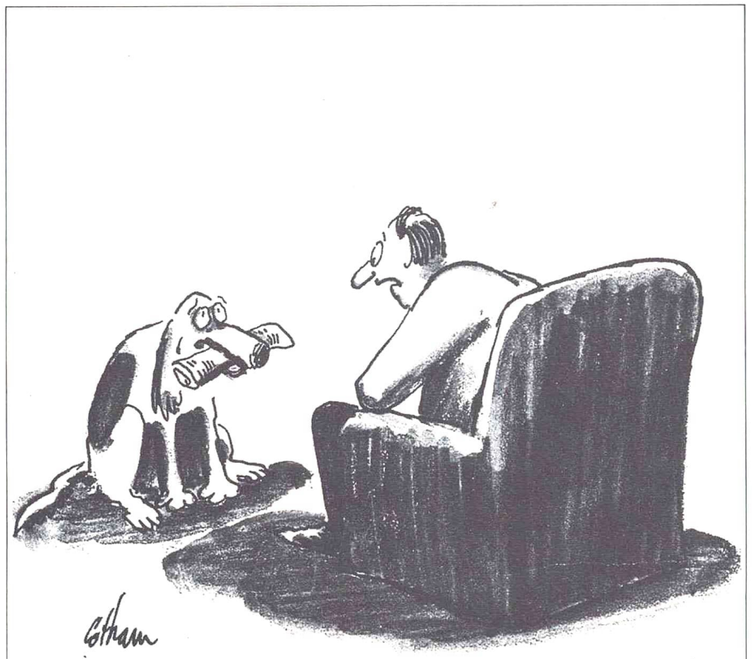
I've been working at a major bookstore for a few months, and on my breaks I read through *Penthouse* Forum. Up until last night the job had become extremely boring, and I was considering quitting. What changed my mind was the new employee who started yesterday. Amanda has an averagely attractive face, but her body is outrageous. She has a wild, untamed look about her. I was introduced to her when she first came in, and a few minutes later we were working at the cash register together. As I walked past her, I was sure that she reached down and tickled my crotch. I told myself that it was an accident and put the thought aside.

A few minutes later, Amanda got right in front of me and fluttered her eyelashes at me while licking her lips. I was extremely confused by her actions, because we had only just met half an hour ago. At one point when there were no customers, she took my hand in hers, examined it, then ran her tongue across my palm before stopping to suck my fingertips. I was really wondering about Amanda by this time, but I was not about to argue. When I went on my break, I was disappointed because I thought we might get a chance to talk, but Amanda was nowhere in sight. I went into the back office and sat down at my desk to get a bit of paperwork done. I was soon greeted by a pair of luscious lips teasing my crotch.

As she started unbuttoning my jeans, I thought, *This must be a tease; there's no way she can go much further here.* In a matter of seconds I was proven wrong as she took my cock all the way into her hot little mouth. She kept deep-throating me with long, smooth strokes. I started to try to feel her, but she pushed me away, stopping her vacuum action long enough to tell me that she loves to please and I'd get my chance another time. There was nothing else I could do but lie back and enjoy this stranger's warm, wet, professional mouth.

As soon as I was about to come, Amanda sensed it and slowed down. She licked the

Continued on page 118



"Listen, boy. If the news depresses you that much, maybe you'd better stop fetching the newspaper."

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

SPOT THE AUSSIE

So there we were, sitting in a brasserie up at the Cross. Dave lights up a Gitane and orders a bottle of Beaujolais. "Going through our French phase, are we?" sneers the waiter who's been hovering around like a blue-arsed fly. It was only his innate sense of decorum which prevented Dave from decking the fey little ponce. But frankly, I saw some merit in the slave's attitude.

Then it was off round to Leichhardt for a few drinks at Allan's place. He's a compulsive renovator who's just spent too much money doing up a daggy terrace with a whole lot of imported leather furniture. And Allan has just returned from his annual trip to Italy, where he regularly refurbishes his wardrobe. Now he's lounging around with a few hundred bucks worth of crumpled silk on his back and sporting a pair of ridiculous reptilian sandals. I wouldn't be surprised to see a blue tongue flick out from the end of his toes.

Do I detect the hint of an Italian inflexion in his exaggeratedly casual greeting? The phone rings. Allan picks it up. He grunts twice then says "Ciao" before replacing the receiver. Didn't he mean "See you later?"

What's going on? All my friends are developing cosmopolitan affectations. It seems to be some sort of symbol of maturity and success. They crack 30 years of age and a fair bit more than 30 grand a year and before you know it they've given up the Winfields for a more exotic brand, traded in the Commodore on a BMW, dropped the draught beer by the middy and instead swagger around with a bottle of Heineken at their lips.

Some of them have even put a lot of time and effort into finding European or — even better — Eurasian girlfriends, although they'll make it quite clear during initial introductions that Yoko has never been near the Philippines.

And your average bloke doesn't get a look in these days, either. In my experience it's virtually impossible to find a friend in any of our more exclusive bars and clubs in 1987 unless you've got an accent that's as greasy as a Greek milk bar chip and a haircut that's so asymmetrical it makes you walk with a limp. I observe, on an almost nightly basis, gullible local gunnies getting swept off their feet by swarthy spics in ill-fitting suits. And I'm not just making that claim out of bitterness because the last little honey I was shacked up with dumped me for a Jewish coke dealer who stole her away to New York. What's wrong with Neutral Bay anyway?

Sorry, lost the plot a bit there. The point I'm trying to make is that there is no way that the acquisition of all this overpriced foreign finery is going to turn you into anything other than a blatant nouveau sophisticate . . . an idiot Eurowanker.

Our Napoleonic treasurer, Paul Keating, is probably the most prominent example of this nouveau sophisticate phenomenon. Let's face it, Paul, no matter how many antique clocks you pick up on your European jaunts, and despite the classy cut of your jib, there's no way I'm going to mistake you for anything but a crass little Westie. I hope you're paying attention. Mate, you've got a severe credibility problem and so has anyone else out there who wishes their Gianni Versace jacket had the label on the outside.

Shit! Lately even the beer commercials have become urbane. Used to be that your average Australian boozer was the bloke in the Reschs Pilsener advertisement on the tiled public bar wall . . . a real Chesty Bond type of character who liked to down a cold ale after cracking a few boomers in the surf boat.

Illustration by Graham Rendoth

Now the modern beer drinker is portrayed as an effete Fosterised jerk who has to go to Hawaii to drink Australian beer, or some over-achieving celebrity trying desperately to look natural for the cameras as he Swans around with the smart set.

That's my gripe. I don't like the fact that we have to shrug off our cultural heritage in order to rise to the top. It offends me to see the demise of all that is true blue. Maybe my patriotism is misplaced. I don't care. Bob Hawke told me to buy Australian, so I do. When it comes to clothing I shop exclusively at Dapto Menswear. They've got the best range of designer Stubbies and fluoro thongs that I've seen anywhere. I'm doing my bit — why don't you? Don't just buy Australian, *be* Australian. — *Darcy Markovic*

LUST

BONE UP ON TRIVIA

Here's a simple quiz to test your knowledge of general odd-ball information. Most of the items are in some way related to sex — one of our favorite relations. A score of 20 or better is good, 25 or better excellent, and 30 or better phenomenal. The answers are on this page.

1. The first time the word "sex" was used in an English-language book was in 1382. What was the name of the book?
2. What US general was, as a boy, dressed in girl's clothes until he was eight years old?
3. What is the most common dildo length?
4. Sex researcher Wardell Pomeroy has noted that it's rare to find measurements over one inch in whites, but this may occur in two or three percent of blacks. "Measurements of three inches and more were obtained from perhaps one out of 300 or 400 blacks." Measurements of what?
5. In Dr T.K. Jacobus' 1935 study *L'Ethnologie Du Sens Genitale*, what was the significant finding about Sudanese and Hindu men?
6. What luggage did Benjamin bring with him for the hotel scene in *The Graduate*?
7. What was the name of the female gang member in *West Side Story*?
8. Who was the only female competitor in the 1976 summer Olympics who was not given a sex test?
9. Do a higher percentage of first marriages or remarriages end in divorce?
10. What did the company of Bradley, Voorhees and Day make?
11. Which condoms are larger — English or American?
12. What is gymnophobia?
13. What is gamophobia?
14. What do Attila The Hun, Nelson Rockefeller, and Goldie Hawn's husband in *Private Benjamin* have in common?
15. What American movie star's daughter killed her mother's boyfriend?
16. According to *Cosmopolitan*, do women prefer to be on the top during sex or have the man on top?
17. Gabriel Fallopius (1523-1562) was the Italian anatomist who first described the working of the female tubing that was named after him. What other sexual first is he famous for?
18. For generations, how have teenagers used the names Jack Meyov, Connie Lingus, Dick Hertz, and Mike Hunt?
19. When a son loves his mother a little too much it's called an Oedipus complex. What's the female version called — a daughter's over-attraction to her father?
20. What record is held by 72-year-old Ellen Ellis of Wales?
21. What are 73 percent of all men by age 70?
22. What is still practised by 25 percent of all men over 60?
23. The gibbon shares what sexual behavior with humans that is unknown in virtually all other mammals?
24. What are only three men in 1000 able to do to reach orgasm?
25. What sexual practice do humans have in common with some fish?
26. Prince gave Denise Mathews the stage name "Vanity." He originally wanted her to take another name and promised it would make her known worldwide. She said, "No kidding." What was it?
27. What English TV series opened one of its episodes with a sign that read FLOWERY TWATS?
28. For fear of obscenities, American TV show *Saturday Night Live* was not live for which guest host?
29. What was Elvis Presley's pet name for his penis?
30. In *Tea And Sympathy*, what did Deborah Kerr do after she said, "Years from now when you talk about this — and you will — be kind"?
31. Which golden-throated actress said of Sammy Davis, Jr, "He could do anything with me except have normal intercourse, because that would be cheating on his wife"?
32. "I'm freezing my nuts off" is heard, in Italian, in what opera?
33. How did King George II of England die?
34. "Do it quick," my wife would say. "Get it over as fast as you can. It's not nice." Who said that?
35. Who stuffed oysters in his underpants so he would get an erection?

Illustration by Chris Grosz

ANSWERS

1. The Bible. 2. Douglas MacArthur. 3. Six inches. 4. Clitoris size. 5. Of all racial groups measured, the Sudanese men had the longest penises and the Hindu men had the shortest. 6. A toothbrush. 7. Anybody's. 8. Princess Anne of England, a competitor in the equestrian events. 9. Remarriages. 10. BVDs. 11. English. 12. Fear of nakedness. 13. Fear of marriage. 14. Death during sex. 15. Lana Turner. 16. Man on top. 17. The condom. He made the first ones of linen. 18. To play practical jokes on public address announcers. 19. Electra complex. 20. She was the oldest woman ever to give birth. 21. Still potent. 22. Masturbation. 23. Monogamy. 24. Suck their own penises. 25. Fellatio. 26. Vagina. 27. *Fawlty Towers.* 28. Richard Pryor. 29. Little Elvis. 30. Made love to a virgin boy. 31. Linda Lovelace. 32. La Boheme. 33. He fell off a toilet. 34. The Boston Strangler. 35. Barry MacKenzie. — *Scot Morris*

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AVARICE

SUPER SAVINGS

The Government doesn't really help.

Well, it does, sort of. It makes a set of rules that will allow us to do one thing — but then it makes another set of rules designed to impede our doing it as much as possible.

For instance, this government has realised that when the Baby Boom generation — those born between 1942 and 1955 (before TV) — finally gets to the age of 60 to 65, there's only going to be one salary-earning tax-paying mug out there for every four old codgers smoking joints down at the bowling club.

The molly-coddled gimmick-addled baby boomers just haven't produced enough kids to support a pensions system, even an inadequate one such as we have now. What with contraception and compulsory homosexuality and zero population growth and all manner of trendy ideas there just aren't enough kids. So who's going to do all the work to pay the taxes that provide the pensions?

More migrants? Maybe . . .

I realised this creeping loss of pension-paying power some years ago and started to make provision for my dotage by putting some money away into a superannuation scheme. Because I didn't have much money and didn't know much about superannuation I joined up with an insurance company. As it turns out this wasn't such a bad idea, but it wasn't a great one either.

Insurance companies are great up until the point you are signed up. After treating you like a VIP they then treat you like dirt. Their service is poor and their ability to make money for you is average. There are exceptions, of course, but in the main insurance companies are sales-driven — not service-driven.

Anyway, I'm now at the point where I can say bugger insurance companies, I'll run my own super scheme, from scratch. I'll get a trust deed and a special bank account and, instead of playing the stock market and paying tax on my winnings — I notice the government doesn't refund on my losses — I'll work that money through the super scheme, which *doesn't* have to pay tax.

That way I'll accumulate enough money so that by the time I'm ready to hang up my tripe-writer I'll be able to see out my last few days in comfort . . . without resorting to the pension, not at least for the first few years anyway.

Which is exactly what the government wants me to do, ie self-fund my pension. I probably won't be much better off than on the pension (in which case I will live high on the hog early and revert to the pension later, if I last so long) but I won't be a burden on the taxpayer.

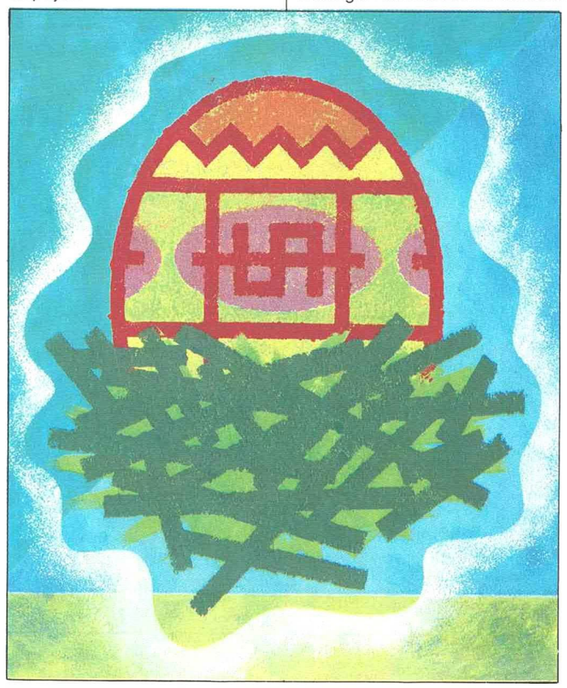

Illustration by Ray Condon

You'd think they'd strike a medal for me, wouldn't you? Not bloody likely, mate.

First off there are the smarties. Then there are the dummies. And somewhere in between are the do-nothings.

The smarties are those Flash Harries out there who got into superannuation schemes years ago as a rort to rob the workers and tax man. You know, those businessmen with knighthoods and Rotary membership and so on who go on about the free enterprise system and the value of hard work. Those bludgers so rorted the superannuation system that the government had to bring in a whole new set of rules and a whole new set of bureaucrats to administer those rules.

Enter the dummies and the do-nothings. These are the writers and administrators of those rules.

Now, so unimaginative are these dummies in the public service that they don't think there are people who don't fit the categories of either robber baron or wage slave. So they make rules that are designed to help the wage slave and stop the robber baron.

And of course the poor individual — the self-employed lawnmower, the artist, the general hand, the undercharging professional — doesn't get a look in.

The one-off, the individual, has to abide by rules designed to stop the robber barons.

To have your own superannuation scheme you have to have an independent trustee (not your wife/mistress), have an accountant, an auditor, a licence, a head office with equal opportunities employment scheme and an investment policy which even widows and orphans would sneer at.

So instead of putting aside $1000 a year for your old age you set aside $750 and pay $250 to your accountant and the government. Instead of earning 40 percent a year on your savings you earn 20 percent. Instead of being able to use some of your own savings — your own bloody money after all — to help buy a house you have to go to the bank and pay *them* an exorbitant interest rate. Instead of being independent and looking after yourself, you have to go to an insurance company who are, by the way, the same robber barons the stupid idiot public servants are supposed to be protecting us from.

If the galahs in Canberra did their job properly they could accommodate both the masses and the individual.

But that's only if they did their job properly. And that's a tall order. Why should they? They'll get *their* handsome superannuation payout at the end of *their* working life whether they do their job well or not. — *David Quicksilver*

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ENVY

REFORMING NON-SMOKERS

Being told what to do may be harmful to your health. I guess I shouldn't really be surprised that some authorities have proposed legislation to prevent people from smoking in public places. Big Brother is not only watching us — but telling us what to do!

Mind you, I'm a non-smoker, or to be more exact, an ex-smoker. There's a difference. Non-smokers are people who don't smoke and aren't tempted to ; ex-smokers are people who used to smoke and spend every minute of every day longing for a cigarette. Personally, I've conquered the urge to smoke a cigarette so successfully that I only miss them after, during, and before meals, while I'm working, at meetings, and after making love.

It's not that I'm unaware of the fact that cigarettes may be harmful; but even so, I'm of two minds about the increasing tendency of government, at every level, to play nanny to consenting adult voters. The conservatives, ostensible libertarians, are no better in this respect than the Left — given the smallest vestige of authority, everybody wants to reform the other fellow.

Grundyism — the active disapproval of other people's habits and pleasures — has always been a fact of life, a watered-down, bastardised version of the Puritan ethic, in which repression is substituted for active faith and good works. In its latest form, it promotes health and fitness as substitutes for virtue and religious belief, but the effect is the same: Do as I say.

Not smoking might very well be a sensible personal decision, even a lifesaving one, but insisting that nobody else smoke is a whole different matter. The other day, a European book publisher visiting my office glanced around furtively, with the expression of a man about to be arrested by the KGB. "A problem?" I asked. "Eine problem? You're not feeling well?"

"No, no!" he said vehemently. He stared at my desk. "Is that an ashtray?"

"Yes," I said.

"For zigarette?"

"Exactly."

"You don't mind so if I smoke?"

"Not at all."

"Thank you," he said, coming to life again. "Everywhere I go, people say, 'Please don't smoke.' If you light eine zigarette people look at you . . ."

"Disapproval. It's the new fashion," I said.

And so it is. These days it's not enough to give up smoking: it's necessary to shame other people into giving it up. Restaurants are becoming a battlefield, in which cigar and pipe smokers have long since surrendered and cigarette smokers are fighting a rearguard action. Non-smoker though I am, I have no patience with this. Personally, I hate the smell of garlic, but I would never dream of telling a stranger at the next table to send back an order of snails.

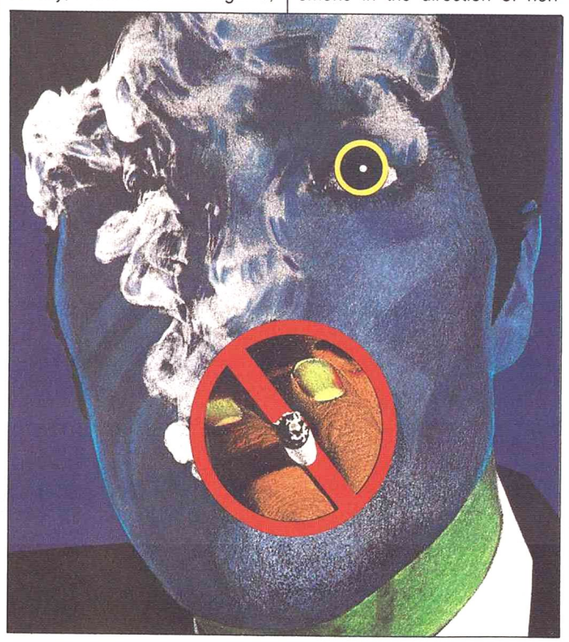

Illustration by COLLIDE

Since a flood tide of legislation is building up to enforce non-smoking edicts, I am prepared to offer a simple code of behavior for restaurants, based on tolerance, common sense, and reason.

1. Those who wish to smoke should say so on making a reservation, so the management can make a reasonable effort not to seat them next to a table of dedicated non-smokers.
2. Ditto for non-smokers. They should say they're non-smokers, rather than complaining when the fellow at the next table is halfway through his dinner and lights up a cigarette.
3. If the management can't separate smokers from non-smokers, the smokers should not (a) blow smoke in the direction of non-smokers, (b) smoke foul-smelling French cigarettes, or (c) ostentatiously chain-smoke while the people at the non-smoking table are tasting a delicious wine.
4. Most people can live with a cigarette after a good meal. Smokers should recognise that the better the food, the more offence they are likely to give to fellow diners, non-smokers and the chef if they smoke during the meal.

If, nevertheless, all this fails, I offer the following comments to make when the lady with the angry expression at the table next to yours asks the maitre d' to tell you not to smoke.

1. "Please tell her that I can't stand her perfume, but I have to put up with it, so she can just put up with my cigarette." (This won't work, of course, if the man accompanying her is over six feet tall.)
2. "I am smoking on doctor's orders. It relaxes me."
3. "I am going to finish this cigarette. I am going to have another one while I drink my coffee and pay the check . I will limit it to that in deference to the lady's wishes." (A compromise is always the reasonable thing to do, and puts you in charge of the situation.)
4. "I'm an inspector for a gourmet guide, and if you make me stop smoking I'll give your restaurant an F rating."
5. "I am a private investigator, and the lady who is complaining is dining out with a man who isn't her husband."
6. "Smoking is part of my dining pleasure. I'll put my cigarette out if you insist, but if I do I will expect you to tear up my bill."

The last, I feel, is probably the approach most likely to work, since it puts the responsibility on the management — where it belongs — as opposed to the federal government, local authorities, or a personal confrontation with the lady who wants you to put out your cigarette and who, the way things are going, is now on the winning side. — *Michael Korda*

Great Keppel Time

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Get wrecked around the clock

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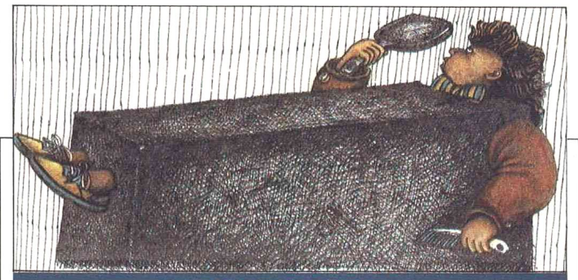
VANITY



URBANE COWBOYS

I read the other day that power dressing has replaced dressing for success as the Madison Avenue-approved catchphrase for the late Eighties. What that means, I suppose, is that conformity-ridden overachievers will adopt it as a slogan now that they've attained the success they were dressing for in the early Eighties and want everyone to know it.

On the other hand, perhaps it means the same thing as dress for success, adherents operating under the theory that it will take the wrong sort of person a while to catch on to the slightly modified concept, and meanwhile the right sort of person will streak about in the power access game — like a hare in a race with a sartorially *declasse* tortoise.

Yellow neckties are very hot among corporate lawyers in Manhattan this year. Yellow is *the* power color — that's what *Vanity Fair* says. Great news for egg yolks, I say.

Little of this has any bearing on what the well-dressed man is wearing in Sydney, Brisbane or Perth, where executives can usually be identified as the ones *not* wearing the stubbies and singlets. Slightly more attention is paid to men's dress etiquette in Melbourne, but somehow the idea of yellow tie as social arbiter there doesn't fit the image.

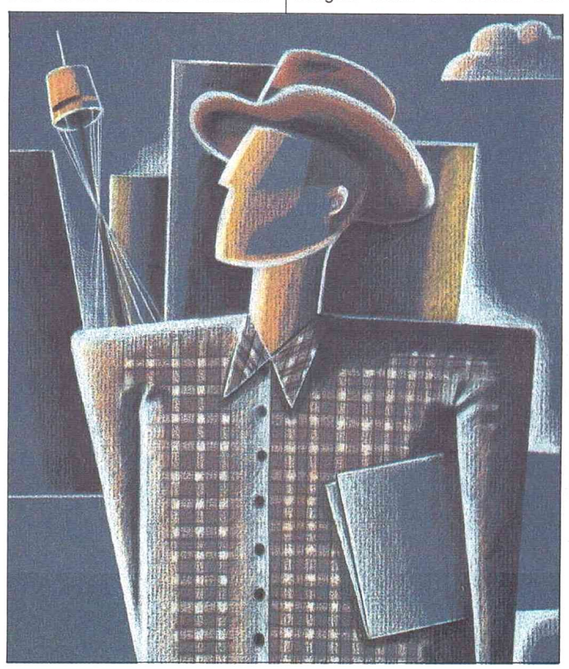
In effect, Australians have devised their own power indicators which have little or nothing to do with color. And, so far at least, men have felt free to choose their neckties on a basis other than consultation of a power spectrum.

That's not to say male fashion peccadilloes have been avoided in Australia. On the contrary, on some levels the very essence of Australian male identity lies in those singlets and stubbies. And in the past five or so years another variety of Australian male has turned with increasing intensity to this country's outback component for a visual definition of who he is.

It started about eight years ago with the purchase in record numbers of four-wheel drive vehicles by doctors, lawyers and corporate poo-bahs. Range Rovers roved anything *but* the range — tearing along inner city roads and blocking city car parks as advertising whizzes jammed them into spaces only intended for tiny Alfas. Not many ever got to see action on rutted red dust country roads. That was never their function.

Stage two began a few years ago when the vogue for outback fashion raised its rusty head. Like the sudden penchant for flaunting previously hidden convict ancestors, a taste for Akubras and Drizabone rain gear made itself felt in the land.

At first it was reserved as weekend gear. Sort of fancy dress to wear down to visit the Johnson-Smythes on their property. But lately the odd pair of Julius Marlowes or RM Williams riding boots has been spotted peeping from beneath a fashionably cuffed trouser leg or two in the city.



Can it be that Australia is inventing its own form of power dressing after all — one that has more to do with JR Ewing than JP Morgan? Will those riding boots be appearing beneath judicial robes? And if so, what will it all mean?

Figures seem to back the theory. According to Brad Cunyngham, Sydney manager of RM Williams — Australia's most prestigious purveyors of riding wear and country outfitters — country-style has taken off in a big way.

"Four or five years ago we averaged sales of around ten Akubra hats in a week in Sydney. Now we sell 100 a week," he said. "Of course tourists — particularly Americans — account for a lot of it, but Aussies are buying them too."

It's not surprising that Akubras have caught on, both at home and among the curiosity-seeking tourist. They're a hell of a lot more dignified than the Deputy Dawg stetsons that Australian tourists stumble home under after an American holiday, and they're far less stagey as an official Australian garment than the digger's slouch hat — devoted to Anzac's memory though we may all be.

Moleskins are another "must" item for the new Oz power dresser, though here the motive can be a practical one. The trousers are made of a double-weave cotton, making them both warm and durable — Cunyngham estimates their life spans as twice that of denim.

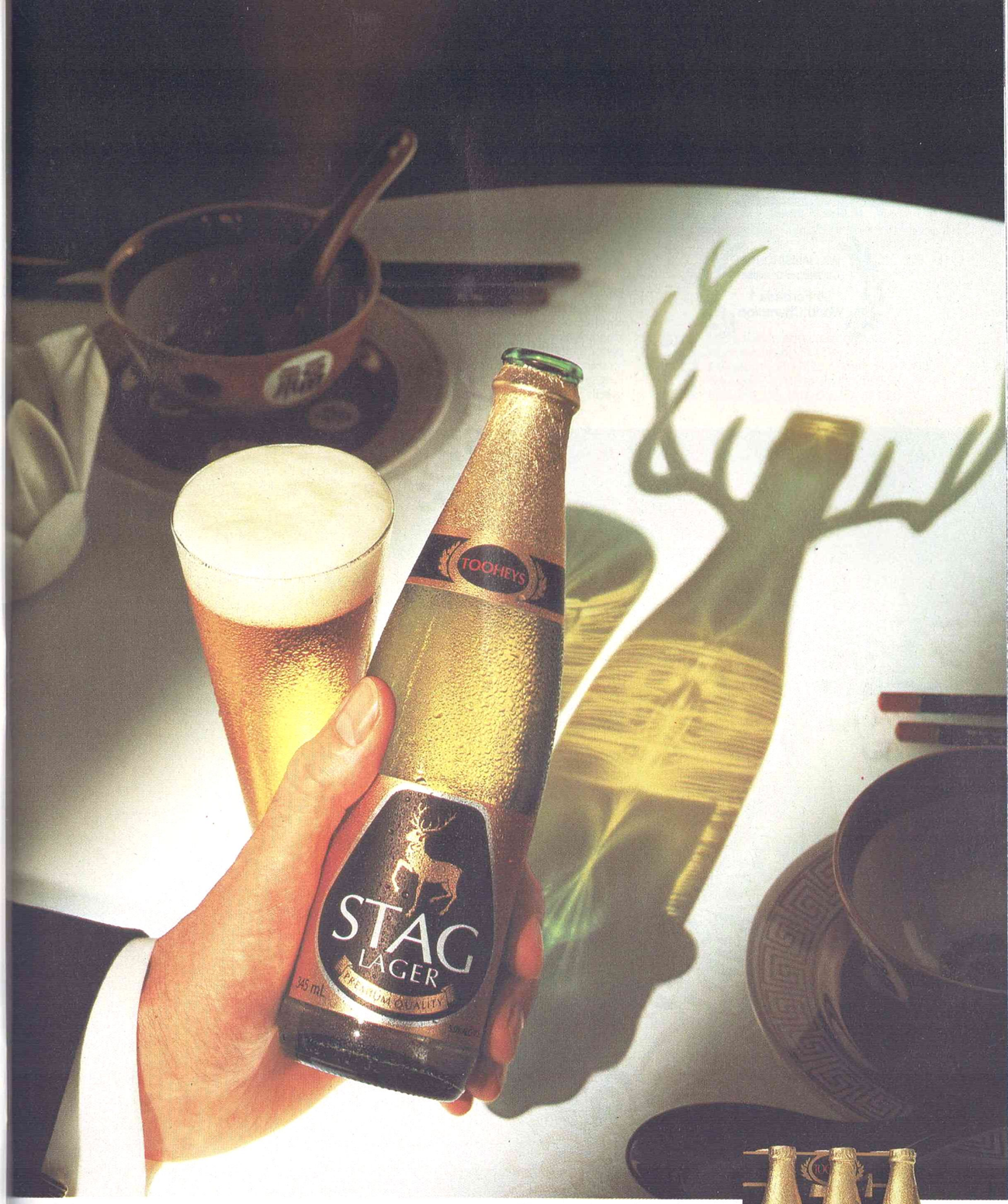
I asked him the origin of the word moleskin, since the clothing obviously has nothing to do with the animal hide. His best explanation — out of many he has heard — is that the fabric was originally used by English coal miners who were known, not inappropriately, as moles.

The fabric has become to the Australian rural scene what Levis are for the American cowboy. Now urban cowboys in Australia are climbing into superbly tailored versions that just graze the instep of a pair of $175 boots to drive their jeeps from Toorak or Turramurra into the city for a hard day's mustering on the local stock exchange.

It's no cheap thrill to dress the bushie part. Outfitting yourself from head to toe will run at around $50 to $60 for an Akubra, somewhere between $100 and $175 for boots and $70 to $90 for a pair of moleskins.

If you really want to look swish, add a hand-plaited kangaroo hide belt. RM Williams sell them for $40 up to $70. Beats a yellow necktie any day, I reckon. — *Mary Ellen Dyster*

Illustration by Rosanne Hyndman



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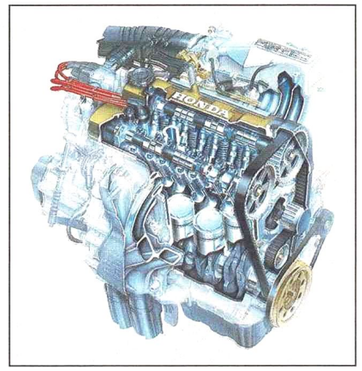

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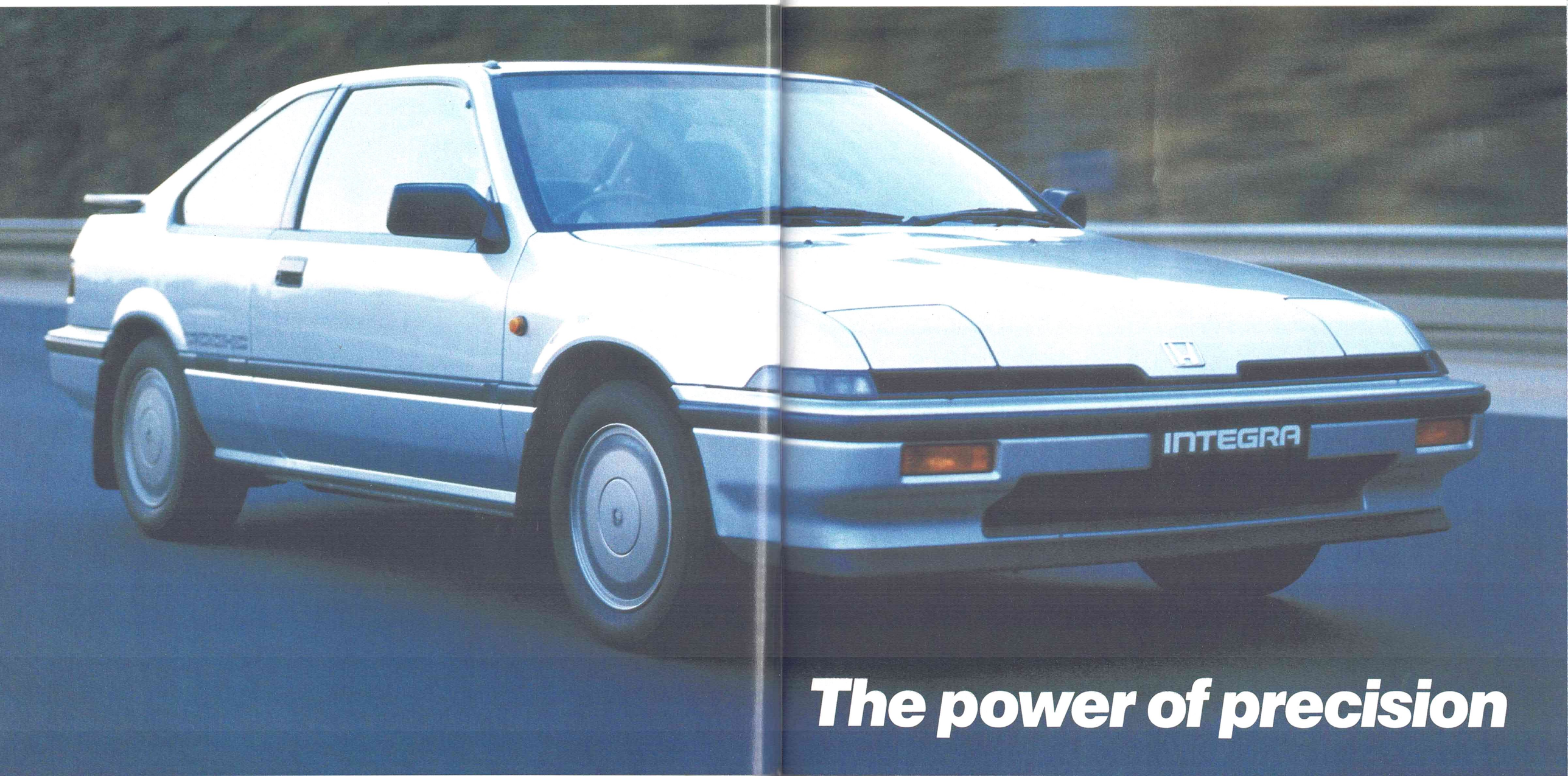
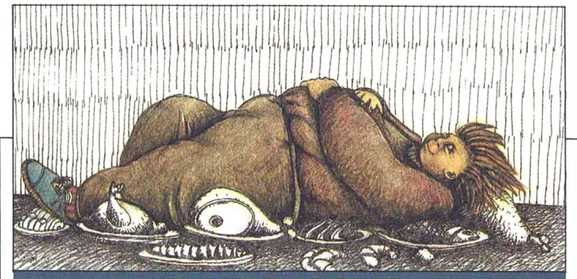


The power of precision

GLUTTONY



BLACK DIAMONDS

The noted gourmet George Lang once suggested that the only possible title for his future autobiography was this: *Nobody Knows The Truffles I've Seen*. That cheap joke out of the way, everybody knows that the truffle is the king of fungi — or should do. Even the relative democratisation of canning has done little to diminish the "black diamond's" lofty aura. I say relative because one mouse's forehead-size truffle in a dwarf tin still sets you back over $10.

There are in fact more than 200 varieties of truffles grown throughout the world, but most taste terrible with a capital T. The only three considered worthy of culinary interest are the black Perigord truffle from south central France; the truffle violette from France, northern Italy and southern Germany; and the white Italian truffle. As far as Australians are concerned, the black truffles of Perigord have a virtual monopoly.

Although the truffle has been packaged for more than a century, the modern truffle industry only came into being about 30 years ago, when commercial canning turned a relatively small operation into big business. I use the term "operation" loosely — truffles eluded the clutches of commercial planting up until the late Seventies. To a large extent they still do and truffle hunting remains mainly a natural growth cottage industry.

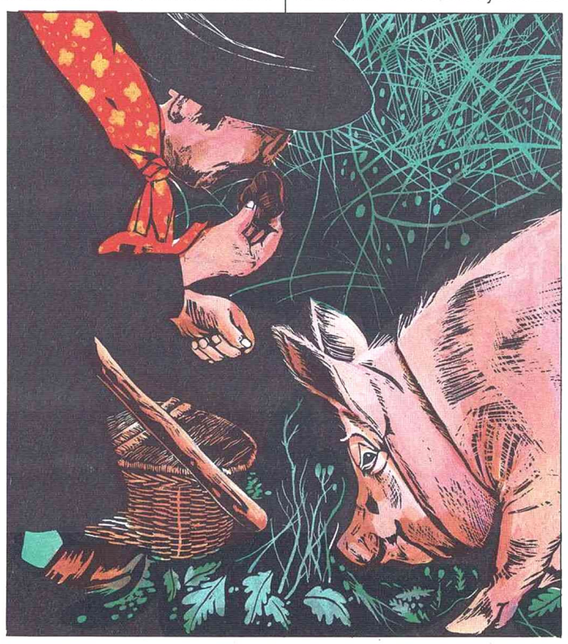
Unlike most fungi, truffles grow underground. They vary in size from a pea facsimile to a large fist, but, on average, they rarely exceed the size of a walnut. The truffle itself is really only the fruiting body, the spore-producing reproductive centre of dense networks of small mycelia, aka mycorrhiza, that exist in a symbiotic association with the roots of oaks, poplars and other trees.

Every peasant in the Perigord guards and learns to recognise truffle haunts — the time is ripe in late November. According to Peringeux lore, there are four major linch pins of truffle-hunting success — *le baton, la mouche, le cochon* and *le chien*.

The first and least reliable method is *le baton*, which consists of a stick about 20 cm long. But first, you must lie down on the ground and sniff. If, by some miracle, you smell the special odor of the truffle and are facing south in close proximity to a truffle oak or poplar, simply dig with the stick. As some truffles lie up to 45cm below ground, you need to have some nose.

La mouche is a yellow fly which has a yen for the smell of truffles. If you see a swarm of *les mouches* ascending from a patch of ground, probe with your baton. Again, this method depends too heavily on chance.

The pig, *le cochon*, possesses a delicate sense of smell and was once widely used in truffle-hunting. The pigs used were raised on truffle-scented feed and accordingly developed an appreciation of a food considerably more than fit for them. These days, however, pigs are no longer much used. For one thing, everyone knows where you are going when you have a pig on a leash. Secondly, wrestling with a 135kg sow for a piece of the action is no easy feat.



The dog — *le chien* — is considerably more obedient, and it's much easier to convince people that you are just taking your pet for a stroll across the fields. Moreover, a dog will settle for a biscuit in lieu of a truffle and can cover ten times the territory that a pig can.

As I said earlier, the mystery of the truffle/tree symbiosis was solved in the late Seventies. The roots of accommodating trees are now inoculated on a systematic basis with truffle spores. A French company named Agri-truffe is now cultivating more than 100,000 inoculated trees a year.

Larousse Gastronomique may have casually instructed its first readers to buy 500g of whole truffles, but unless you're Adnan Khashoggi those days are over. The most commonly available truffle tin sizes vary from 125g to 200g. The contents of these small tins come in five grades — Finest Quality, Extra, High-Grade, Truffle Pieces and Truffle Peelings. The two brand names to look for are Rougie and Delpeyrat.

Most modern recipes only require small quantities, so cooking with truffles isn't a certain path to bankruptcy. To get the full impact of the unique truffle aroma, a few slivers on top of a dish are not enough. I have a theory that a lot of the truffle garnishes you get at restaurants taste like stamped-out tyre rubber because they are. For a dish to truly taste of truffles, the tiny slice is to be heated gently in the dish itself toward the end of cooking time.

With a little thought and zeal, thinly sliced truffles in horribly simple dishes can win over colleagues and friends and influence women. The current "power" food craze dictates that a guy who knows this much about food must know a lot about banking, advertising, kissing etc.

The following suggestions should get you off on the right track. Sandwich two chicken fillets together with ham, cheese and truffles, fry quickly in butter, and slurp in some white wine. Produce a potato salad with no equal by tossing diced cooked potatoes in white wine dressing with parsley and truffles. (Perfect for a 2am between bouts hunger pang.)

In the morning, omelets or scrambled quail eggs with truffles are guaranteed to keep the mood, or anything else, up. If you're still in the fray at lunchtime — well, it's buttered noodles with truffles, isn't it? — *Elisabeth King*

Illustration by Rosanne Hyndman

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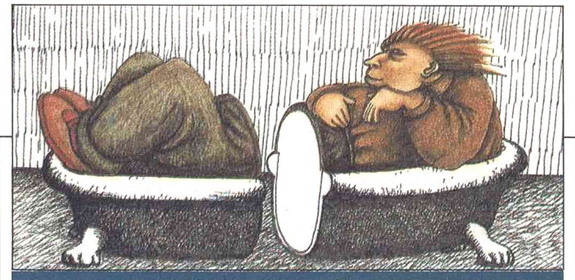

HOLIDAY IN BEIRUT

For armchair warmongers, subscribers to *Soldier Of Fortune* magazine and bored white-collar workers who agree with Nico of the Velvet Underground that "War is much more exciting than peace", a Hong Kong travel agent is organising 11-day package tours to Beirut. Some tips on what to expect.

WHERE TO STAY

The million-odd bullet and shrapnel holes pockmarking its facade testify that occupation of the Holiday Inn in West Beirut once counted for something among gentlemen of ballistic means. Now it is a mere shell of its former self, without electricity, walls or running water. But the view from its upper floors is excellent, and it costs nothing to hunker down and share it with a diehard sniper.

PLACES TO VISIT

The Theatre . . . of war. Listen to the radio to find out where the fighting is. Hail a grey Mercedes taxi (don't mind the bullet holes in the doors or the taped-on sheet plastic windscreen) to get there. If you need to cross the Green Line (see below) your driver's car radio will tell him which of the seven official crossings are open. You will know you are close when you hear the sound of machinegun fire and your driver pulls up at a barricade of sand or an overturned container necklaced with barbed wire. The driver will expect a tip (Lebanese pounds, not bayonet).

The Green Line: This 5km line of red-and-white painted tyres, sandbags and concrete blocks straddled by a no-man's-land of rubble and rotting garbage is Beirut's answer to the Berlin Wall. Crossings may only be made at designated check points. There is no greenery in sight.

The Church Of Our Lady Of Deliverance: This interestingly named edifice, bombed into Late Devastation style, marks the spot were the war started. At its consecration on April 13, 1975 a group of Palestinians opened fire, killing a Christian. In reprisal, Christian Phalangist militiamen attacked a bus, killing 26 Palestinians. Since then more than 100,000 people have died violently in Lebanon. You could be next.

The Corniche: The avenue that curves around West Beirut's Mediterranean seafront is lined with burned out and battle-scarred hotels, cafes and apartment buildings. The beaches are fine for swimming or windsurfing and it now costs nothing to use them. If sunbathing within earshot of small arms fire makes you nervous, wear a flak jacket. After your swim, stroll along the Corniche and admire the destruction. Buy salted nuts and corn on the cob from one of the stalls near the amusement pier. These days the ferris wheel only turns in a stiff breeze.

Hamra Street: West Beirut's most famous shopping street offers a huge variety and big discounts. For tax-free imports and loot from plundered shops and apartments, try the mobile boutiques whose owners display their goods on the roof or bonnet of their car. For guns, look beneath the shirts from Hong Kong and the toys from Taiwan. For blitzkreig chic — army uniforms, ammunition belts, red-and-white keffiyehs and "kill 'em all" T-shirts — try a militiamen's boutique. Defer at all times to people carrying bigger weapons than you.

Beirut Museum: This particular pile of rubbish owes its present condition to the Israeli bombing of 1982 and is notable for the collection of Phoenician gold, early Egyptian art and Roman and Byzantine jewellery it no longer houses.

Summerland: At this seaside resort south of Beirut you can swim lazily at the private beach or in one of the four swimming pools and pretend you are on the French Riviera. Immaculately dressed waiters will serve you drinks at poolside or a four-course dinner in one of the excellent restaurants. If the sound of gunfire intrudes, listen to your Walkman.

CULTURE

Art: Mostly channelled into the service of propaganda, art in Beirut tends to take the form of giant murals in the billboard-heroic style pioneered in the Soviet Union, depicting the leaders and martyrs of whichever political faction happens to control the wall they are painted on. Preferred colors are black, green and red.

Music: The symphony, to Beirut residents, is a euphemism for the war. At night orchestras of howitzers, rocket-propelled grenades, Katyusha rockets, machineguns and cannon boom in tireless counterpoint to the singing cash registers of the world's arms dealers. Not to be missed, whether you want to hear it or not.

WHAT TO BUY

In the Middle East's longest-running western, the price of a Kalashnikov or an M-16 long ago replaced the stock market as an economic indicator. For variety, try a Colt .45, a Smith and Wesson or a 9mm Czech pistol. In Beirut, Marlboro cigarettes at 50c a packet, J&B (Jumblatt and Berri) whisky at $4 a bottle and, of course, life, are among the cheapest in the world. French perfume, designer scarves, bootleg video tapes and heroin are also good buys.

CURRENCY

Take cash, in American dollars. The gun-toting money-changers on Hamra Street will do you a nice line in Lebanese pounds — about 70 to the $US (in 1983 it was five to the $US). Have an armed escort: dollars are one of the most sought-after commodities in Beirut these days. — *Elizabeth Day*

Illustration by Chris Payne

WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?

It should hardly come as a surprise to find some of the nicest ladies in Sydney enjoying a night out at Williams.

After all, it is one of the few night spots in Sydney where sophisticated, elegant and stylish ladies can feel at home.

Just look around.

Williams more than rivals the best clubs of London and New York.

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If the idea of becoming a member of Sydney's most elegant night spot appeals to you or your company (as Corporate memberships are available), send for the Williams brochure.

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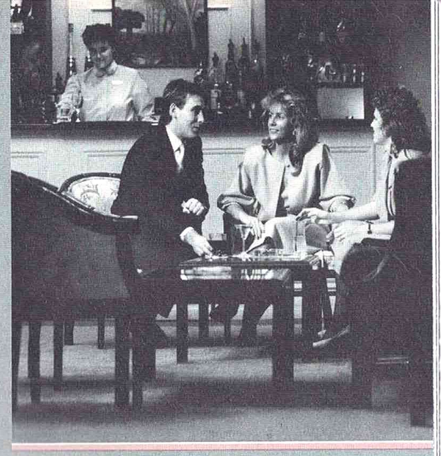

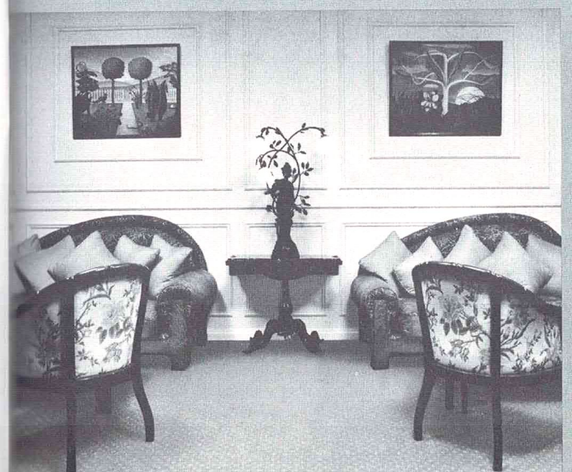

Yes! I like the idea of becoming a member of Sydney's most elegant night spot. Send me more information.

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BY DAVID HALPIN

PARADISE LOST

For more than a decade, Manila has been a dream sex destination for the Australian male. Is the party over?

To the Aussie tourist sitting in a Manila bar, with some of the world's most lascivious — and available — young women gyrating their sweet brown pelvises a few feet away from his San Miguel beer, the Great Filipino Revolution is the last thing likely to exercise his mind.

Yet consider it he must, because the People Power revolt of February 1986, which swept dictator Marcos and his foul bride Imelda into political oblivion — together with a deadly virus called AIDS — signals the beginning of the end for one of Asia's most extraordinary sexual pleasuredomes.

It probably won't happen within the next decade, but that fantastic adult Disneyland for sex-crazy Australians — and Japanese and Yanks and Germans and Pommies — known as Metro Manila is already feeling the first breath of the winds of change. The wide-eyed, honey-skinned, laughing beauties are still there in their tens of thousands, the balmy tropic air still invites the most libidinous of nights, but the revolution of Cory Aquino is already having its effect. And the discovery that US servicemen have introduced the deadly

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

PARADISE LOST

AIDS virus into nearby Angeles City, the home of 10,000 bar-girls servicing Clark Airbase, has sent a frisson of fear through hardened sexual tourists who only last year would not have touched a condom with a seven-inch pole.

Together with these powerful new considerations is the fact that Cory Aquino is not only an immensely popular political leader with voter approval of over 75 percent, but a woman viewed by the emerging Filipino feminist movement as a symbol of enormous significance. A new women's group, GABRIELA, has been formed from a potent combination of womens' libbers and the Communist-backed New People's Army. Already they are making noises in a receptive media about the exploitation of the Republic's half a million prostitutes.

In a nation of 50 million people where there are five women to every man, this rising clamor of the feminist message alone will eventually have a major impact on the vice industry. And, ironically, some reformist new Aquino Government officials in charge of the tourist industry are calling for the "hot spots" to be cleaned up, despite the glaringly obvious fact that Manila's famous night life depends heavily on the sex-for-sale industry.

Manila and the Philippines will never be the same after the revolution of February 1985. To understand why, the history of "The Aussie Connection" must be understood.

In the mid-Sixties, a number of well known Sydney crime bosses discovered the potential of Manila as an ideal place to launder "black" money from organised crime activities in Australia, London and the South Pacific.

As well as being a nice place to visit to pick up vice profits, it soon became a gangsters' haven because Ferdinand Marcos was approaching the peak of perfection in his organisation of corruption. It was only a few years after his election, but Marcos was already streamlining his crony system, putting in place the machinery which, over 20 years, was to bleed dry the wealth of the island archipelago.

While other South-East Asian nations began the high ride to prosperity, Marcos and Imelda were beginning to siphon off the wealth which reduced their resource-rich nation to an economic cripple now facing impossible debt burdens.

The Aussie connection set up Filipino frontmen (many of them women, in fact) to run their bars and turn "black" money into legitimate profits. The lack of an extradition treaty with Australia made Manila a useful bolt-hole for Aussie hoons, thugs and gunmen anxious to avoid Australian detectives.

The crime bosses and their mates also discovered, amid the official corruption of Manila, that some Australian politicians — including a top Labor man with airline connections through his wife — had a taste for beautiful young Filipinas. In the mid-Seventies this connection came in more than handy for a renowned "Mr Big" and a friend who ended up in the dreaded Manila jail, Fort Bonifacio, looking down the wrong end of a firing squad. Sources suggest a single phone call from Australia had them back on the street within 24 hours.

Through these politicians, visiting bureaucrats, journalists, tourists and Australians working in Asia and Papua New Guinea, the word got around — there was nothing like the girlie strips of Manila.

By the time Gough Whitlam won government in Australia in December 1972, and Marcos in August the same year had proclaimed martial law in the Philippines, a flood of Aussie tourists was washing into Manila and Angeles City, north of the capital.

> Here was the dream sex object of the Aussie Male Chauvinist Pig—a bedmate who didn't mind the beer-bellied barrels of Aussie fat

Tourists visited the usual spots, places like the centuries-old walled city of Intramuros or Pagsanjan Falls, gasped at the new luxury hotels, and fell about at the value of the Aussie dollar and the amount of food, drink and service the peso bought them. The men discovered to their unutterable delight that a few pesos also obtained for their delectation hordes of laughing, eager young women working the bars of the Manila red light district, Ermita.

For Australian men puzzled by the early rumblings of newly-liberated Aussie women turning away from bed and kitchen to the homilies of Germaine Greer and Kate Millett, it was paradise found. By 1975, according to statistics, over 30,000 Aussie tourists were visiting the Philippines every year, mostly Manila, and the majority were men. From the ockers returning to Australia, the code-word went around: here we have found the ultimate LBFM — the Little Brown Fucking Machine; the dream sex object of the Aussie Male Chauvinist Pig; a lithe, sensual Asian bedmate who didn't seem to mind the beer-bellied, red-faced barrels of Aussie fat paying her a few dollars to part her saffron thighs and giggle obligingly.

Further, unlike the prostitutes of Bangkok, Singapore, Taipei and Hong Kong, she spoke English, and, once the Aussie had secured her intimate services, she actually behaved in a stereotyped "romantic" fashion gleaned from her regular cultural diet of trashy American movies and shoddy imitations of the Western junk women's magazines.

To Aussies used to buying sex with the bored, hard-faced whores of Kings Cross, St Kilda, Kalgoorlie or The Valley, it was a revelation. The Filipina bar girls in many cases had a better education than their Aussie counterparts, for despite the cultural and economic oppression by the Spanish and, later, the American imperialists, the early Filipino nationalists had wisely established the value of education among the people.

So here, ripe for the cheap plucking, were tens of thousands of gorgeous Asian prostitutes who behaved for the most part unlike prostitutes, who were in many cases also good company, guides and protectors against the tourist rip-off merchants — glittering, satin-skinned Asian sex partners, who often so impressed Aussie tourists that they began to marry them and bring them home.

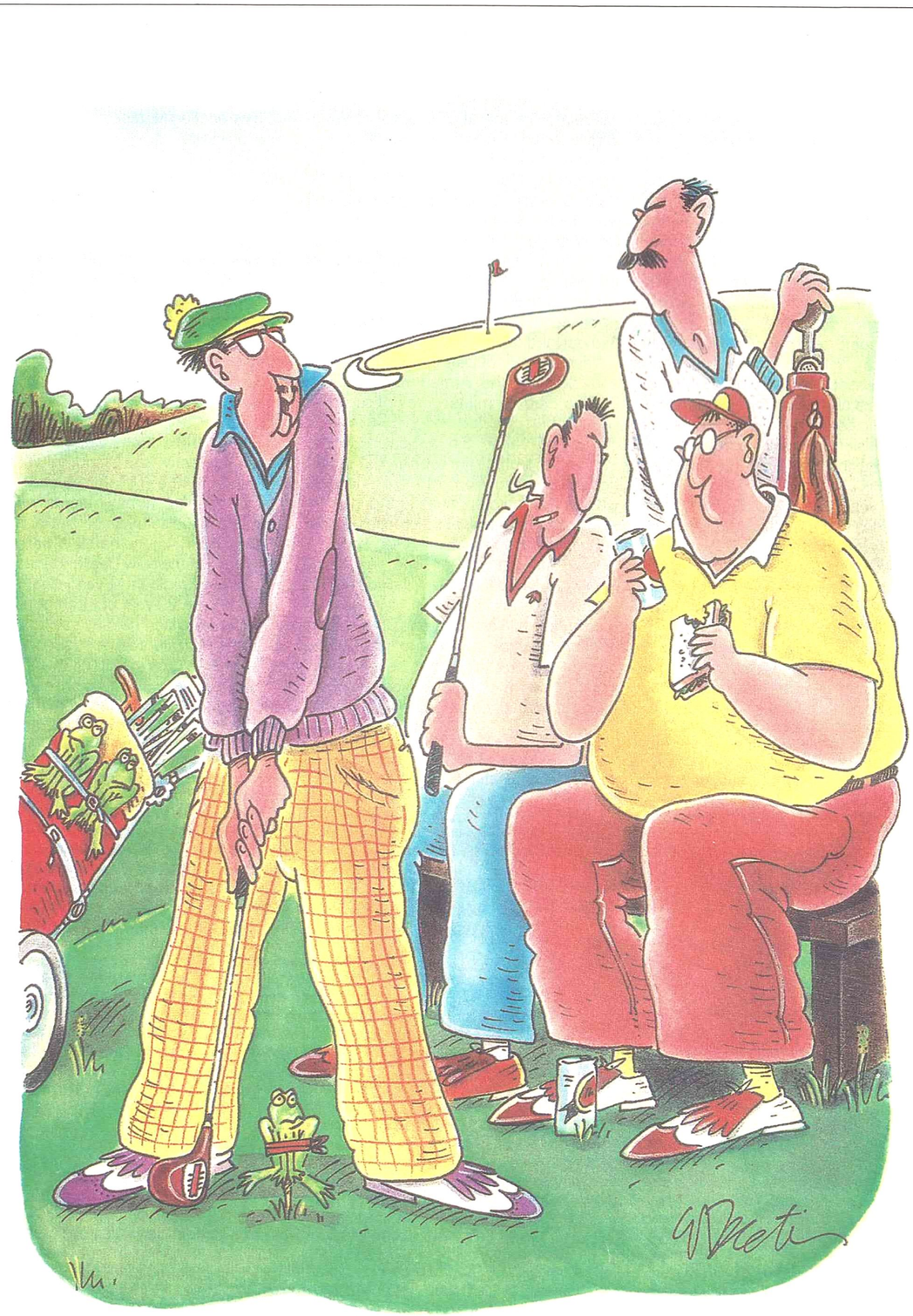
Within a few years, scores of Australian criminals — and some straight operators — had opened ritzy bars along Manila's two main vice streets which run parallel in Ermita, the downtown area behind the main bayside promenade of Roxas Boulevarde.

M.H. Del Pilar and Mabini Streets became lined with girlie bars, dimly-lit caverns during the day offering air-conditioned refuge from Manila's oppressive humidity and heat, its worse-than-Tokyo/Los Angeles air pollution, and the ever-present child beggars.

During the day their main attractions were the cheap beer or spirits, plus the sexy young women lounging around. But come the night, when the heat eased and the mild tropical breeze turned visitors' thoughts to dalliance, the bars came alive and The Strip turned on orgiastic dancing on mirrored stages behind the bars.

Lissome young dancers in G-strings or wispy bikinis, prancing and glancing with flashing eyes, were always looking out for the client who'd pay the "bar fine" to the Mamasan and let them escape to a night of paid sex and make-believe romance, partying on with the customers, often waking up in a four-star hotel in the sort of luxury surroundings that they only enjoyed on the job.

Australian operators also pioneered the production-line sex motels at Angeles City such as Randy Rams One and Two, down-market joints notable only for younger girls and older tourists, with lower prices and far filthier sex shows than Manila — shows so obscene that hardened visitors were



"Oh, sure, they don't go too far . . . but I love the sound they make when you really smack 'em!"

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known to leave when the python used by the dancer slid into astounding places, or when drunken GIs from Clark Airbase rushed the stage for public sex acts.

By 1983, when the Manila airport assassination of Benigno Aquino began the anguished train of events which led to the relatively non-violent People's Revolution of February 1986, over 60,000 Aussie tourists a year were travelling to the Philippines, and still the majority were men ready to pay for cheap sex in exotic surroundings.

Despite some deportations of Australian criminals by Filipino authorities, and greatly increased Australian police interest in Manila as a city linked to the Australian-Asian-Pacific heroin trade, it was no secret that the Aussies were still the frontrunners in organising the vice trade in Ermita and Angeles.

At the yearly peak holiday period of December-January, when the temperature drops to as low as 20 degrees and the humidity becomes almost bearable, thousands of Aussie men were regularly celebrating Christmas by shouting themselves Filipinas by the armful.

When Cory's husband, Benigno, was blasted in the head with a magnum pistol by Marcos' soldier-goons as he stepped on to Manila Airport's tarmac in 1983, change became inevitable. Suddenly, it looked as though the dictator could become vulnerable.

The assassination of her husband put Cory into the limelight as a Presidential candidate for the 1986 elections. Widespread terrorism and fraud during the election gave the Philippines world headlines. You could almost hear millions of TV viewers groan collectively when Marcos was declared winner and still President. Cory Aquino led the mass demonstrations of millions of outraged Filipinos, and, when the Bishops of the Catholic Church — in a country with 90 percent devout Catholics — came out against Marcos, the New Age had dawned.

Then Minister of Defence, Ponce Enrile, and Chief of the Armed Forces, Fidel Ramos, led a military revolt against Marcos.

Cardinal Jaime Sin appealed to the masses to protect the rebels. The unprecedented revolution, led by unarmed women and children, nuns and priests — some carrying rosaries, crucifixes and statues of the Virgin Mary — had begun.

Now, little more than one year later, highly educated Filipinos will sincerely tell you that God and the Virgin Mary won the revolution, that pro-Marcos pilots in helicopter gunships refused to fire on the crowds or drop their bombs because they looked down and saw masses of people forming human crucifixes on the roads leading to Camp Crame, where Ramos and Enrile were besieged. Soon, as the world watched in disbelief, the US Government and the CIA realised Cory Aquino and democracy would have to be supported, so they hustled Marcos and Imelda off into exile on Hawaii.

For a few exuberant months, People Power, a distorted Asian democracy, reigned, and then harsh economic and social reality resurfaced. The Central Bank was bare, plundered by Marcos and his cronies. Peasants and the unemployed were still starving in the provinces. Over 5000 people battled malnutrition and epidemic disease to live and work on the Manila City garbage dump while the upper middle classes and the wealthy learned to dance to a new political tune under the orchestration of Cory and her all-powerful officials.

Just before last Christmas, with seasonal festivities blending with celebrations of the first anniversary of the New Republic, a new mood was discernable in the sultry air of Manila.

Even in Ermita, the bar girls were eager to talk about the New Deal under a powerful woman President. Evangalina, a slender, stunning 22-year-old from a northern province, adjusted her tiny scarlet bikini in the afternoon hours at the Tudor Court, one of the Aussie bars in Mabini St.

"For about three months things changed down here, with women officials of the new government telling us that a clean-up was being enforced. Now we have licences, different ones for dancers and hostesses, and they are stricter with medical examinations," she explained.

"Many of us believed them, thinking we might get better treatment, not get pushed around by some of the bar owners, that we'd get better accommodation and shorter hours, that we'd have some say, that there'd be treatment for the drug addicts. But it didn't last."

Many others, from bar owners — Australians who had paid about 30,000 Australian dollars for their bars and didn't want to be known as critics of the new Administration — to bar girls, also view the New Deal with cynicism.

Graham, one bar owner in Mabini St, said the new officialdom at first came down heavily: "They were asking us about corrupt police and officials, about protection money, about our doctors' medical examinations — just hassling us all the time.

"Now it's dropped off a lot, but I hate the feminists and the Women's Libbers in Cory's Administration and I'm sure that after the Constitution is ratified [It was — Cory and the "Yes" vote won by nearly 80 percent on February 2] the legions of women helping her to run the country will be putting pressure on to do something about prostitution as an affront to women's dignity, or some other bloody nonsense.

"I left Australia because my wife grabbed $70,000 from our joint account and took off. I started in another Aussie bar around the corner but I fell out with my Filipino partner and he had two hoods beat me up in broad daylight, so I sold out.

"Now I've got this place close to the Kangaroo Club and we get a lot of Aussies who know they get a better deal in the bars nominated as the Aussie bars, where the girls get regular VD checks by our own doctors, where we protect them from the thugs and the knife merchants who're always watching to see if tourists flash a few hundred pesos about.

"I've got a great Filipina living with me who does the books and makes sure the other employees don't rob me blind from the till or the drinks when I'm not around. It's a good living, lots of good birds around if the girlfriend's not looking, and the San Mig's good."

Graham (not his real name) probably has reason to be cynical. Not long ago two senior local detectives called in to see him about the hoods who had beaten him.

"They asked me what I wanted to do about it so I said find them and charge them, but the one who said his name was Ben Hur, believe it or not, just smiled.

"A week later they came back and Ben Hur pulled out this bloody great .45 automatic and told me the two had been fixed up. I later found out they'd both been blown away, that Ben Hur has the hoods around Ermita in a state of terror. He goes around pistol whipping them in the bars. Then I heard that my former partner had a .45 pushed up his nose and was terrified out of his wits.

"So now if we have any trouble with the local hoons we just ring up Ben Hur and he wanders down. We used to have a few knife experts — blokes who use the local butterfly folding knives very well — who'd hang around and watch tourists flashing wads of pesos in the bar, then follow them out and mug them.

"Some of them are no longer around, probably dead I'd reckon. I always tell the Aussies to stay in Aussie bars because life is cheap in Manila — if you flash 1000 pesos (about $A80) around and they follow you into Mabini St you can wind up badly cut up, if you're lucky.

"The tourist officials try to tell you that Ermita is safe but that's bullshit. Only a few weeks ago a German guy was disembowelled 100 yards from here when he walked into a Muslim side street and had a row with two young guys. He spat at them. In 30 seconds he was sitting on the footpath with his guts around him.

"If you stay in the right bars, or in a group, you're better off, but you have to try to stay sharp, a bit street wise. To these young Filipinos, especially the men, 1000 pesos is a fortune. You can arrange a contract killing for P500, or a bad beating for P100."

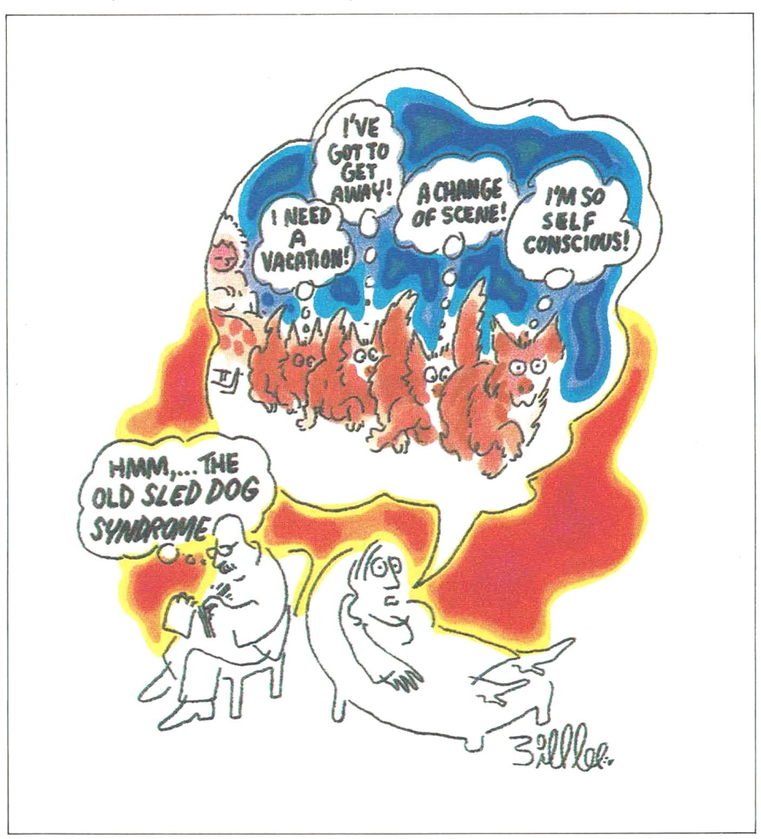
Graham says prices for the girls, along with the inflation rate generally in Manila, have risen sharply since 1983. Now it costs between P150 and P200 in a bar fine to take a dancer or hostess out of the club [that's about $A11 to $A17]. Then she probably will charge another P200 to P300 for the night.

"But some of the other bars further up the Strip are charging higher bar fines and the girls are trying to con the customers out of P500 or even P700 for the night."

Grog prices are also well up, with most bars now charging P12 to P15 for a San Miguel beer. This is still far cheaper, however, than the four-star hotels like the nearby Hilton, Holiday Inn, Silahis, Mandarin, Philippine Plaza or Manila Hotels joint, where it's more likely to be P36 to P50 a glass.

Even at the infamous Kangaroo Club, where veteran Australian tourists head straight off the plane, the San Mig is P12 a middy. Established in 1975, when Australian visitors found a need for a little bit of Down Under on the foreign streets, it is now run by large men who have expensive large cars and small Filipino drivers — men who, if they'd tell you, could provide a fascinating history of the Aussie Connection in Manila over the past 20 years.

Little had changed in the club, which still provides useful advice, cheap accommodation and good cheap tours of outlying areas such as Angeles City, Puerto Galera and Sabang Beach or the Matabungkay Beach club. The old Randy Rams One and



A Philippine Government spokesman in Sydney agreed that Manila as a "sex tour destination" has only about two years to go.

"We are now beginning a clean-up campaign to make Manila and the Philippines a wholesome place for family-style tourists," said Mr Julius Falcoln, Sydney representative of the Philippines Ministry of Tourism. "In a couple of years you will find a big change, where people won't be hassled by undesirable elements, where Ermita will be cleaned up, and we'll have weeded out the criminal elements behind the vice bars," he added.

"There are very strong women in government now and they intend to make a clean sweep of the prostitution rackets. Of course, we can't entirely wipe out prostitution — just look at your Kings Cross — but Manila will no longer have sex as its focus."

Mr Falcoln agreed that AIDS was a terrifying threat to the health of prostitutes and their customers. "We have heard about the AIDS among the girls in Angeles and we are starting surveys now to see to what extent it is spreading. We believe at this stage it was brought in by US servicemen so we'll also be testing girls in Subic Bay and Manila.

"There are no figures on AIDS yet but the World Health Organisation and our local health authorities are working out a schedule to monitor all those likely to be at risk. It's going to be a costly venture and the US Government is providing medical teams to help us with the great amount of testing required."

He said that the government was likely, at a later stage, to bring in requirements for all tourists to present an AIDS-free certificate before being allowed into the country. There was already a proposal to this effect now under "active consideration" for all US servicemen.

Mr Falcoln said that there was a decline in tourist arrivals from Australia during the 1985-86 period leading up to the revolution, but that figures were now picking up again with tourists encouraged by the success of the revolution. He claimed that the news of AIDS among prostitutes "might turn tourists away," but they should recognise that most of the girls working in bars were "quite safe."

"They are regularly tested for sexually transmitted diseases and I don't agree with your comments that some doctors are open to bribes. They are not like that.

"We discourage travel agents from selling sex tours to the Japanese. We are trying to work on the youth and family market, telling people about our golf or our scuba diving and the beautiful countryside, rather than letting people emphasise Manila and the night life by itself.

"The whole thrust of our future activity now that the government has changed is to promote healthy wholesome tourism — not selling our country as a sex destination. People might have obtained the feeling that we had a reputation for sex tours, but a lot of that came from sordid articles about our country under Marcos. A lot of that was designed to injure Marcos in world eyes, but it also injured our country's reputation."

Mr Falcoln said he didn't believe that tourism would fall off if his department cleaned up the sex tour image of the Philippines. "We are not just a big red light district. A lot of people now travel to Boracay, or Cebu, or Palawang — the beach resort areas — rather than staying in Manila. No, I don't think tourism figures will fall if sex is played down.

"All our efforts are directed towards taking the focus off the red light districts — the real Filipinos live outside those areas. Our public relations section has already invited a group of Australian ladies to the Philippines so they can see the real country. Now we are planning a family competition so that whole families can win a trip to our country to see how many great things there are to do. In a couple of years we will be a wholesome family destination. Now the name of Marcos is gone, the old negative images will change."

He stressed that Philippine authorities were now also concentrating on cleaning out the "criminal elements" who infest places like Ermita and Angeles City. "Last year one prominent Australian criminal mixed up in the bar trade was arrested and deported to Australia, where I believe he's serving 16 years on drug offences." He also revealed that two other Australian criminals were deported last year as part of the bar-area clean-up. "It will not be easy because we have due process of law now. We won't be able to walk in and deport the undesirables as they did under Marcos.

"But firm action will be taken to clean out all the Australians mixed up in illegal and criminal activity in the red light areas. Our crackdown started some time ago and it's going to get tougher."

Mr Falcoln strongly commended Manila as a safe destination for tourists. "It's no more dangerous than New York or Kings Cross."

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Two at Angeles City has closed down and is now called the Tropicana.

Little could be learned from the Aussie bar owners or Kangaroo Club employees or patrons about the new threat to sexual fun and games at Angeles City — AIDS. This problem did, however, surface in the pages of one of the new Manila newspapers burgeoning after Marcos' departure. It seems that 25 bar girls at Angeles have recently been found to have AIDS, and many more are suspected of being AIDS positive. Surprisingly, this new challenge to the Republic's tourist industry and public health generally did not become a media sensation over the holiday period. Perhaps the media were too overcome by the excitement of the first Christmas and New Year under a new President, after the amazing revolution.

But nothing was announced by tourist or health officials about what steps had been taken to isolate the unfortunate bar girls, or how they planned to stop the infection spreading to Greater Manila — given that hundreds, if not thousands, of bar girls swap locales between Manila, Angeles and other tourist traps.

GABRIELA, the new radical women's organisation which reportedly has growing influence in Cory Aquino's Cabinet, sprang into the fray with a suggestion that American servicemen — the thousands from Clark Airbase and Subic Bay, the giant naval base — and *all* incoming tourists should have AIDS and VD clearances before being allowed to enter the country. It's hard to imagine the tourist-conscious government following the recent example of Saudi Arabia and forcing all visitors to have full AIDS clearance before entering the Philippines. But with the whole world becoming awakened to the dangers of AIDS, the new Administration must view the possibility of the AIDS epidemic sweeping through the tourist sex-traps as a health hazard of huge proportions.

Yet with the official blind eye to the way prostitution is really organised and controlled in the Philippines, with corruption and organised crime syndicates still in the ascendant, it's difficult not to be cynical about how the authorities will deal with the AIDS problem.

What officialdom can't do, publicity and growing fear of AIDS may bring about. For the young and not so young Australians in the Ermita bars, the use of condoms is now at least acknowledged as common sense. However, a few still scoffed at the idea, saying: "We've had ten sheilas in the past five days and we're okay" or, "All the girls in the Aussie bars have daily check-ups and AIDS is only in Angeles, not Manila."

Still others hadn't read the local papers and reacted badly to the grim news, saying they'd think seriously about using condoms. Others said they had thought about VD and AIDS some time ago and had been using condoms with bar girls for several years.

Several bar owners warned that patrons who rely on regular medical check-ups protecting the girls should be aware that bribery and graft also extends to the medical profession in the Philippines. Doctors have been known to hand over health clearance certificates for a small fee.

Another potential hazard is that some girls take regular doses of antibiotics for protection against diseased customers and this habit can make VD treatment difficult.

There are still over 200 girlie bars in the Ermita strip, and some of the names have endured over the years. The Kangaroo Club — now charging a $A20 membership fee — recommends places like the Asian Connection, Canecutter, Billabong, the Swagman, Tudor Court, Kings Cross Club, Pitstop, Firehouse, Lovebirds, Birdwatcher's Bar, Bubbles, Superstar or Little Caesar's. To the regular visitor these bars have hardly changed in what they offer over the years, but in most of them it's now easy to have a discussion about what the Revolution will mean in the next few years.

> Doctors have been known to hand over health clearance certificates for a small fee

The girls, who on average now earn P1500 a week (compared to P1000 a month for a clerk), admit they are worried about the direction Cory Aquino's government may take. "We know there are many radical women in the government who would love to come down heavily on the bars in Ermita, even though they know that a lot of tourists wouldn't come here if the girls weren't available," said sultry Josephine, a veteran, all of 28 years old.

"When there is publicity about violence and kidnappings things get quiet. During the Revolution there were fewer customers about, and some of the Japanese businessmen are very worried about being kidnapped.

"We've only just heard about AIDS at Angeles and I don't know whether there are any cases in Manila yet, but with the way people travel around I'd be very surprised if it's not here already and the doctors are covering up.

"The blood tests are expensive and we're a poor country. Who's going to pay for them?"

A more profound discussion on Manila's tourist future is more easily garnered from among the middle-class professionals who backed Cory in their millions at the height of the Revolution. These people, especially the rather aloof middle-aged Filipinas with Spanish blood in their family, appear to be very keen for the Ermita and Angeles bar scenes to be wiped off the face of the Earth. They will not brook any argument that red-light areas are a fundamental part of the attraction for tourists — something nearly everybody except the far Left agrees is vital for the Philippines' economic survival.

"The bars are a disgrace and an insult to all Filipinas, and Cory's Government should close them down and throw out these Japanese sex tour packages," said one woman doctor.

Others believed they could be phased out gradually if the economy began to improve and more jobs became available in the provinces, one of the main recruiting areas for prostitutes. These more realistic Filipinos recognised that the world's oldest profession was probably much tougher to eliminate in a struggling Third World country such as the Philippines where livelihoods depended on it.

But they were hopeful that the lurid raunchiness, the overt sexual sales in the vice areas, could be greatly moderated or controlled to the point where high class girls could still "work" the hotels discreetly.

These people would not show a flicker of interest at the heavily made-up old Filipinas crouched over tables in a place like the coffee shop at the four-star Hilton with groups of elderly, well-dressed Japanese businessmen fingering through nude photographs of the Madams' offerings. But they sneer loudly at any suggestion that "decent" Filipinos would drink or eat in the girlie bars. One commented acidly: "Out of ten women on the streets of Ermita only two of them on average would not be on the game. Decent women don't wander around there. It must be cleaned up."

The Aussie ockers who complacently believe the Manila they know for its cheap sex tours will drift unchanged into the 21st Century will be shocked by significant changes in the Ermita/Angeles scene within five years, if not earlier. Another safe prediction is that the Australian underworld connection is facing a similar threat to its prosperity, especially if the Left coalition gains more power and exploits the new-found sense of national identity now emerging among the people.

The Communists and their allies would be a far more ruthless opponent for the Aussie connection than any members of the Aquino Administration.

Today's strippers reckon the bottom has fallen out of the market

STRIPSLEAZE

"Live sex on stage! Come on fellas, catch the live sex on stage. Ladies are welcome too. We've got the human tripod — he's the male stripper with the big flipper . . . we've got lesbian acts . . . fun for everyone. Live sex on stage . . ."

So this is what it has come to, the once-noble art of striptease. An arm-grabbing spruiker in the main street of Kings Cross offering the chance to witness the reproductive act. Live. On stage.

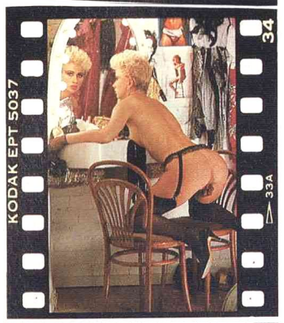
It wasn't always like this. The Sixties saw the heyday of strip in Australia. In 1964, stripper Sandra Nelson became a celebrity when she wore a topless dress on a Manly ferry. Sandra, who claimed vital statistics of 43-24-35 in the old Imperial scale, became one of Sydney's biggest tourist attractions.

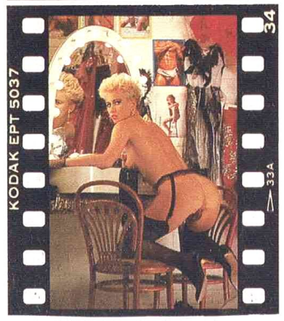
With the Vietnam War and the arrival of action-hungry American servicemen on R & R leave, Sydney's striptease clubs went from strength to strength. Where the Hyatt now stands at the top of the Cross, there was the Pink Pussycat and the Stripperama. They would open at 6pm and people would form a queue a block long waiting to get in. Spruikers weren't needed in those days. And inside the clubs, the atmosphere was very different from what it is now. The audience was more sophisticated and girls went on stage in expensive costumes to perform carefully choreographed acts.

Bobby-Jo, 35, remembers those days. She was just beginning her career as a stripper. "It was treated as an art form then," she says. "If you didn't pass your audition with the choreographer, you didn't get the job. The clubs used to get so chocker that every third act they'd have what was called a 'tip-out.' That was when you had a hot act doing really big leg spreads and the customers would be told they'd seen a complete show and to please leave. Either that, or they'd put on someone who was really boring so people would get up and go.

"It was an added bonus for customers if they were allowed to touch the goods. But now they expect it. And they treat you like rubbish. The other night I went on stage and a bloke yelled out: 'Give us a look at yer cunt, ya fuckin' slut!' As a stage performer, I'm a member of the same union as Joan Sutherland. But when Dame Joan appears, she doesn't have a mug yelling: 'Give us a look at yer cunt, ya fuckin' slut!'"

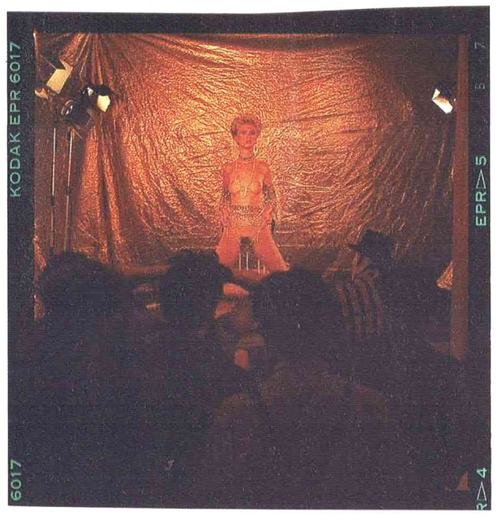
BY TONY MAGUIRE/PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA





I find myself being ushered in, past the ticket counter ($18 a head, with discounts for pensioners and students), past a rack of magazines with titles like *Anal Sex, Raw Hide, Chunky Asses* and *Teenage Climax*, into a dimly-lit room with a bar at one end and a stage at the other. Seated and shifting restlessly in plastic chairs are a gaggle of loud-mouthed suburban dropkicks, a hen party, some couples, and in the front row, an elderly man who I'm later informed is a regular. He's always there, that old man, in the front row of every strip club in the world.

As a prelude to the show, videos are being shown on a big format screen at the back of the stage. Right now, there's one featuring a girl propped up in bed with a telephone handpiece in one end and a vibrator in the other. "Oh baby," she pants to an unseen but excited-sounding male on the other end of the line, "I love to suck your stiff dick. I'm gonna put it in my mouth and then you're gonna come all over my titties."



"Half the time you are out on stage, you wish you weren't there. But with the *right* audience . . ."

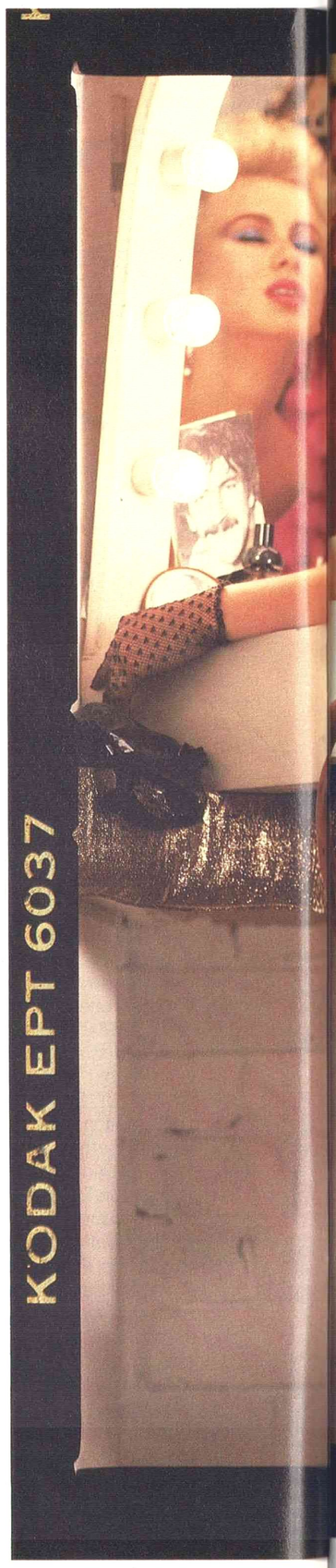
Rebecca Rhodes, at the age of just 22, is a retired Kings Cross stripper. Her career in striptease lasted a year. These days, that makes her something of an old hand. The average career length is about two weeks.

Rebecca will continue to do the odd private show, "and pubs can be a lot of fun sometimes", but she's kissed the club scene goodbye. Her initial enthusiasm for the nightowl life has been pummelled out of her by the quality and attitude of the audiences.

"In terms of experience and knowledge about life, stripping is a short cut — the people you meet, the friends you make. I'll miss all that a lot. It was really lovely to hear the 'veterans' of Kings Cross talk about the old days, but all that's lost now.

"Audiences used to have a sense of style, so I'm told. Now they're just abusive. You're only on stage for 12 minutes — but sometimes it seems like hours . . ."

Styled by Miriam Hannemann; Hair by Antony Bates; All Costumes from Mildred Rose Vintage Clothing and Costume Hire, Oxford St. Paddington; Lingerie from Estelle Glamour Underwear, Kippax St. Surry Hills; Staging and Curtains from Prompt Scenery Service, Newtown.



Eventually the room is as full as it's going to get and the show gets underway. A mistress of ceremonies in a sequin dress walks on stage, prompting a drunk to yell out: "Sit on my face!" The MC retorts: "Don't make jokes love, you'll never beat your father's effort." After a few more wisecracks the show proper begins.

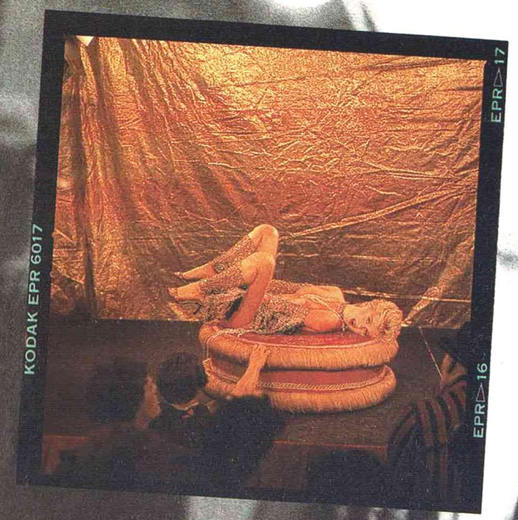
And thus we are treated to the sight of a large-breasted, genuine redhead disrobing to thumping disco music. The next act is a pair of vacant-eyed teenage girls in the latter stages of puberty doing a mild lesbian routine. That's followed by a more up-market act — an athletic girl with waist-length hair gradually tearing away a shimmering black outfit to a medley which commences with "Black Is Black." Once down to a sequin-speckled G-string she dances among the audience, then returns to the stage to whisk away the G-string (strippers seem to make good use of velcro). Positioning herself directly in front of the old man in the front row, she turns her back and touches her toes a few times. This prompts some applause from the suburban lads, who have now fulfilled a lifetime ambition to see a woman's genitals. Next, for the benefit of the ladies in the audience, there's a male stripper-magician who's apparently filling in for the human tripod. And as the grand finale, the MC joins her male colleague in what she refers to as a "Clayton's screw — the screw you have when you're not having a screw."

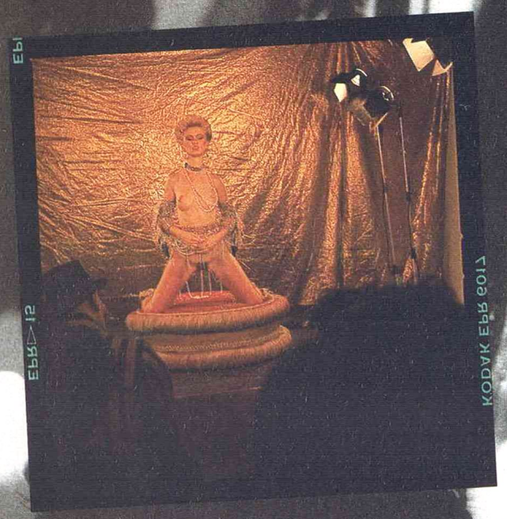
I make my way out into the relatively fresh air of Darlinghurst Road, but within minutes I'm being propelled into another seedy establishment by yet another spruiker promising live sex on stage. "It's *real* sex," the bow-tied gentleman assures me, holding me by the arm in much the same way as a policeman escorts a non-dangerous prisoner.

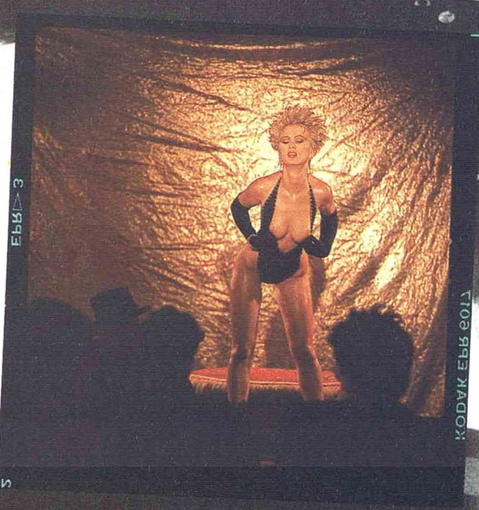
As it turns out, he's telling the truth. This particular club specialises in "fuck shows" in which a girl strips and then romps home to the finishing post with some lucky member of the audience.

Trying to keep as low a profile as possible in case I am chosen to receive the lucky door prize, I watch a girl — tattooed, muscular and spikey-haired — moving to the music in a frenzied manner which suggests consumption of stimulatory drugs. Her clothing is quickly discarded and, naked, she leaps among the audience and up on to a row of seats to thrust her crotch into the face of a pudgy man. The man licks her vagina. Possibly he already has AIDS.

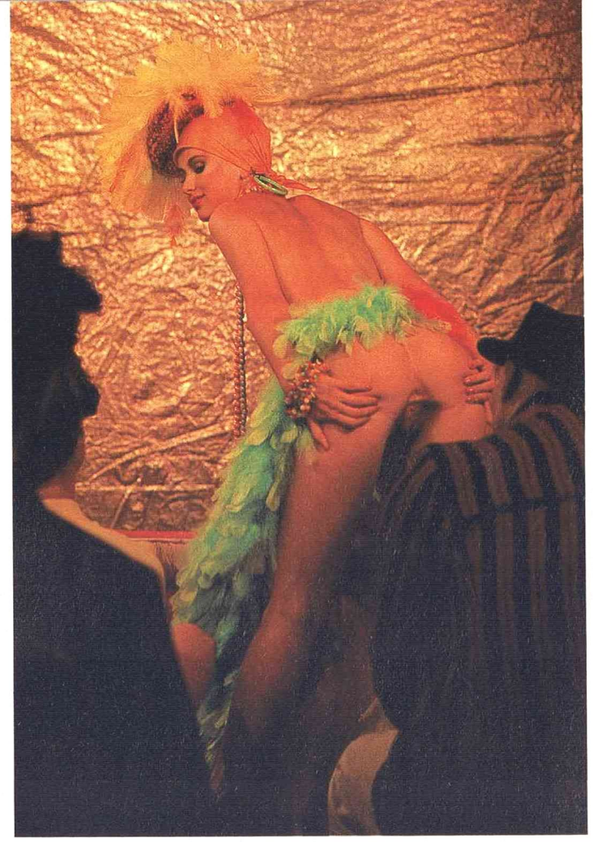
Still moving like a dervish, the girl hones in on a bald-headed man, shaking her breasts in his face. He reaches up to the wobbling mammaries and fondles them. The girl responds with a squeeze of his genitals. Meanwhile the nicotine-stained fingers of a perspiring man in the next row up disappear briefly into her vagina before she breaks away and returns to the pudgy man up the front.







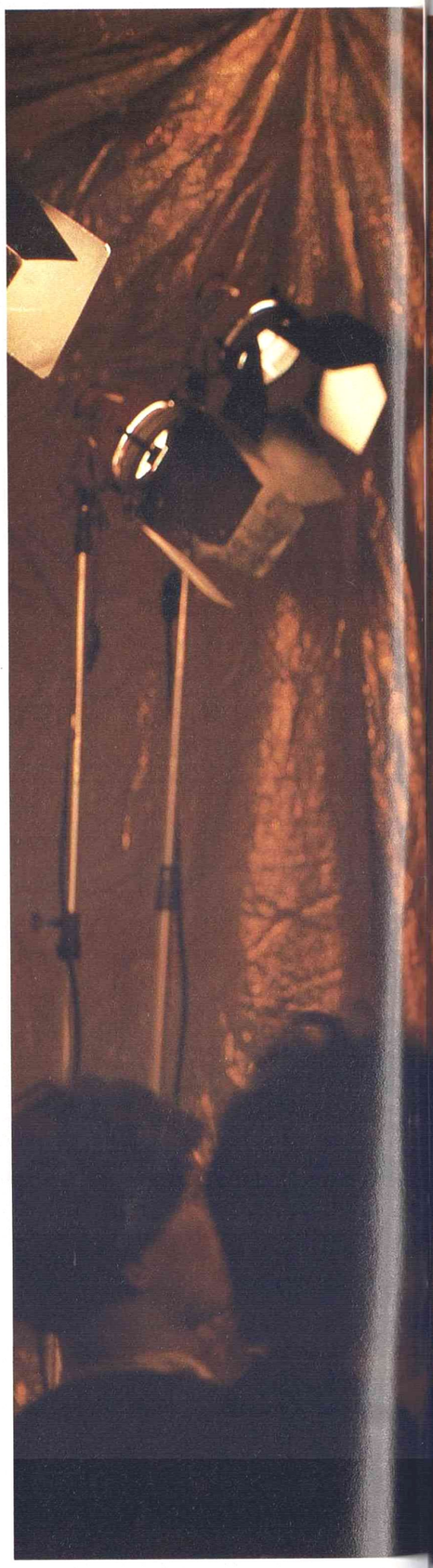
"One jerk once got up on stage and bit me on the bum. He drew blood, for Christ's sake, but it seemed to impress his foul mates."

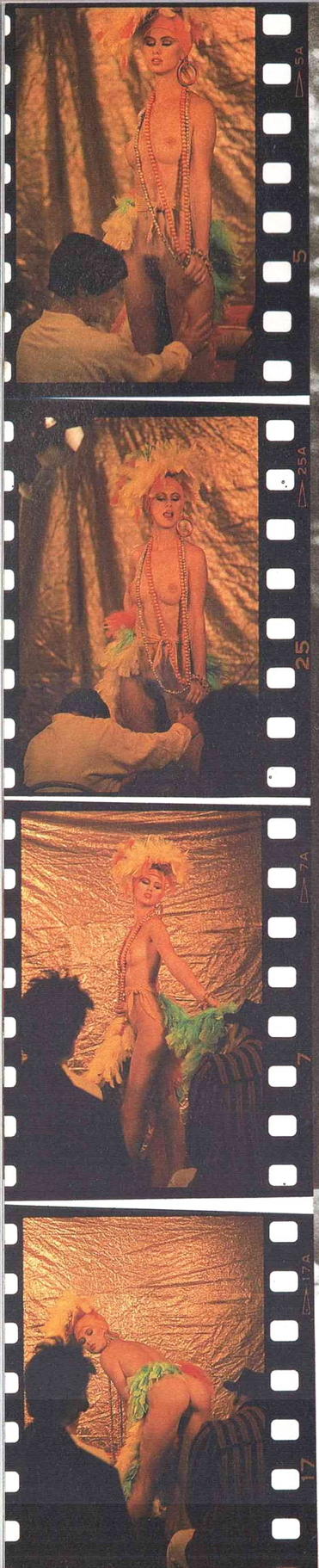


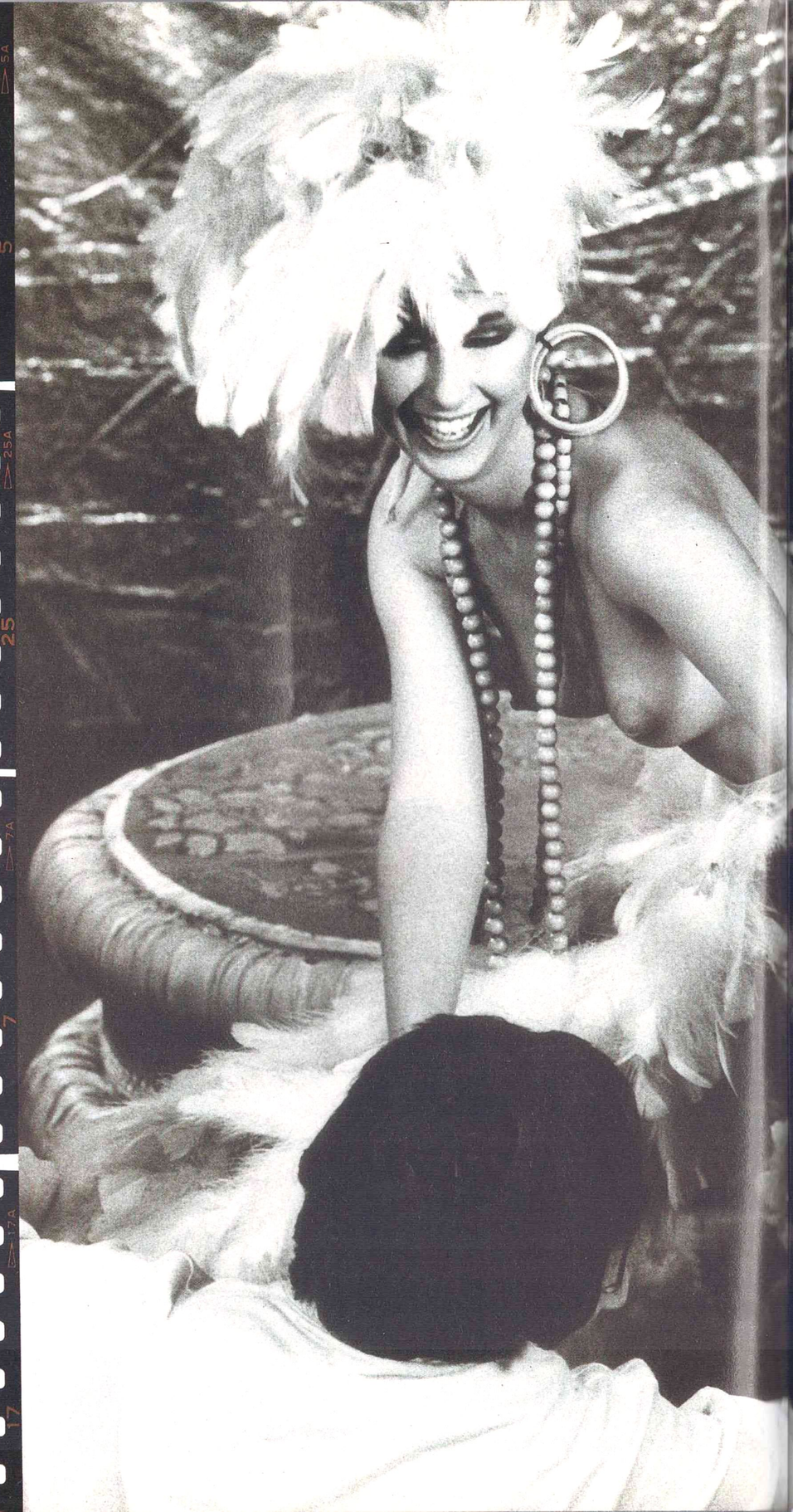
She drags him to his feet and leads him up on stage. His shirt gets unbuttoned and discarded, then she pulls down his trousers and underpants. The man just stands there with a blank face, as though waiting in a queue. But another part of his anatomy is showing more activity under the blister-raising manipulations of the tattooed female. Now she's putting a condom on him and he's lying on his back, still wearing his socks and shoes, with his pants and undies bunched around his ankles.

The girl is now astride him, moving in time to the music at a pace which would get Australian industry out of its slump if all workers followed suit. Within a minute or so, the pudgy man has shot his load, the condom is removed and he wanders off stage. "Good on ya, mate!" another man says, slapping him on the back as though he'd just won a gold medal at the Olympics.

"I can't lie. I can't say I don't enjoy taking my clothes off in front of a room full of men. There's something about being publicly sensual and not being judged for it."







"I'll miss the people, the atmosphere. Backstage with the other girls, it's like living together. You don't hide *anything* when you're stripping."

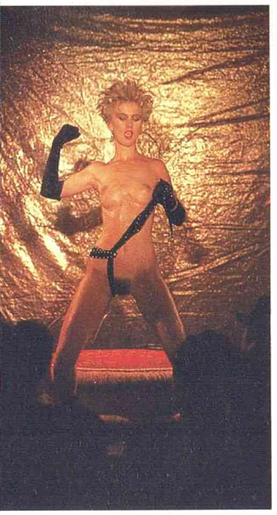
There are five strip clubs in gaudy Darlinghurst Road, the main drag of the Cross. There used to be more, but popular tastes have changed and it may not be many more years before striptease disappears entirely, to be supplanted by porn movies and live sex shows.

According to Bobby-Jo, the media is largely responsible for the current tarnished image of strippers. "The general public has been brainwashed into believing we're all sluts, tarts and molls. People think that when we go home, we take drugs and have orgies. Well, I don't touch drugs and sex takes up a minimum amount of time in my life. I make clothes, I breed cats, I cook. I just happen to take my clothes off for a living."

Bobby-Jo gets paid the standard rate of $10 a show. She does four or five a night, so the money's not brilliant, especially when you consider there's no holidays or sick leave. "I've got to buy all of my own stage outfits," she says. "There's one costume which cost me $800. And I've got a diamante underwear set with more than $600 worth of stones on it. But there are only a few of us who go to that kind of trouble these days. Most of the young girls — they're referred to as 'the scrubbers' — go down to the sex shop and get some cheap lace pants and a bra. They don't even bother with suspender belts and stockings. They just get their gear off as quickly as possible while doing a boring disco bop."

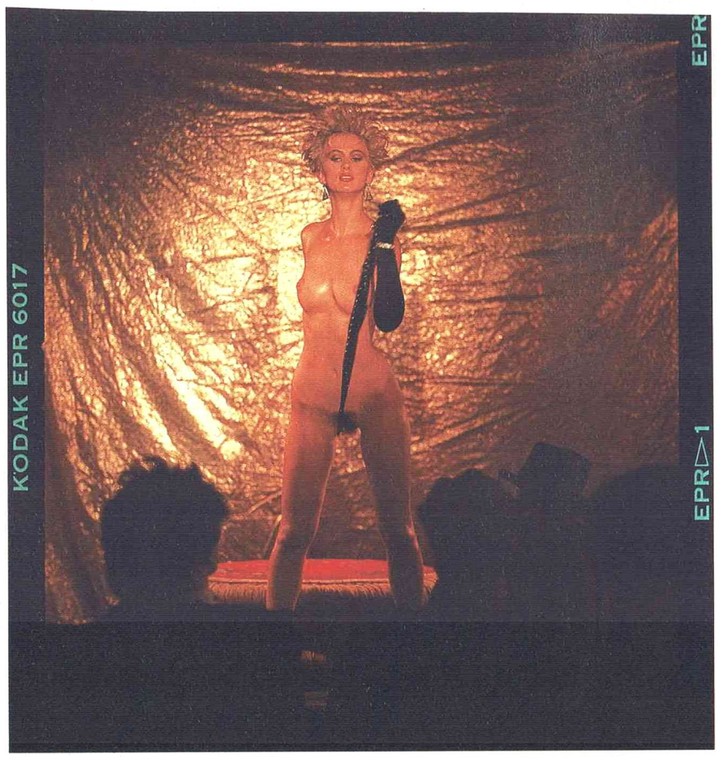
Girls doing the live sex shows, meanwhile, get paid the higher rate of $30 a spot. Bobby-Jo's boss, Ian, says: "It's not easy finding girls to do a live sex show. They usually only last two or three nights in the job and then move on." What they move on to is anybody's guess.

"Three times this Chinese freak kept lunging at me and pawing me. Three times I warned him. So I hit him — I broke his jaw. I'm a brown belt in judo. They had to carry him out."



That's one reason why Ian doesn't have those shows at his club. He also cites health hazards. "I recently had the organisers of a bucks do arriving at the door asking if their friend, who was getting married, could screw one of my girls on stage. I said, 'Fellas, if that's what you want, you can go across the road and you can probably arrange for your friend to be in the sex show. But wouldn't it be dreadful if he got the clap on the eve of his wedding?'"

Ian says the entertainment now being offered at strip clubs is a reflection of the needs and wants of customers. "These days people don't appreciate $1000 outfits," he states. "They appreciate a 16-year-old wearing next to nothing. The customers tend to be young blokes of 20. Ten years ago, we got the 35-year-old married couples. They could sit down at a table and have a drink. But now the laws have changed and you can't have a striptease where alcohol is sold. You can if the girls wear panties and G-strings. But no-one's going to pay $18 to see that."



While the clubs are more or less forced to have raunchier acts, they are punished by police for doing so. "One prosecution for a video we were showing cost me $20,000 all-up," Ian says. "The police recently got together the managers of all the clubs and said they'd close us all down if we didn't clean up our acts. They said we couldn't use under-age girls and that condoms had to be worn at the clubs with sex shows.

"But I ask you, what would Kings Cross be like if you took away all the strip clubs and everything else to do with sex? It would be dead as a doornail and people wouldn't go there."

Ian began his career in the striptease industry walking up and down Darlinghurst Road in a monkey suit as a promotional gimmick. He enjoys his line of work because of the convivial social atmosphere. "It's much better than working in an office," he maintains. "The staff in my club are like a family. We're always going round to each other's houses and we support each other when we've got problems."

The male stripping business has shown an upward trend in recent years. Top night clubs like Jamison Street in Sydney have weekly ladies' nights, while there's also a substantial demand on the private circuit. Male strippers usually employ gimmicks like fire-eating or magic in their acts.

I spoke to Brendan, a non-gay stripper (homosexuals predominate in this line of work) at one of the Kings Cross clubs. We shared his tiny dressing room with two white doves in a very small cage. "I make them appear," he explained. He also uses a telescopic union jack which springs up at a 45-degree angle from his jocks. That's after he has removed another pair of jocks with an elephant's head and trunk at the front. "It's a living," he shrugs.

One male stripper of recent legend around Kings Cross didn't need to make doves appear or breathe fire. He had just one prop and that was a 15-inch penis. "He wore a cock ring, of course," says Paul, a strip club lighting man. "They all do. In this guy's case, his cock was so heavy it wouldn't stand up."

With competition from human tripods, lesbian acts and live sex shows, the curtain threatens to fall on traditional striptease as practised by a lone girl. It's unlikely that the Cross will ever again see the huge crowds which once flocked there to see Sandra Nelson and others of her generation. Already there are only a handful of strippers left who retain the craft of their predecessors. They are getting on in years and their cherished stage costumes will soon be hung up for good. Meanwhile, the show must go on.

"A lot of wives come along with their husbands. They think they can handle it . . . When they get up and walk out, you know you're doing your job."

MOTORING

Australians pay an awful price to run a motor car

BY PETER McKAY

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

The Premier State and the Garden State are not idyllic places to live if you own a motor car. Motorists in these states, particularly in the capitals, are the hardest hit in the nation.

Those aware of an excruciating pain in the hip pocket should contemplate a shift to Darwin, where costs are not nearly as fierce.

Australia has the second-highest proportion of vehicle ownership in the world, behind the United States. For many of us, owning a car is nigh on obligatory. But don't the government revenue men know it, and capitalise on it.

The terrorism begins on the showroom floor. It's hardly any secret that vehicle prices have gone for the big high jump since the boom year of 1985. Price tags reflect hikes far outstripping the national rate of inflation. Last year the recommended retail of Australia's best selling passenger car, the locally-built Ford Falcon, rose about 19 percent. Australian prices for the heavily-taxed imported cars, of course, leapt far more dramatically. At the end of 1985 a new Toyota Celica was $20,600; now it's more than $30,000 . . .

Constantly our governments at all levels are asking for more. And more. And does

ROBBERY

the revenue go back into improved roads or maybe driver education programs? Not on your Nelly. In many respects the Australian motorist is subsidising other unrelated government projects.

Big Brother's army of cardigan-wearing bushrangers hovers menacingly over the cash register, and the embattled motorists stand and deliver, usually without a whimper.

It certainly hurts more than ever to buy a fresh set of wheels, but that's only half of it. Vehicle running costs are also out of this world and moving inexorably upwards. And while it's possible to avoid forking over for a new car (solution: stick with your oldie), the regular bureaucratic shakedowns cannot be sidestepped. Figures show it cost an average of $8757 to run a bread-and-butter Falcon during 1986. That's $168 a week. More significantly, it's a whopping increase on 1985 figures.

The Feds enjoy the rake-off from import duty (57.5 percent on new cars), sales tax (20-30 percent) and fuel taxes (currently more than 25 cents per litre). The declining value of the Oz dollar has forced the prices of imports through the roof and all but snuffed the life out of the car import business. And, although the local manufacturers proffer fast denials, this has probably allowed Australian car makers to increase the price of their vehicles. Canberra has screwed us on petrol prices, refusing to take a smaller excise cut when the price of crude went down. Annually, the Treasury collects $6.8 billion in excise from petroleum products and crude oil levies.

And then the states take more fuel taxes. Well, Joh doesn't and the territories don't. But the rest do, with Tasmania leading the charge, adding more than seven cents to the cost of a litre of super petrol in the Apple Isle.

The six states and two territories also jump in to collect the revenue from driver's licences, vehicle registration, traffic fines, and the myriad other means of picking the motorists' pockets. Then at the end of the queue there are the local councils, palms outstretched for loose change for parking metres. Councils also score the revenue from parking fines.

A *Penthouse* study of the cost of motoring in the states and territories reveals startling differences in the various fees applied in capital cities.

Most governments have developed confusing and devilishly complicated schemes for extracting money. Formulae for vehicle registration fees range from the simple one-rate-fits-all of the ACT to the defiantly confounding Victorian calculation which uses something called "power mass unit." It, let it be told, is calculated on vehicle horsepower plus kerbside weight. In between are fees directly linked to the vehicle's number of cylinders. Fours, sixes and eights have set costs. Engineering novelties like the three-cylinder Daihatsu Charade and the five-cylinder Audi 5 + 5 no doubt cause some head-scratching.

New South Wales' vehicle registration is calculated on weight. That sounds relatively straightforward. And yet two phone calls to two different motor registry offices in Sydney produced two varying figures for the Commodore Executive. "Roughly $340," advised a disinterested public servant at one suburban office.

Victoria and NSW — the states with the greatest number of drivers and vehicles — are the worst offenders. They've turned highway robbery into a fine art.

Victoria bludgeons the errant motorist with the heaviest on-the-spot traffic fines in the nation. John Cain's Labor Government seems determined to intimidate his motoring community . . . and grow rich on the proceeds. Now the motorist's only hi-tech tool against the revenue men, a radar detector, could be outlawed in Victoria (although at time of writing the legislation is under challenge in the High Court from the Radar Warning Receiving Industry).

In NSW, on-the-spot fines for traffic violations are not quite as steep as in Victoria. However, Barrie Unsworth's state government is not backward in expertly rifling through the wallets of its motorised subjects.

	NSW	VIC	QLD	SA	WA	ACT	TAS	NT
Drivers Licence	$21/1 year $63/3 years	$54/6 years	$23.50/3 years	$60/5 years	$16/1 year $45/3 years	$22/1 year $35/2 years $55/3 years	$12/1 year $22/2 years $34/3 years	$13.50/1 year $21/2 years $28/3 years
Annual car inspection check (roadworthies) *	$14	$13 (retest $3)	NOT REQD	NOT REQD	NOT REQD	NO CHARGE	NOT REQD	$10
Vehicle registration/licence – Commodore Executive – Mitsubishi Magna	TARE WEIGHT $340.00 $336.55	POWER/MASS $329 $315.80	NO. OF CYL. $346.10 $287.10	NO. OF CYL. $284 $246	TARE WEIGHT & HP $215.78 $207.24	ANY FAMILY CAR $328	NO. OF CYL. $205 $186	CYL/ENG. CAP. $260 $228
Vehicle transfer	$13	$16	$10	$10	$10.50	NONE	NONE	$9
Stamp Duty (change of owner)	$2 per every $100 of market value	$5 per $200 new $8 per $200 used	$2 per $100	Sliding scale from $1 per $100 – $4 per $100	$3 per $100	$2 per $100	$3 per $1000 – minimum $20	$2 per $100
Learner's permit	$36/1 year includes	$26.60/2 years	$7.50/1 year	$12/6 months	$34.50/1 year includes	$11/3 months	$4/1 year – aged 16 $4/3 months – aged 17	$9.50/3 months
Driving test for licence	2 driving tests	$10.80	NO CHARGE	$12	2 driving tests	$17	$10	$15
Personalised number plates	$100	$64	$200	$80	$65	$165	$55	$60, $125, $250
Custom number plates	$180 per year	$250	$1500	–	$500	–	–	$500
Search of records (rego check)	$7	$3	$4	$4	SERVICE NOT AVAILABLE	$8	$2	$6.50
Inner capital city parking – ½ hour meter – 1 hour off-street –all day – off-street	Sydney 40c $2 $9.50	Melbourne 40c $2.50 $6	Brisbane 20c $1 $15.40	Adelaide 20c 70c $9.20	Perth 20c 50/60c $2.40	Canberra 20c 20c $1	Hobart 10c 35c $7.50	Darwin no meters First 2 hours free $7
On-the-spot speeding fines – less than 15km/h over limit – 15-30km/h over limit – more than 30km/h over limit	 $50 $80 $100	 $85 $135 SUMMONS	 $30 $60 $90	 $50 $95 $130	 $40 10-20km/h over $60 21-30km/h over $90 31-41km/h $120 40-50km/h	 $40 $60 $90 $80	** $35 1-14km/h over $60 15-24km/h over 25-34km/h $120 35km/h +	** $50 $80 SUMMONS
Running a red light – fine	$90	$135	$30	$70	$90	$80	**$90	**$80
Standing at an expired meter (capital city)	$25	$25	$5	$6	$10	$30	$6	n/a
Tolls – bridge – highway	20c – Sydney Harbor 40c	NO NO	$1.50 – Gateway NO	NO NO	NO NO	NO NO	NO NO	NO NO
Petrol – capital city supergrade Max: wholesale price	53.9c/litre	54.69c	50.17c	52.99c	54.69c	51.67c	57.87c	50.17c

** Revised penalties anticipated prior to publication.

* Queensland, WA and Tasmania do not require annual vehicle checks. However "roadworthies" are obligatory if the vehicle changes hands, or if the owner has moved from interstate, or if the registration has lapsed. Fees are: Qld – $22.50; WA – $14; Tas – $10. There are no inspections in South Australia.

Unsworth's army ambushes the motorist at the motor registry office, slugging 'em like no other for driver's licence ($21 for one year or, wow, a heavily-discounted $63 for three years), and car rego that on average is the highest in the land.

NSW is the only state to place tolls on highways. And, after 50 years, it still demands money from northside motorists making the unavoidable trip across the Sydney Harbor Bridge to the city, ignoring two unpleasant by-products — the ritualistic twice-daily traffic snarls and resultant exhaust pollution.

Parking charges in the two capitals are easily the steepest; the Melbourne and Sydney councils line up for their chop. And parking fines are four and five-fold those in most other states.

Clearly, in many cases the emphasis is all wrong. For starters, a driver's licence test should be far more rigorous and comprehensive, taking in wet roads, night-time and high-speed highway driving. The motor vehicle is a frighteningly lethal weapon and no-one should be allowed to take control of one without the proper training. And naturally the would-be licence-holder should pay for the privilege.

In light of the acknowledged woeful standards of Australian drivers, it's obvious that all authorities make it too easy to secure a driving licence. The system breeds tyro motorists who have not been properly trained. The authorities plainly opt for quantity above quality. Still, a dollar is a dollar . . .

We haven't moved far from winning licences in Weeties' packets. Certainly, it wasn't long ago that South Australians were not required to even take a practical test And doesn't it show. A ruthless system of regular retesting should be in place throughout Australia.

Only NSW, the ACT, Victoria and the NT demand an annual vehicle inspection. The rest entrust the owner to maintain roadworthy standards.

ACT

Canberra offers a reasonable deal for the motorist.

The yearly driver's licence fee is a bit rugged and passenger car rego rates strongly when the Ned Kelly factor is applied. But then the story becomes rosier . . . there has to be some compensation for living among all those pollies.

Territorians are required to put their vehicles over the motor registry pits each year before registration. But no charge is made.

Canberra's roads are the best in the country, traffic jams are non-existent and securing a parking space creates no great financial hardship. The $30 penalty for lingering at an expired meter is the stiffest in the country, but heck, Canberra does have an abundance of cheap on and off-street parking. Speeding fines are moderate.

However a citizen wanting to trace the registration plate of a car that's just skittled Fido will pay a premium Search of Records fee of $8.

NORTHERN TERRITORY

Nirvana, relatively speaking. The Top Enders have absolutely nothing to whinge about. No motoring related fees are considered excessive by national standards. And what about the bonus — no speed restrictions on the open road.

The good news gets better . . . no parking meters, and oodles of off-street open air parking areas where the first couple of hours are gratis.

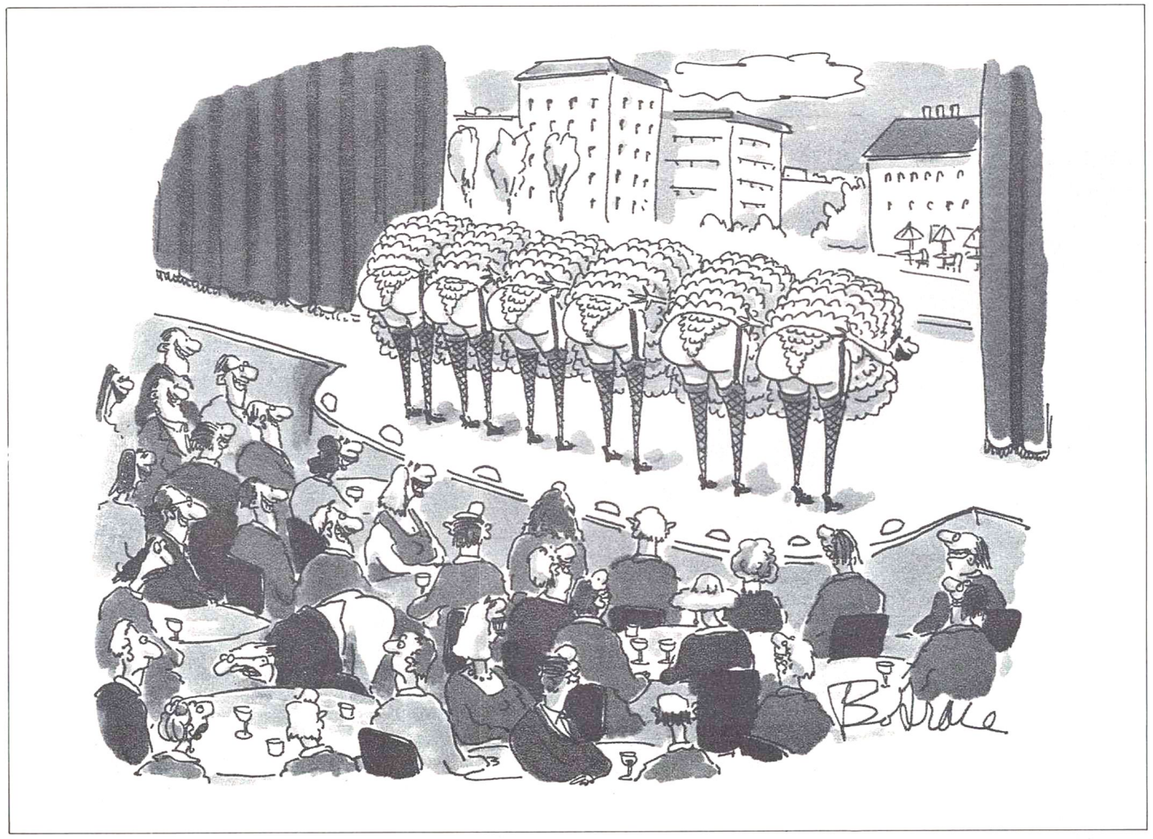
As this story was being written legislation to bump up traffic fines was under consideration and likely to be passed. "There's no excuse to speed in built-up areas," an NT walloper told *Penthouse*. "Anyone who wants to go fast can do it quite legally out on the highway."

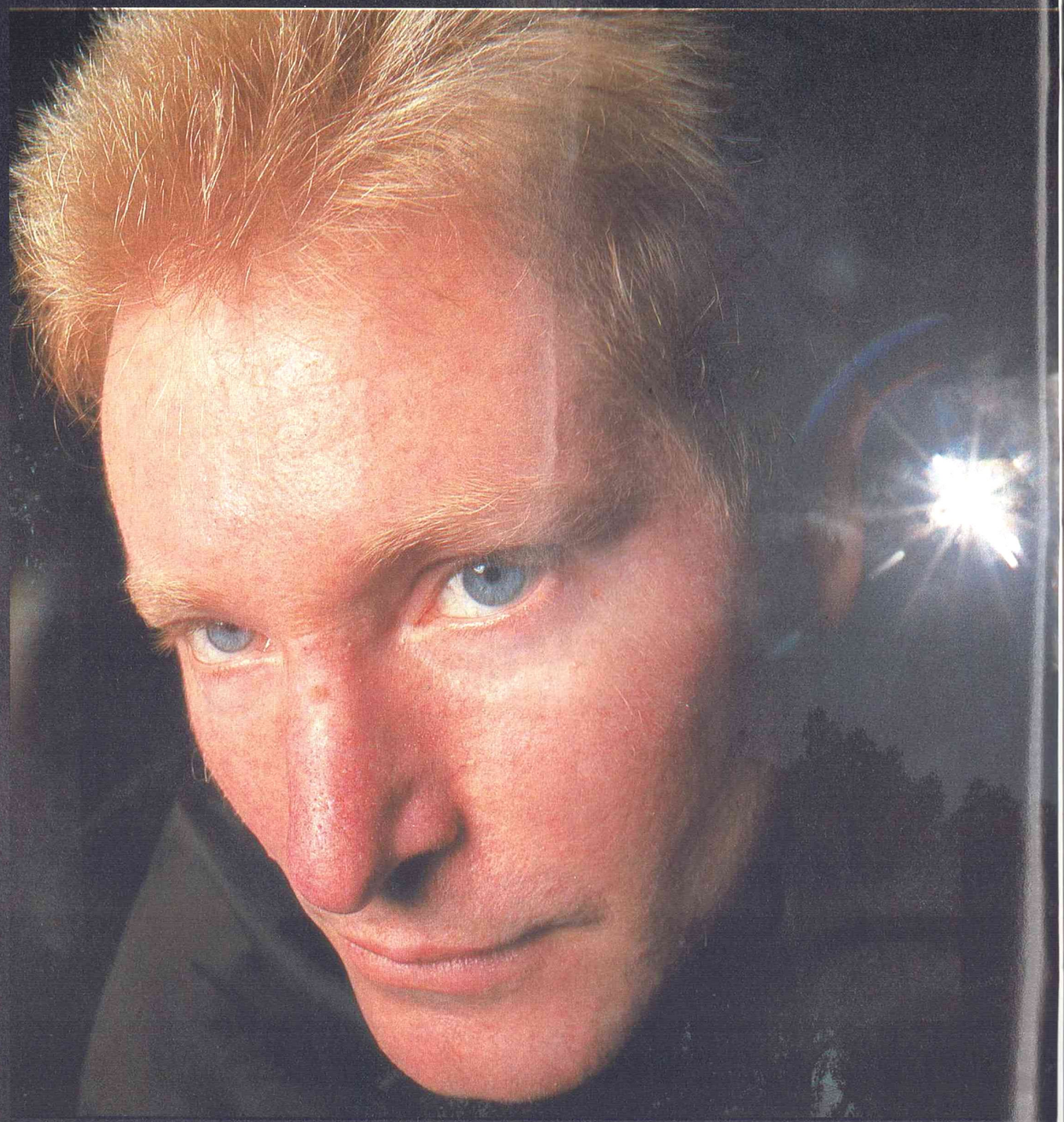
The same cop strongly supported the NT's derestricted highway travel. "I can drive the 1000 kilometres from Darwin to Tennant Creek in under seven hours. And in complete safety. I'd go crazy sticking to 100 kays."

QUEENSLAND

An L-plate is dirt cheap in Joh-land —

Continued on page 87





DOCTOR SHOCK

BY JOHN EMERY

Good health may lie
in unearthing your past sexual trauma
and belting the shit out of it

I walked into the waiting room and immediately knew I was in the right place. Black leather sofa. Potted palms. A guitar leaned against the ornate fireplace. I strummed a chord and looked at the drawing over the fireplace. It was the sort of drawing Beardsley would have done if he'd had any balls.

I could hear groans and moans coming down the hall. They were being made by a woman. It was as if she were trying to scream, but couldn't. I could hear a male voice, too, softly reassuring. The screams became louder, rhythmic, then suddenly she let go and a piercing shriek that set the guitar vibrating in sympathy. She shrieked again, full-throated, letting it all out. What was she shouting? I listened intently.

"Far ewe! Far Queue! Fark you! Fuck you! Fuck you! Farr ... ahhhghhhh!!!"

Shit, I thought, wondering what to do. I put the guitar back. I sat on the black leather sofa. It sighed under me. Through a tiny window I caught a reassuring glimpse of inner-suburban Sydney. Red tile roofs. Warehouses. Billboards. A 747 etched against the sky, hanging there like a surrealistic photograph.

I reminded myself I was waiting to see the doctor. This, after all, was a medical waiting room. The guy who was whispering those gentle endearments to the woman had all the right tickets. University of Adelaide. Intern work in a major English hospital. God, how could anyone from Adelaide be, you know, kinky?

Then I leapt out of the black leather. There had been another hideous cry, climaxing with a thunderous *thump!*, like a hammer hitting flesh. Another cry. Another thump. I couldn't stay in the waiting room any longer: I had social responsibilities. I leapt down the narrow corridor and threw open the door at its end.

The scene etched itself into my mind, vividly, in its entirety, and then details began to emerge — the tall, good-looking blonde guy in jeans and a check shirt,

PHOTO BY GRAEME DAVEY

SHOCK

kneeling beside the woman in black. I couldn't see her face. Her dark hair hung over it. The guy had his arm on her shoulder and was caught in the moment of urging her to swing this strange-looking weapon, a sort of Rauschenberg baseball bat. He was staring at me, but she was focused on the vinyl beanbag before her. As I stared she screamed again.

"You bastard! You fucking shitty bastard! Hahhhgg!"

And the floppy bat slammed into the bag.

"Doctor Harrison?" I asked, unsure of the situation. "Doctor John Harrison?"

"Yes."

"Is everything okay? I have an appointment. I heard this ..."

The woman looked at me, too. She had that lovely fine-boned Jewish beauty. The sort that always upset Henry Miller. Me, too. Her eyes were far away. The eyes of someone who has just seen something so incredible that they don't know how they can come back to Earth. The eyes of someone who has suddenly torn aside the curtain we all carry in our heads, and stared into that magic mirror which leads us back into the past.

"What you heard was someone getting in touch with a lot of stored up anger," he said. He was watching me closely, and I realised he was analysing the way my right heel turned over, the way my hairline was receding, the way my fist was expectantly balled.

The woman gave a gentle moan and flopped across the beanbag. She began to laugh. It was the laugh of someone who has just got out of the concentration camp, and discovered it was only a dream. Laughter full of tears.

I nodded uncertainly. He was watching the way my right eye squints up when I'm uncertain.

"Call me when you're ready," I said.

He stood up. "We've just finished," he said. He helped the woman up. She put her arms around him and kissed him. I felt my palms get sweaty. He was wearing an earring. I hate guys with earrings. She told him goodbye until next week.

"Don't hesitate to call me, if anything comes up," he said to her, helping her to the door. "And now that you've got in touch with that anger, other things will start emerging. If you get scared, call me."

He followed her out. I found I was looking at a picture on the wall. A guy's face. Obviously gay. I hate gays. Yeah, I know I'm not supposed to. I've been to university and done all that social awareness shit. I just get clammy when they're around. I kept looking at the picture, making sure it stayed on my left.

"Now," he said, coming back into the room. "Mr ... Smith?"

I could tell he knew the name was phony, but I was resolved to stick it out, now I'd started. I nodded. His face gave nothing away as he sat down. He kept watching me, and motioned at the chair.

I was thinking that this bloke charged 150 a visit and was too mean to have a receptionist take his calls. I was thinking that I'd heard about him from a bunch of Lefty-hippies, vegetarian Buddhists, who swore he was one of them, but he had a nice big Apple 2 sitting there beside the desk. Lefty-hippy vegetarian Buddhists haven't caught up with the slide-rule yet.

"What's all this anger shit?" I said, before he could ask me what was wrong.

"Unresolved anger," he said, "linked to sex, is what inevitably is troubling people. It affects every area of their lives. You, for example, carry your anger down your right side. Do you have any circulatory problems?"

"I get cramps," I said reluctantly. "Everyone gets cramps."

> "You always associate touching with sex?" he asked. I laughed uneasily. The conversation was getting out of control.

"In your right leg?"

"I guess so. Yeah. So what?"

"You keep turning your left side to me."

"I'm deaf in the right ear," I explained. "Some kind of reaction when I had the mumps or the measles when I was a kid."

"But it was the right ear that went deaf. Just as it's your right eye that squints and your right leg that has muscle spasms."

Before I could react he'd come out from behind the desk and grabbed my leg. I shivered as his hands ran over it.

"Shit," he said. It was the first human word he'd uttered. "Your muscles are like piano-wires. You need a good massage."

I laughed. "That'd be right," I said. "A total body massage." I could feel myself leering.

"You always associate touching with sex?"

I laughed uneasily. The conversation was getting out of my control.

"I'm going to recommend a masseur to you. I want you to go and have a one-hour massage."

"Not with a bloke. No bloke's putting his hands on me."

He let it pass. He just looked me up and down and went back behind the desk.

"Why did you come to see me?"

"Some people recommended you. I got ... I have a few problems with my health." I waited for him to ask me "What sort of problem; but he didn't; the bastard refused to help me.

I stared at my right foot. So what if I did get cramps? We're all entitled to a few problems. But, as I stared at the foot, I began to feel the dizziness. I touched my forehead, feeling the scalp that was emerging from under the hair, like a jungle floor as the bulldozers rip out the rainforest.

"I get dizzy," I said. "I'm dizzy right now. Feel like I wanna throw up."

"Don't throw up in here. I've just had the carpet cleaned."

That snapped me out of the dizziness! I stared at him in shock. This guy was supposed to be a doctor. My fist was tight. I wanted to smash him.

"Unclench your fist, take a couple of deep breaths, and tell me what else is wrong."

I found myself doing what he asked. I stared at my hand, uncurling it. Five limp fingers, like five limp cocks. I said it.

"I have this, you know, sexual problem too. I can't get it up," I finished.

I couldn't bring myself to look at him.

"How long have you had the condition?"

"A while. A few years. Well, three years."

"What happened three years ago?"

I recognised it as a reasonable question, but I'd never asked it myself. Now, forced to answer it, I felt a jolt pass through me. "I got a job here, in Sydney. I'm a journalist. I was on a country paper and applied for a job here on a daily. I started three years ago."

"And you had no trouble getting it up in the country?"

"Well, in the country you take what you can get, don't you? I mean, you play football or cricket. You have a barbecue afterwards. Some girl wants to put out. You go along."

"But you didn't have any long-term sexual relationship?"

I shook my head. He kept staring at me. "Sydney's a very sexy town," I explained. "In my job, you're always sticking your nose into something horny. You know, sniffing around the Cross or Woolloomooloo. Fucken hookers everywhere. I've been offered a bit, by the girls, but, like I said, nothing comes up."

"What about men?" he asked, suddenly. I jumped.

"I'm not gay!"

"Maybe not. But I get the feeling you'd be attractive to gay men."

I was beginning to feel giddy again. This guy was saying nothing, and then suddenly pushing me into the well. I thought about Barry. Barry was my best mate. We used to get drunk a lot. He used to line up the girls. After a while I began to realise he was more interested in watching me in action than in doing anything himself. Then he began not to bring a girl along. He just wanted it to be him and me. Then one night Barry kept buying me triple scotches. He drove me home, and then tried to grab my cock. I froze. I couldn't hit him. I couldn't move. He must have thought that meant I was into it. He pulled me off.

Next day I got the letter saying I had an interview for the Sydney job. I didn't hang around. I packed up the Peugeot and drove straight through. Fuck Barry, I thought.

Around Goulburn I picked up a soldier who was hitch-hiking. He wanted to get through to Singleton. We'd driven about 20 clicks and he put his hand on my thigh. I nearly went head-on into a Kenworth. I got him out of there as fast as I could.

I did the interview. I got the job. The editor liked men. It was like I was in some kind of maze. Everywhere I went, everyone I came across. No wonder my pecker shrivelled up.

I suddenly realised I was sitting in a designer chair in an office that was costing me more than I could pay, and talking to myself.

"What are you holding back?" a voice asked me, and I realised Harrison was still there.

"Nothing. Nothing at all." But I stood up. I was starting to feel hemmed in. I could feel my leg cramping up. I began to rub it.

"I want you to take your shoes off," he said, gently, but firmly, like I'd better stop farting around.

I glanced at him as he moved around the desk again. He wasn't tense, but he was in control. He picked up the beanbag and plumped it down. The movement seemed to hypnotise me. I recalled the woman, her screams, the look of absolute relief on her face.

Somehow I knew that my whole reason for being in this room was to face that vinyl bag. He plumped it with his hands again.

"Do you reckon you can kick the bag without hurting yourself?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. Have you ever broken your right leg?"

"Yeah. I guess so."

"Okay. I'm going to hold you by the shoulders and you're going to kick that bag, and as you kick it you're going to shout out anything that comes into your head. All right?"

"Why?"

"The whole reason you've come to see me, and not someone else, is because you believe I can help you. You came purposefully early to check me out. You burst in on the resolution of someone else's anger, to see how it was done. You're a journalist, which means you use your anger to question the world. A long time ago you hid something very frightening from yourself, blocked it off, and ever since then you've been running around, trying to find out what it was by asking other people what's wrong with them. But it's your problem you want to resolve."

He positioned me by the vinyl beanbag.

"I want you to kick clean," he said. "Start without any back-swing. If you feel unsafe, stop."

He was right about me, of course. The moment I'd heard about him and his work I'd thought, "What a lot of crap! Guy sets up as a witch-doctor, charges the Earth, and every Yuppie in town beats a path to his door." But I couldn't get him out of my head. He started turning up all over the place. His carefully controlled voice on late-night ABC Radio. His carefully controlled features staring out of the women's pages of the afternoon dailies, interviewed about his book, *Love Your Disease: It's Keeping You Healthy*. Now he was starting pre-publicity on some other work, a book justifying smoking. The guy was a sham.

I'd checked him out. Whatever it was he did, and no-one could actually finger just what his treatment came down to, it worked. He'd cured arthritis. He'd cured cancer. He'd made the infertile capable of having babies. He'd made a blind woman see. And he lived in a suburban walk-up off Parramatta Road. He drove a clapped out Fiat 125.

There were some people who hated him. But the only trouble was, they were so far out of their trees. Heads of reactionary splinter-groups from the AMA. People who listened to all 16 weeks of his ABC talk-back show, glued to their sets, and then wrote abusive letters to ABC management claiming Harrison was polluting the airwaves. Smooth medical technologists in pin-stripe shirts and Yves St Laurent suits and a warehouse full of orgone accumulators to shift.

I interviewed an "eminent psychiatrist." He said: "Harrison's work is an enigma. It's not science, and he doesn't claim it is science. His work is a metaphor, an allegory. He plays ju jitsu with people's illnesses, and uses the patients' own strength to overcome their own weakness. The man himself is larger than life, and as enigmatic as his work. You won't be able to pin him down in an article. *You'll have to write a work of fiction to describe him.*"

The psychiatrist was right. And here I was, living in my own work of fiction, staring at a plastic bag full of styrofoam beads, being invited to kick the shit out of it.

He gripped my shoulders and steered me to the beanbag. "Okay," he said. "Let her rip."

I shut my eyes and prodded the bag with my toe.

I had an instant rush of nostalgia. A country town. My home town. I was four years

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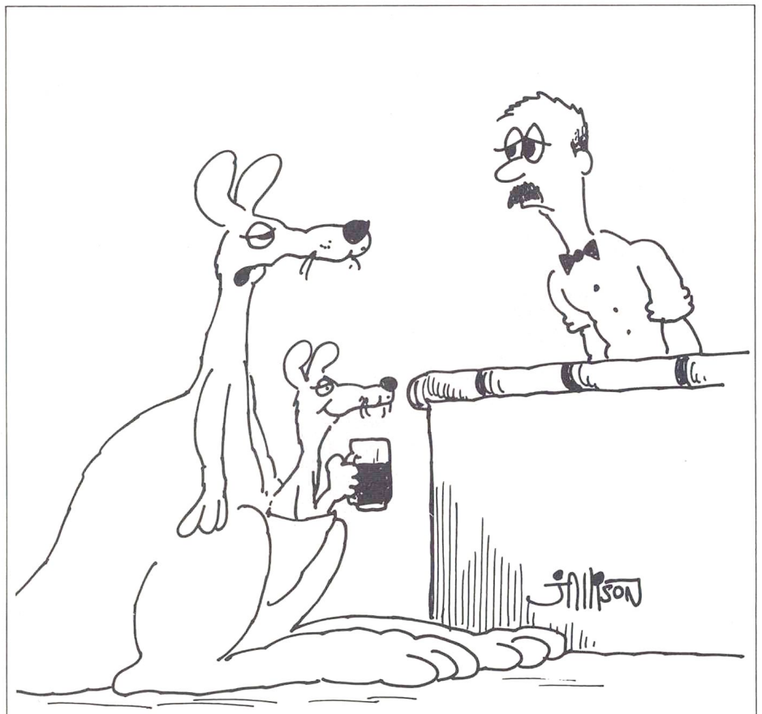

"Nothing for me. I'm driving."

HUMOR BY GARRY SARGEANT

DESPERATELY SEEKING...

How to interpret lonely hearts ads

There is an old saying among nudists: "It pays to advertise." But many single people feel that there must be a less graphic way to accomplish the self-advertisement. This more tasteful and slightly less embarrassing method is via lonely hearts advertisements. Every day, hundreds of brave Australians sit down and try to encapsulate their whole lives, plus what they are looking for in a partner, in 20 words or less — or more, if you can afford the extra charges.

And every day thousands — well, dozens — of members of the opposite sex (or possibly the same sex in certain parts of Sydney) sit down and try to decipher these cryptic telegrams from the heart and see if they tug at the strings of their own heart — or possibly some other organ.

But how are they to decode cryptic messages like:

Hi. 25yo. 5'6 tall. 9st. Outgoing, shy, retiring, reserved, independent, refined, feminine, hopelessly romantic, disillusioned Aries with bubbly personality looking for kind, considerate, loving man who is financially secure and seeking a steady relationship. Me: tertiary education, average weight and will try anything once. You: someone who knows how to pamper and protect. Personality is more important than looks.

What's it all mean? Is this the sort of woman you want to spend your life with? Is this the sort of woman on whom you would want to spend the four dollars it costs to reply to the ad? Is this a woman?

To find the answers to these and other questions, *Penthouse* has included this manual for translating matchmaker advertisements — or to help you construct one of your own.

ILLUSTRATION BY COLLIDE

LADIES

What she says about herself	Translation
quiet and reserved	I won't go to bed on the first date
friendly but quiet type	I won't go to bed on the first date but will think about it a lot
Christian	I won't do it before we're engaged
looking for friendship and fun	If you take it slowly with me, you might get lucky
disillusioned female	My last boyfriend dumped me
great sense of humor	I dumped my last boyfriend
easy going	I won't mind if you make a pass at me on the first date because I have learnt how to turn men down while smiling
warm and sensuous	I like to use my tongue a lot when kissing
fun to be with	I like sex

DESPERATELY SEEKING...

independent	I won't blame you if I don't have an orgasm
can cope with most situations	I don't mind if you live with your mother
not aloof or selfish	head jobs given
feminine	I shave my underarms
sexy	I shave my underarms and my legs
witty	I will make fun of your sexual hang-ups
interests are many and varied	I used to sleep around a lot
I enjoy dining out	I can't cook
refined	I own an assortment of erotic underwear
adventurous	I like to do it in the loungeroom, kitchen etc
spunky	I have large breasts and like to wear tight-fitting clothes
strong personality	I like to get on top
forceful personality	I don't care whether you have an orgasm or not
very forceful personalilty	I am blackmailing my boss
bubbly personality	I get randy after a few drinks
I admire integrity	I don't fake orgasms
will try anything once	have tried everything once
average weight	I have flabby thighs
tertiary educated	I am not a virgin
well-spoken	I talk a lot
I love life	I would like to have sex outdoors
I have a heart as big as myself	I'm a pushover
no ties	I have had an abortion
financially secure	I got a good divorce settlement
I like discos	I have herpes
well-travelled	I have had sex outside Australia
cosmopolitan	I once had an Italian boyfriend
articulate	I know how to say "no" and make you believe I mean it
I'm told I'm beautiful	I wear a lot of make-up when I go out
down to earth	I talk openly about my period pains
looking for a serious relationship	I want to live with a man
seeking meaningful relationship	I want to get married
looking for a permanent partner	I want to have kids
one in a million	I have orgasms easily
take a chance by writing to me	I have AIDS
liberated woman	I don't shave my legs
very fit and active	I do aerobics classes
fit and active	I play tennis
fit	I make the bed every day
open-minded	I will try out new sexual positions
still single	I want to get married before I turn into an old maid
romantic	I like to kiss before getting it on
hopeless romantic	I won't go to bed with you until I feel that I am falling in love with you but don't worry because this usually takes 15 minutes
completely hopeless romantic	If you try to leave me I will kill myself

What she says she is looking for	Translation
seeking someone who is sincere and genuine	I want to get married
genuine and sincere gentlemen only need apply	My last boyfriend cheated on me
looking for sensitive, caring male	I want a man who gives long foreplay
looking for kind, considerate, loving man	I want a man who gives very long foreplay
looking for a man with old-world values	I won't go to bed before you've proposed marriage
looking for a well-groomed man	I want to marry a white-collar worker
personality is more important than looks	I'm ugly
I am seeking someone for companionship	I don't like sex
want male who is financially secure	I have money and want to avoid gold-diggers
seeking steady relationship	Look, we both know it probably won't last forever but let's be faithful to each other while it does
I want the simple things in life	I want a house in the northern suburbs with a swimming pool and a Volvo station wagon
looking for sensitive man	looking for someone to share the housework
want a man without hangups	I don't do kinky sex
I want a man who knows how to pamper and protect	I'm looking for a father figure
All letters faithfully answered	First ten letters faithfully answered

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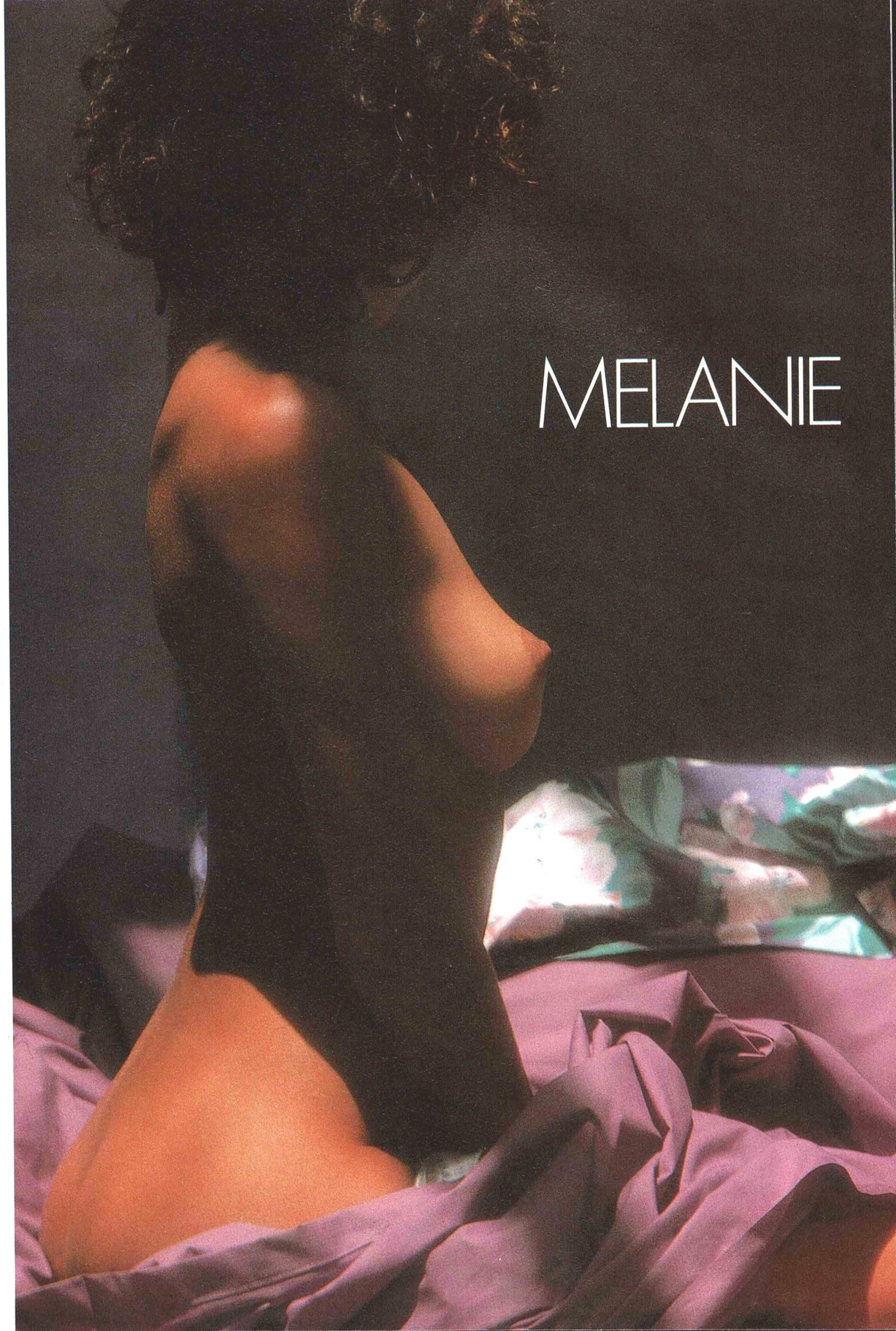


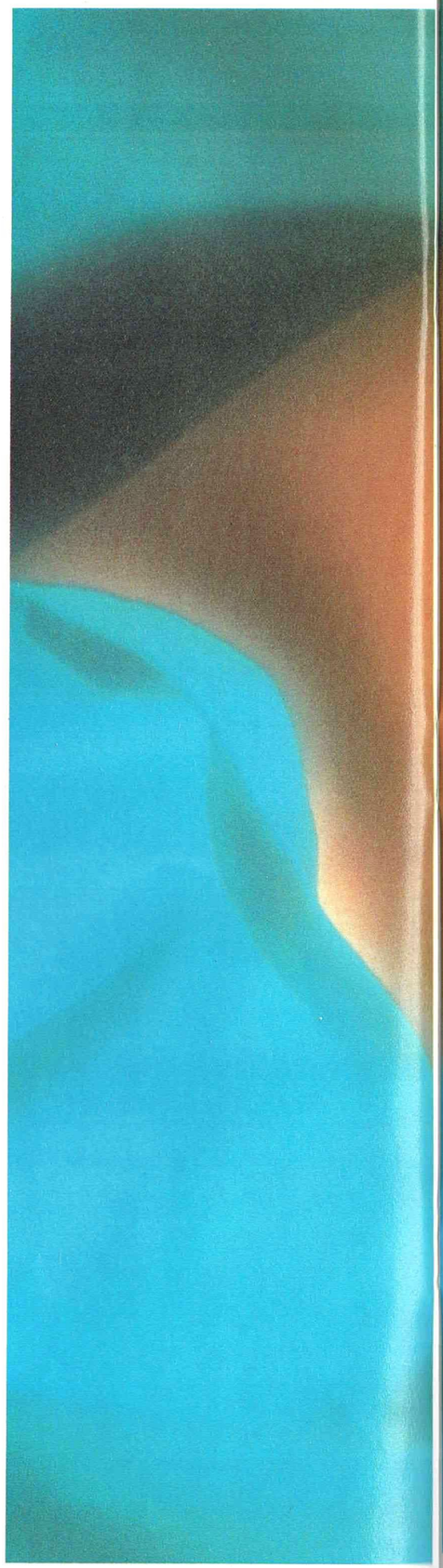
Up to a year or so ago, Melanie Peake had her huffs and puffs down to a fine art. The victim of a rigid home environment, she had to suffer her parents' neurotic possessiveness right up to the age of 18. "All my life I've felt trapped. Believe me, I've got some catching up to do . . .

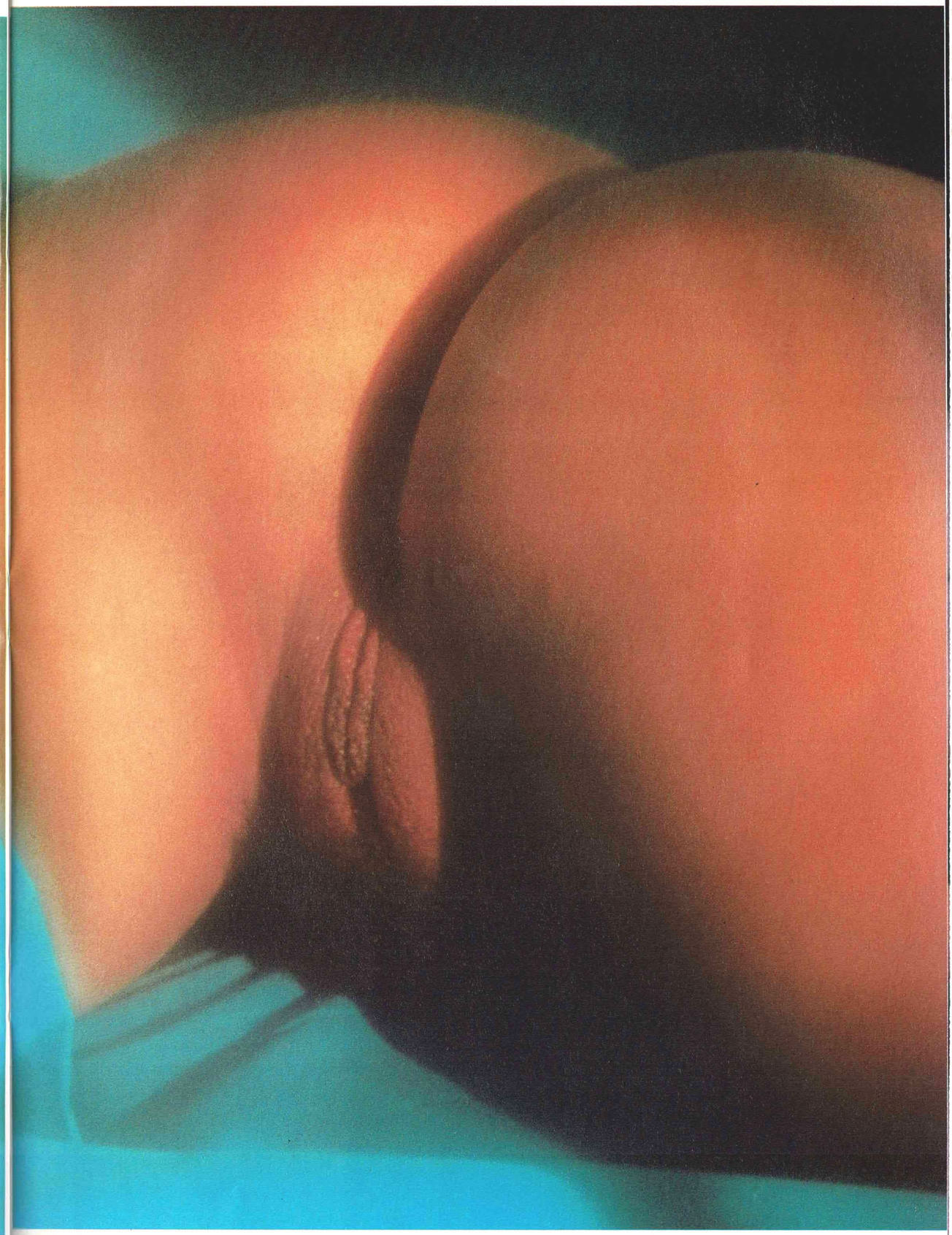
LUST NEVER SLEEPS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

"There were times during my teenage years when I honestly thought I was going mad. My parents couldn't understand that their sweet, innocent daughter was burning up with sexual frustration.

"Boyfriends? Ha!" Melanie laughs incredulously. "Some guys would be brave enough to come to the door to see if I could come out. My father would just stand there in his shorts and singlet, listen to their nervous speech, and then tell them to piss off. He did wonders for my social life.





"Although I'm not the sort of person to bear grudges, I hope this makes up for all those sleepless nights of mine. I hope one of my father's mates shows him this magazine. Mind you, I still have the odd sleepless night, but at least now I can make it all up by sleeping through the next day . . ."

An enormous public relations push is under way. Those who stand to profit the most are handing out stories to the ever-hungry, uncritical media. And in the moralistic hysteria, very little attention is given to positive and practical approaches.

AIDS: DON'T PANIC

BY GARY NULL

A single frightening message about AIDS is being broadcast by researchers, print and television journalists, and government health agencies alike. According to this message, AIDS is a new contagious disease that is spreading rapidly from known risk groups — homosexual men and intravenous drug users — into the community at large. AIDS is incurable and kills everyone who becomes infected with it. The world, the message goes, is in the grip of a disastrous epidemic, and everyone is a potential victim. Our only hope lies in experimental drugs and vaccines that will require billions of dollars to develop.

This portrait of a runaway killer disease has been reinforced by authorities who warn that virtually any sexual contact without the use of "protective behavior" puts the sexual partners in danger of contracting the disease. The news media fan the fires of panic and fear.

"Call To Battle," an article in *Time* magazine, reported the US Public Health Service's projection that by the end of 1986, 26,000 Americans would have developed AIDS and 18,000 would have died. By the end of 1991, those numbers will supposedly multiply to 270,000 cases and 179,000 deaths, at a cost to the public of between $8 billion and $16 billion annually. The article quotes the co-chairman of the US National Academy of Sciences committee, who refers to AIDS as a "a national health crisis . . . We are quite honestly frightened about the proportions." Adds *Time:* "Very few AIDS victims live more than three years after their disease is diagnosed."

Only a week prior, *Time* had devoted its cover story to AIDS. In that issue US Surgeon General Koop was quoted at length: "Unless it is possible to know with *absolute certainty* that neither you nor your sexual partner is carrying the virus of AIDS, you must use protective behavior. *Absolute certainty* means not only that you and your partner have [had] a mutually faithful monogamous sexual relationship [for at least five years], but . . . that neither you nor your partner has used illegal intravenous drugs." The warning here is clear: Sex — even with your spouse — is dangerous.

That is the message the public has been getting on AIDS. But just how accurate is this message? Most of the information we receive concerning AIDS comes from the US government via its various health agencies.

PAINTING BY ETIENNE SANDOTZFI

AIDS

A recent article in *The Wall Street Journal* reveals that, like other areas of the US government today, agencies involved in AIDS research are not free from political and personal motivations. Reporter Jonathan Kwitny found that "ego clashes, professional jealousies, and perhaps worse" have crippled the American Centre for Disease Control's AIDS laboratories, which have been the subject of allegations of "hampered research, political meddling, and even sabotaged experiments."

The Journal cites Dr Paul Luciw of the University of California, one of the scientists who helped detail the genetic structure of the AIDS virus, as saying: "They've lost their credibility almost completely." Also cited is an investigation by the US National Academy of Sciences, which confirmed reports of tampering with experiments. *The Journal's* own investigation revealed "scientific decisions made to suit political ends." In fact, Kwitny learned that a senior scientist had ordered valuable virus cultures thrown in the garbage because he wanted the lab to do research on strains he had isolated. Other scientists reported contamination of their cultures, "perhaps by someone spitting into them."

As to the motivations behind these episodes, *The Journal* quotes one scientist as saying, "AIDS research has attracted a certain type of personality. There's a lot of power to be had. They [the Centre for Disease Control] control a lot of money. There are a lot of egos involved and they are clashing."

Those who stand to profit most significantly from the AIDS crisis are engaged in disseminating information about the disease to an ever-hungry and uncritical press. An enormous public relations push is under way. An AIDS panic makes both good copy and good business. Scientists, researchers, and governmental agencies have enormous budgets at stake, and these budgets require justification. The American Public Health Service projection that by 1991 AIDS will cost between $8 billion and $16 billion annually may well be self-fulfilling. The PHS's AIDS budget has already been growing at a rate of 7369 percent over the past five years, from $5.5 million in 1982 to $410.8 million in 1986. These panic-stricken announcements warning of the billions of dollars that will have to be spent to wage "perhaps the most wide-ranging and intensive efforts ever made against an infectious disease" are in the PHS's interest, since it would be a major beneficiary of these billions of dollars.

One of the most alarming trends surrounding AIDS today is the unquestioned pursuit of an AIDS vaccine. Dr J. Anthony Morris, a leading virologist who has worked with the US National Institute of Health and Walter Reed Hospital, and who spent over 35 years with the Food and Drug Administration in connection with its research on vaccines for influenza and other respiratory viruses, fears that the rush to get out an AIDS vaccine may be self-serving on the part of some of the governmental agencies and scientists involved.

"They are asking for a couple of billion dollars a year," Morris says. "A panel that was assembled ... was asking for $2 billion. This is nonsense. You don't need $2 billion to do this work ... It is a public relations scam."

Dr Morris's many years of work on vaccines for influenza and the common cold leads him to believe that we cannot be any more successful in creating an AIDS vaccine. He explains why:

"The first agent that was recovered from AIDS patients almost simultaneously in Paris and in Bethesda [a hospital in the US] was a single identifiable agent. If AIDS had been caused by that single virus, there is a possibility that a vaccine might be prepared against it. But subsequently AIDS viruses were recovered from Japan, various parts of Africa, and various parts of America, and they all differed in some minor respects. But the differences were of such significance that if it were possible to prepare a vaccine against the first one, that vaccine might not protect against all the other modifications of the virus. It is for this reason that a number of people, including myself, believe that, according to the techniques that are now available, you will not be able to prepare a vaccine against AIDS. You might prepare a vaccine against one of the agents, but if you protect against that one, others will move in to take its place."

Another means used to justify large expenditures for AIDS research is to depict it as a new and deadly disease that is spreading wildly throughout the entire population. In point of fact, although it is commonly referred to as a disease, AIDS is not; it is a syndrome. Terry Kreiger, a Washington journalist who has been researching AIDS in conjunction with internist and former PHS offical Dr Cesar A. Caceres, explained in the *Miami Herald* that "a syndrome is set of symptoms that reflect a disease. For example, fever, nasal congestion, muscle pain, and stomach upset may reflect influenza. In AIDS, however, the symptoms themselves are over a dozen diseases, and the death rates for AIDS patients depend on which diseases they have."

Kreiger continues: "According to an AIDS report issued by the CDC last year, the death rate for AIDS patients whose primary disease is pneumocystis carinii pneumonia, which prevents the blood from receiving oxygen, is 58 percent. By contrast, the death rate for AIDS patients whose primary disease is Kaposi's sarcoma, a cancer, is 43 percent. The death rate for AIDS patients with other primary diseases is 61 percent. Furthermore, new AIDS patients are by no means the only living AIDS patients; 21 percent of AIDS patients diagnosed before 1985 are still alive.

"He says you told him to get lost."

"The different diseases and death rates of AIDS patients suggest that AIDS is not a single syndrome, but several conditions resulting from severe damage to the body's immune system, which defends the body from the disease," says Kreiger.

Furthermore, not only are the statistics concerning AIDS inflated, there is also evidence that the rate of increase of AIDS is on the decline. "If we calculate the increase by the number of AIDS cases diagnosed each year [using November 3, 1986 CDC data], we find it was 283 percent between 1981 and '82, 177 percent between 1982 and '83, 100 percent between 1983 and '84, and 70 percent between 1984 and 1985. These figures are consistent with an unrelated analysis of AIDS trends that the CDC conducted two years ago. The analysis found 'the composite trend for all US AIDS cases was in a transition period that may plateau in 1985.'"

Moreover, AIDS is not a new and heretofore unknown condition. AIDS scientists may be looking for and identifying factors that have been present for decades in a large percentage of the population.

"AIDS has been around for years," Dr Morris says. "I base that statement on the presence of the antibody in blood that was taken 40 to 50 years ago and stored in an icebox. This means that the person from whom this blood was gotten 40 years ago was exposed to the AIDS virus."

If the AIDS virus has been around for at least 40 to 50 years, why is it primarily showing up in our gay community today? Dr Morris has a theory that he is careful to preface as "speculative."

"The AIDS virus began to appear in homosexuals around 1979. That was immediately following tests of the first hepatitis vaccine." That vaccine was tested on homosexual populations principally in New York and San Francisco. Soon after the completion of those tests, AIDS was first detected.

"I wrote a letter to ... [the] director of the CDC in Atlanta. I asked him, with all the evidence that he had at his disposal, to convince me that there is no causative connection between the introduction of the experimental hepatitis vaccine into the homosexual population and the occurrence of AIDS in that same population. He wrote a letter back saying that he believed there was no connection, but that the convincing evidence was just not available."

Dr Morris explains that the hepatitis vaccine in question was prepared from the blood of homosexual men who were infected with hepatitis and that today the commercially marketed vaccine is manufactured in the same manner. As the technique for identifying the AIDS virus was only developed recently, there is no way of telling how many people received hepatitis vaccines that were derived from blood that may have been infected with the AIDS virus.

Whether Dr Morris is right or wrong in this theory of why AIDS has appeared so prevalently in the gay community does not seem such a difficult matter to verify. One could start by asking AIDS patients whether they received a hepatitis vaccine. Now that we have the technique for identifying the AIDS virus, it may be possible to determine whether the vaccine was or is carrying the AIDS virus. Instead, however, the government prefers to have us believe that sexual contact and intravenous drug use is responsible for the transmission of AIDS.

This theme was expounded upon in *The Wall Street Journal* article, which quotes one AIDS scientist as saying: "[If] medical politics have been part of the AIDS lab's problem, so have [US] national politics. They charge that 'pro-family,' anti-homosexual views created the pressure that biased the lab's work." A former head of the AIDS lab is quoted as saying of the current head, Dr James Curran: "Curran isn't homophobic, but he is certainly conscious of the administration's feelings, and he wants to keep the CDC alive. The CDC is being sandwiched between a very bad disease and a policy coming from above, treating it with less aggressive action."

> He "was more interested in effecting a lifestyle change, rather than saying here's something you can get in the drugstore that might help."

California biologist Bruce Voeller, who found certain spermicides capable of killing sexually transmitted organisms, is reported to have proposed to Dr Curran that a study be done of the effects of these spermicides on the AIDS virus. Dr Curran refused. When Voeller later conducted the study with the help of a technician at the CDC and showed that the spermicide killed the AIDS virus in vitro, Dr Curran still expressed reluctance to release the results. According to another technician who coauthored the report concerning the spermicide, Dr Curran "was more interested in effecting a lifestyle change — the number of partners, and things like that — rather than saying here's something you can get in the drugstore that might help."

We have already seen that, by the current definition of AIDS, statistics concerning the number of cases may be inflated and that rather than spreading rampantly, the rate of increase of AIDS seems to have plateaued in 1985. One way to keep AIDS statistics inflated to epidemic proportions is to redefine what constitutes the diagnosis — which the PHS has already proposed.

According to Terry Kreiger, "The PHS now maintains that mere infection with HTLV-III is itself a disease, and AIDS is only one manifestation of it. In a May 23, 1986 report, the CDC presented a scheme that 'classifies the manifestation of HTLV-III ... infection into four mutually exclusive groups': a temporary 'mononucleosis-like syndrome' at the time of the infection; the absence of signs or symptoms; persistent swollen lymph glands; and conditions other than swollen lymph glands, including diseases associated with AIDS. Since all but a fraction of people infected with HTLV fall within the first three groups, they have either minor medical difficulties or no medical difficulties at all."

Up until recently, scientists and researchers were attributing AIDS to a specific virus that they called HTLV-III. *Time* magazine reports that the currently preferred term for the AIDS-causing agent is HIV, or human immunodeficiency virus, which suggests that efforts may be being made to lump a whole host of immune-deficiency related illnesses into one broad category to which the label of AIDS can be attached.

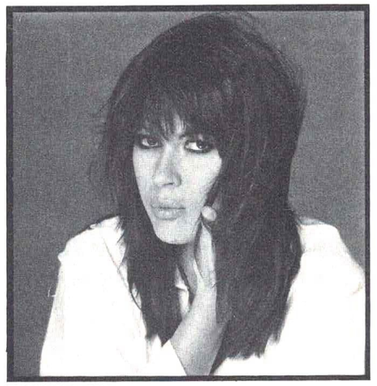
The New York Times reported last November that a third AIDS virus had been identified in Sweden "according to Dr Robert Gallo, a leading AIDS researcher at the National Cancer Institute ... Dr Gallo ... hinted in lectures and a news conference that even more AIDS viruses might be found." This report reveals that health officials are no longer restricting the diagnoses of AIDS to people being infected by the HTLV-III virus. Instead, it appears that any virus that results in the symptoms of AIDS is now being termed an "AIDS virus."

The AIDS scare has brought on much research on viruses and has brought to our attention the role they may play in many of our illnesses. The renaming of the AIDS virus as the "human immunodeficiency virus" and the broad classification scheme proposed by the CDC that includes "mononucleosis-like symptoms" means that any viral immunodeficiency diseases could come under the name of AIDS, thereby inflating the AIDS statistics ad infinitum.

However one chooses to define AIDS, the message we are receiving as to its fatality also requires some examination.

Continued on page 110

WILD CHILD



Christina Amphlett, the bruised Bardot of Australian rock, always does it her way

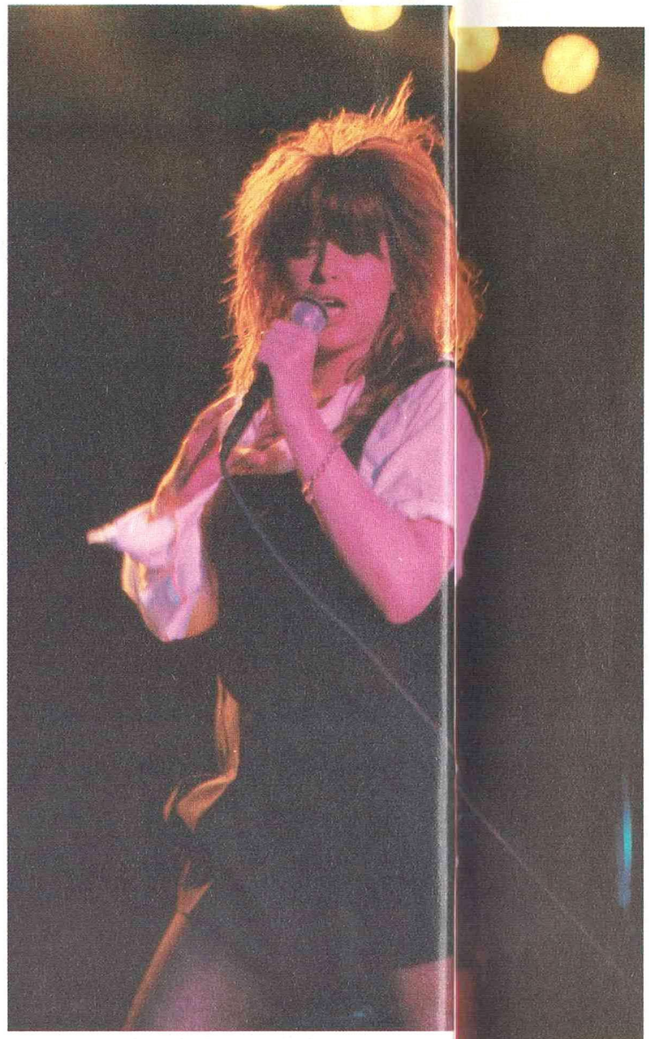
BY VINCE LOVEGROVE

She is one of the most captivating rock performers of the Eighties. From the moment she struts onstage she demands — then commands — your attention. At the not so tender age of 33 this woman still opts for the schoolgirl dress which has become her trademark, even if it is now made of leather.

As the opening notes strike, she strides across the floor and takes her centre-stage stance, leaving no doubt as to who is in control tonight. The teased and henna-dyed hair frames a face that will contort a thousand times during the next hour. From the wide-eyed threatening glare to the pouting, seductive stare, she will have you entranced from the first chords.

Her presence is so dominant that the five male back-up musicians simply blend in with the backdrop as the night grinds on. Her angst-ridden dervish act drags you through an emotionally charged hour that will leave you confused, drained and mystified.

"You will be seduced. You will be provoked. As she stomps up and down on the spot, legs spread apart and fists clenched, you will wonder what wild force took hold of this woman"



She is Christina Amphlett, lead vocalist of the Divinyls. The group's controversial six-year history has been peppered with lawsuits, five band member sackings, broken contracts, and a barrage of confrontations with record companies, promoters, managers and the media. To say this band is an emotional powder keg, constantly on the verge of self-destruction, would be an understatement. And Chrissie Amphlett is the fuse.

As the manager of the band for five years, one of my tasks was to prevent that fuse from igniting. It was no easy job.

With their foothold in the backstabbing worlds of both the Australian and American rock industries, the Divinyls have forged a unique musical pathway that has taken them to the verge of international stardom. They have quickly learned and adapted to the no-holds-barred attitude of the business in which they work, and have thrown it full-throttle back into the faces of those who aspire to keep the rules.

The Divinyls have gone from the dizzy heights of performing live in New York and being beamed to 19 million people across the USA via MTV to the depressing depths of being booed off stage in Seattle with the audience throwing bottles, coins and minibombs at the band just to ensure they got the message.

It is principally the pure energy and charisma of the Divinyls' leader, her maniacal, enigmatic appeal, that has attracted all the attention and taken the band beyond mediocrity and obscurity into the big time. Onstage, with her hands firmly placed on her hips, Christina Amphlett adopts a squat position and, in time with the crunching four-on-the-floor beat pounding from the band, she slowly shuffle jumps across the stage, turning her head slightly to face you with her Bardot come-hither stare. And you know what she wants you to think.

You will be seduced. You will be provoked. As she stomps up and down on the spot, legs spread apart and fists clenched, you will wonder what wild force took hold of this woman who, only two songs ago, begged you for your charms. The fact that her stage act aims straight at the crotch is purely academic. But then there is the voice. Strong on the high registers, it can barely be heard when she manipulates her vocal chords to render the more emotionally charged lyrics. Amphlett stands alone. She is the wild child of the Eighties.

My relationship with the band has been a tempestuous one. Sometimes I felt more like a babysitter than a manager. I've got two kids and they're a breeze to look after compared with the Divinyls. But we were family. We went through some hard times together. Sometimes we had fun but a lot of the time we didn't. Sometimes it seemed that Christina and her lover, the band's guitarist song-writer Mark McEntee, didn't like the people who worked with them to enjoy themselves. For example, they hated anyone who worked with them to be drunk. But they frequently failed to maintain the standards they demanded from others.

When I first met Chrissie I was living in the Sydney suburb of Paddington. She came to visit an old girlfriend with whom I was ensconced at the time. It wasn't long before I realised she was spending most of her time extracting information from me to help her shape her budding career as the lead singer of the Divinyls. Eventually she invited me to a restaurant in Darlinghurst where I was introduced to McEntee. I was unaware of their romantic involvement. At the time it seemed that you could not imagine two more opposite types.

While she was extroverted in the extreme Amphlett was also, paradoxically, a recluse. In those early days she used her sexuality as a weapon.

I remember living next door to Christina in Woomera Avenue, Darlinghurst. The walls between the two semi-detached houses were paper-thin. In the press she would romantically refer to the two homes as "squats." It was her ploy to make things look more desperate than they really were. She promoted the images of squalor, hardship and paying her dues, and she repeatedly reinforced this image in the media.

The band's first press release emphasised this underground image, and I must take some responsibility for that. The release stated that the band came from Australia's sin capital, Kings Cross, and played in the most sleazy bars in the red light district. That was a total fabrication. In fact, McEntee lived in relative luxury with his wife and occasionally his mother on the up-market North Shore. The bass player Jeremy Paul lived with his wife in a home he owned in Neutral Bay, while the drummer of the day, Richard Harvey, also lived in his own home, a good 20 minutes' drive from the Cross. This was all a far cry from squalor and hardship.

At this stage the romantic link between McEntee and Amphlett was a subtle one. I guess this was aided by the fact that McEntee was married at the time. The relationship did not really become obvious until the band went to New York to record its first album in 1982. McEntee's mother decided that Mark needed a chaperone so she, along with his wife, travelled with him.

The band lived in three apartments on 57th Street, not Hell's Kitchen (as Chrissie would later describe their living quarters to the press). I lived in the ground floor apartment with McEntee and Amphlett while the rest of the band were upstairs. The couple found it impossible to conceal their relationship from me in these circumstances. But it was a difficult time for McEntee's wife. She was barred from the apartment, the studio and anywhere the dynamic duo went in New York. McEntee's mother stayed in a downtown hotel, the Gramercy Park. Divorce between Mr and Mrs McEntee soon followed and so did a vindictive court battle. Back in Australia, McEntee and Amphlett moved into a luxurious building in Manly.

During these years, Chrissie was relentless in her obsessive drive for stardom. Nothing stood in her way. Nothing and nobody. In fact, what you get on stage is only a part of what you get in real life. Chrissie's early years explain her determination to succeed as a singer.

Chrissie Amphlett has lived on the tattered edge of rock and roll for most of her life. In Geelong in 1963 she was standing up at local variety concerts reading poetry and singing the odd song. She comes from a musical family, and by the time she was ten Amphlett was watching her cousin Little Pattie singing "He's My Blond Headed Stompie Wompie Real Gone Surfer Boy" on *Bandstand*.

Continued on page 124

"I don't go in for the plague of frogs things any more. There are far more effective ways of punishing people. Don Lane, for instance"

GOD

BY RIC WEST

An eerie mist hangs over the valley. All around is the stucco-fronted evidence of privilege and luxury. As I approach the front gates I notice they are inlaid with Mikimoto pearls.

It is impressive but nothing less than you'd expect from the Supreme Ruler of Heaven and Earth and Creator Of All Things. I am acutely aware of the importance of the occasion. I am about to talk to a Man who has become a legend in His own time, and was recently almost voted The Person I'd Most Like To Interview by the Victorian Journalists' Association, coming a close second to Margaret Thatcher's gynaecologist.

He has turned down offers of an interview from Mike Willesee (who wanted to do an expose), Geraldine Doogue and Norman Gunston. Instead, I have won the rights to an exclusive interview. It is something of a scoop.

Taking a deep breath, I put my tape recorder under my arm, stuff a handful of TDK 90s into my pocket and knock gingerly on the gates. They swing open.

I walk through, setting off the burglar alarm.

The gatekeeper — a short man with a bushy white beard — comes out of the small gatehouse, tying his dressing gown cord as he runs towards me.

"Who are you?"

"I have an appointment," I tell him, nervously flashing my

PHOTO BY GRAEME DAVEY

INTERVIEW

press pass.

He regards me suspiciously. "Are you with the ABC?"

"Freelance," I reassure him. "I have an interview with God at 10am."

"I'd better check already." He disappears back into the gatehouse and I see him pick up the phone. Moments later he returns.

"It's all right, He's expecting you. Straight up the path. He'll send someone to show you in."

"Thanks."

"That's all right. First time we've ever had a journalist up here."

He is much shorter than I'd expected. He is wearing a cream shirt and a Collingwood club tie ("It helps to keep Me humble"). He leads me past a series of arches, past alcoves and sofas of parachute silk into a large, messy room dominated by a marble throne ("I only use it on special occasions").

The shelves are cluttered with trophies and awards. There is His Oscar for Best Supporting Actor in *The Greatest Story Ever Told* and design awards for the Grand Canyon and Kathleen Turner.

It is obviously a man's room. A denim jacket has been thrown across one of the chairs and the desk is cluttered with papers and a battered portable typewriter.

He is in the middle of writing his long-awaited sequel to His best-selling first novel, *The Bible*. It's called *My Way* and covers the period from 33AD to the present day. Already publishing circles are rife with rumors that the new book contains some hot gossip about the current Pope.

He flings himself down into a beanbag and motions for me to do the same.

The interview lasts for over two hours. As He drinks glass after glass of milk and honey, He starts to talk freely about His career, giving a dramatic glimpse into the life of one of the most influential Men of this — or any other — generation.

He talks for the first time about His much-publicised addiction to power, His mid-life crisis of 1492, His near suicide and His relationship with Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen.

Although He occasionally slips into an anti-Semitic tirade, the moody schizoid and megalomaniac of the popular press is seldom in evidence. Instead, I come away with the impression of an aloof, misunderstood man battling desperately to come to terms with the complexities of the modern world.

Penthouse: You've often been portrayed as a very dominant and very angry person, prone to violent and uncontrolled fits of temper. How close is that to the real You?

God: That really isn't Me at all — it's just an image concocted by the media. I think it's how a lot of people would like to see Me. All right, I tend to be a bit of a perfectionist, but that's because I like to get things done. There's a lot of pressure on You in My sort of job to achieve. I wouldn't have got where I am today if I didn't have a certain amount of drive and ambition.

Penthouse: But You have been quoted as saying: "Vengeance is Mine."

God: It was taken out of context.

Penthouse: But in Your book You actually destroy two whole cities at one time ...

God: True, but you have to admit I was provoked. I just woke up one morning and I thought: "Sodom!" Actually it takes quite a lot to get Me angry. You must remember that My book spans a period of about 5000 years. If you average it out, I only actually got wrathful once every 93 years. Now that's not a bad average. That's a lot better than most people, not naming names. But the media doesn't want to know about that. They only want to write about the bad things I did.

Penthouse: Like giving Job boils?

God: That was nothing to do with Me. Job used to blame Me for everything. If he goes and eats a tin of contaminated tuna, that's not My fault.

Penthouse: You've been criticised over Your Heaven and Hell legislation — Your ruling that all good people were to go to Heaven and all the sinners were to be banished to everlasting punishment in Hell. How did You respond to that?

God: Well of course the failings of the system became clear to Me pretty quickly, too. So I came up with the idea of a limbo zone for people who weren't wholly bad or wholly good, a grey, foggy sort of place where lost souls float around aimlessly day and night in a semi-trance. It's called Wollongong.

Penthouse: You are in the unique position of having ultimate control over the lives of billions of people. Do you like the power?

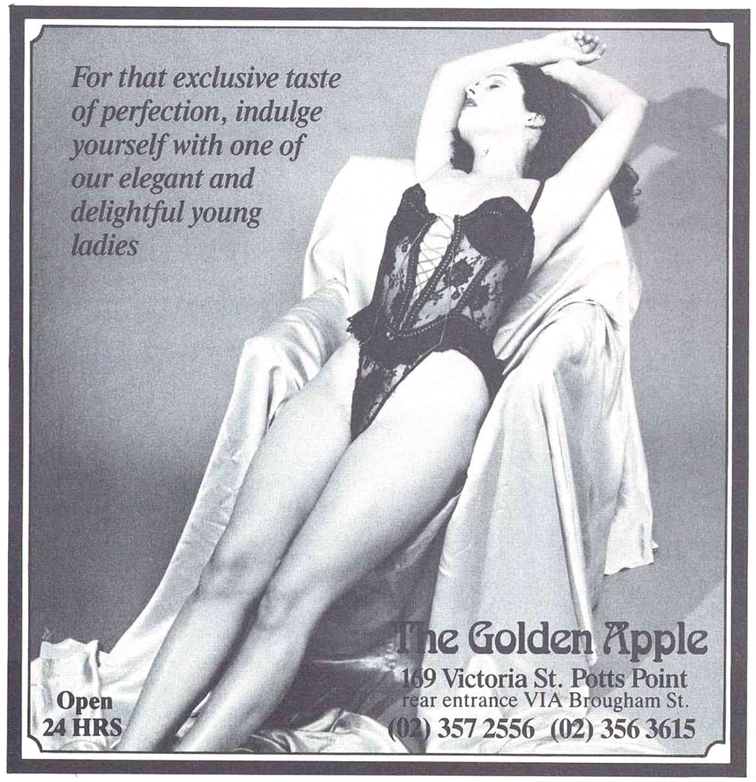
God: Well, I suppose it is a bit of an ego thing, yes. It's very difficult to be omnipotent and not let the power go to Your head. But it does have its advantages — it's easier to get tickets for the VFL Grand Final, for one thing.

Penthouse: Do You still intercede in human affairs the way You used to? For example, when Moses wanted to lead his people of Israel out of Egypt, You forced the Pharaoh's hand by sending down a plague of frogs and a plague of locusts.

God: (laughs) I don't go in for the plague of frogs things any more. I find there are far more effective ways of punishing people. Don Lane, for instance.

Penthouse: Then does it bother You that there are a lot of people around today who insist that You don't exist — or say that You're actually just some form of cosmic energy?

God: Well, of course I'm hurt by that sort of criticism. Who wouldn't be? As a creative person I tend to be sensitive about things like that. But when all is said and done I *am*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Oh what a feeling! TOYOTA

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the Jehovah — I have witnesses to prove it.
Penthouse: How's Your relationship with Your Son these days?
God: Well, you know, We've had our differences of opinion in the past. He's a much more outgoing personality than Me. He tends to be very gregarious — people seem drawn to Him — while I'm a bit of a loner. Naturally that creates certain conflicts and jealousies. I mean, I know I'm no angel, but living with someone who thinks they're God's Gift isn't easy.
Penthouse: Outside religion, what are Your main interests?
God: Well, you know, the usual things. I surf, smoke a little grass — it helps Me relax — watch television. And I read a lot — Barbara Cartland, Jeffrey Archer, Patrick White . . . I'm very catholic in my tastes. But I always try to be out the days the Mormons come around.
Penthouse: The Queensland National Party has insisted in recent years that they have a special relationship with You. Is this entirely true?
God: Well, you know, Sir Joh and I used to be very close. We have very similar attitudes to things. In the old days he used to come to Me for advice. I used to talk and he used to listen. These days it seems to be the other way round.
Penthouse: Looking back over a very long, and very illustrious career, what do You see as your greatest achievement?
God: Well, I suppose I'd have to say the Earth. I suppose it's the one thing most people remember Me for.
Penthouse: How did it all come about?
God: It just started as an idea — who knows where these things come from? — and so I started looking round for some outlet for creative expression. The Earth sort of came together very quickly. It took about a week of intensive artistic effort. You could say I was chuffed with it at the time, but God knows, I don't get much pleasure out of it now.
Penthouse: When did things start to go wrong?
God: I think it was when I got the idea to create women. I think that was a bad move in retrospect. If I'd stuck to creating just men, I think everyone would have had a gay old time. But then I created Eve as a bit of a joke — a ribtickler — and the rest, as they say, is history. There was a mass exodus after that.
Penthouse: There must be a lot of strain and a lot of pressure involved with being an infinite intelligence. Have You ever wondered what it would be like to just be an ordinary person?
God: Yes, I do wonder about that sometimes. The thing that's so hard about this job is the constant demands that are placed on You by people You don't even know. Someone always wants something from Me. Sometimes I get the feeling people love Me because of what I do rather than what I am. They just never let up — I mean, I may be omnipresent, but I can't be everywhere at once. In 1492, I had a real identity crisis. I came through that with a very different view of the world. I became less idealistic. I allowed them to discover America, for instance.
Penthouse: Did it change You in any other ways?
God: I suppose I'm much more fatalistic than I was then. I try not to take responsibility for everything that happens. And it forced Me to take a good look at My spiritual self. In fact I don't go to Church much any more — I find all the grovelling annoys Me.
Penthouse: Finally, the question everyone's wanting to ask You — when are You coming back?
God: Coming back?
Penthouse: The Second Coming.
God: Oh that. No, no, I changed My mind about all that long ago. Doesn't seem to be any point really. I didn't realise there were so many people down there counting on it — it was a bit of a Revelation.
Penthouse: Well if *You're* not coming back — what is the one true faith?
God: Zoroastrianism.
Penthouse: But that religion's almost non-existent — isn't it?
God: Yes, pity really. But you can thank the damned Micks for that.
Penthouse: But what about the twelfth tribe of Israel?
God: You mean the Goldbergs? What's so special about them? Anyway, they live in New York.
Penthouse: So ... if it's not the Catholics or the Jews ... who *are* Your people? It can't be the Church of England ...
God: The *who*?
Penthouse: Well then, who *are* the Chosen Ones?
God: The whales.
Penthouse: The *whales*?
God: Intelligent, harmless, self-sacrificing — they have all the right qualities. When the Day Of Judgement dawns, I'm taking all the whales and maybe a few dolphins and leaving the rest of you to it. You must admit, you've been asking for it.
Penthouse: I guess so. Well in that case — what does the future hold for You?
God: I'm not sure any more. After I've finished My book I was thinking of starting another religion, but it all seems so futile somehow.
Penthouse: Have You ever felt like just giving it all away?
God: When things go badly wrong — like when there was the Second World War and when Malcolm Fraser was born — you tend to lose confidence. I suppose there have been times when I've lost faith in Myself. I guess that would make Me an atheist, wouldn't it? (*laughs*) You'd better not print that. It might discourage people.
Penthouse: Okay.

Continued from page 55

$7.50 for 12 months. And the driving test is free.

As well a full driver's licence is the least expensive at a mere $23.30 for three years. The absence of any state fuel tax reduces the cost of a tankful of petrol by around four bucks. But the Queenslander is not much better off than the poor sods from down south when he pays his car rego which, incidentally, is based on the number of cylinders.

Individualism is not encouraged either. Personalised plates start at $200, with six-letter custom versions peaking at $1500. It's enough to make your white shoes curl.

Queensland has always been a not unpleasant place for law-breakers. Speeding fines are designed to make you wince rather than cry. Take a tip: do your speeding north of Tweed Heads rather than south of Albury.

It's worth noting that to discourage motorists from running a red light — an offence with a very real potential to kill or maim — the Queensland government has posted a fine of $30. That's the price apparently placed on life in the Banana Republic.

Leaving your car at an expired meter brings a token $5 parking fine, though this has been under review and is expected to rise. Queensland is the only state other than its southern neighbor that has a toll on a bridge crossing. However, for its $1.50 impost the privately-run new Gateway Bridge does offer a worthy time and distance saving to motorists travelling the Gold Coast-Sunshine Coast route.

TASMANIA

Car registration is, in the case of the two vehicles nominated by *Penthouse* (VL Commodore Executive and Mitsubishi Magna SE), cheaper than on the mainland. Learner's permits attract modest fees and a driver's licence is among the cheapest in the country. And stamp duty applying to vehicle transactions is, at $3 for every $1000 of market value (minimum of $20), very reasonable.

But the state government clobbers the vehicle user at the petrol bowsers. Tasmanian petrol taxes are the stiffest.

Radar detectors have been outlawed in that state but locals say swift highway travel is rarely impeded by the presence of police radar. Speeding fines are in the mid range.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Croweaters finish up somewhere in the middle of our cost survey. SA motoring fees are not considered particularly tough, with the exception of speeding fines which are second only to the brutal Victorian structure. It is hard to imagine the police collecting much revenue from locals, most of whom drive like they've been drugged by that crook Adelaide water.

Visitors with more moderate views would appreciate the implementation of a traffic rule calling for a $50 fine for drivers who persist in travelling in the overtaking lane on dual-lane carriages. I will settle for death by firing squad.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Ah, yes, the state that uses air surveillance to penalise any soul who dares drive at more than 110 km/h on the billiard-top ruler-straight Great Eastern Highway across the Nullarbor . . . It's all part of a policy to keep those dreaded Eastern Staters from crossing the border.

The West boasts the finest roads of all the states, but woe betide anyone who exploits the splendid driving conditions. There's a very enthusiastic force at the ready to penalise miscreants, though on-the-spot fines are hardly stiff.

Car licence (registration) fees are not excessive and parking is predictably inexpensive in Perth's wide open spaces. It's a heavy penalty to pay for living so far from civilisation.

VICTORIA

The police state. Example: be caught red-handed travelling at just 16 kays over the posted limit and you'll be $135 worse off. Cain's government went heavier on traffic offences as from February. The blunt message is: step out of line and it'll be bloody costly.

Exceed the limit by more than 30 km/h and a driver receives a court summons. We can presume he is either incarcerated for the term of his natural life, or else sells off his worldly assets to pay the fine.

A Melbourne motorist pays plenty for inner city parking, and state fuel tax is approaching five cents a litre, second only to the Taswegians.

Transfer fee for change of car ownership is, at $16, the highest in Australia. And stamp duty ($5 per $200 of market value for new cars and $8 per $200 of market value for used cars) is well above most other states.

Some things (but not many) are inexpensive in Victoria. Like a learner's permit at $26.60 for two years. Question: does any person requiring 24 months to clinch a licence really deserve a place on our roads?

NEW SOUTH WALES

Though Victoria is now seriously challenging NSW's mantle as the state that does the best clip job on the motorist, things are still tough for the road warriors in waratah country. Motorists in NSW pay more than anyone for driver's licence fees. Rego costs are right up with the high flyers and personalised number plates are $100 a set. But custom plates — those with tasteful messages like HORNY or 4MYEGO — carry a $180 price tag. That's an annual fee too.

Our survey shows on-the-spot speeding fines in NSW are about average, but this doesn't reveal the devious methods and zeal employed by the blue-uniformed ticket writers. A recent Staysafe report makes the point that present speed limits have no practical relationship to maximum safe speeds, and the enforcement of the limits often has no practical relationship to safe speeds. But police radar continues to bob up on "safe" roads carrying light traffic.

NSW is the only state imposing highway tolls. Tolls (40 cents) apply on the main thoroughfares to the north and south of Sydney. Sydney's long-suffering motorists are also slugged hard for inner-city parking. Council-run car parks are cheaper than private operators like Wilsons and Kings. But only early birds are guaranteed a spot in a council park where the all-day fee is a not unreasonable $9.50.

And there's Sydney's monstrous traffic hurdle, the old coathanger. Far from taking steps to finally remove the discriminatory bridge toll and allow the traffic to run free, steps are being made to increase the charge by 500 percent to $1. This indexed toll could reach $30 within 30 years, according to a Sydney traffic engineering expert, Professor W.R. Blunden. Commuters can choke on their own exhaust fumes for no extra charge. All of this is courtesy of the state government responsible for foisting the expensive unleaded petrol clean air legislation on all of Australia.

In over-regulated Australia, the motorist is fair game. The rules might vary from state to state, but the brutal reality is that motorists anywhere are hard pressed to find a fair deal. For governments at every level, the car owner is the goose laying the golden egg.

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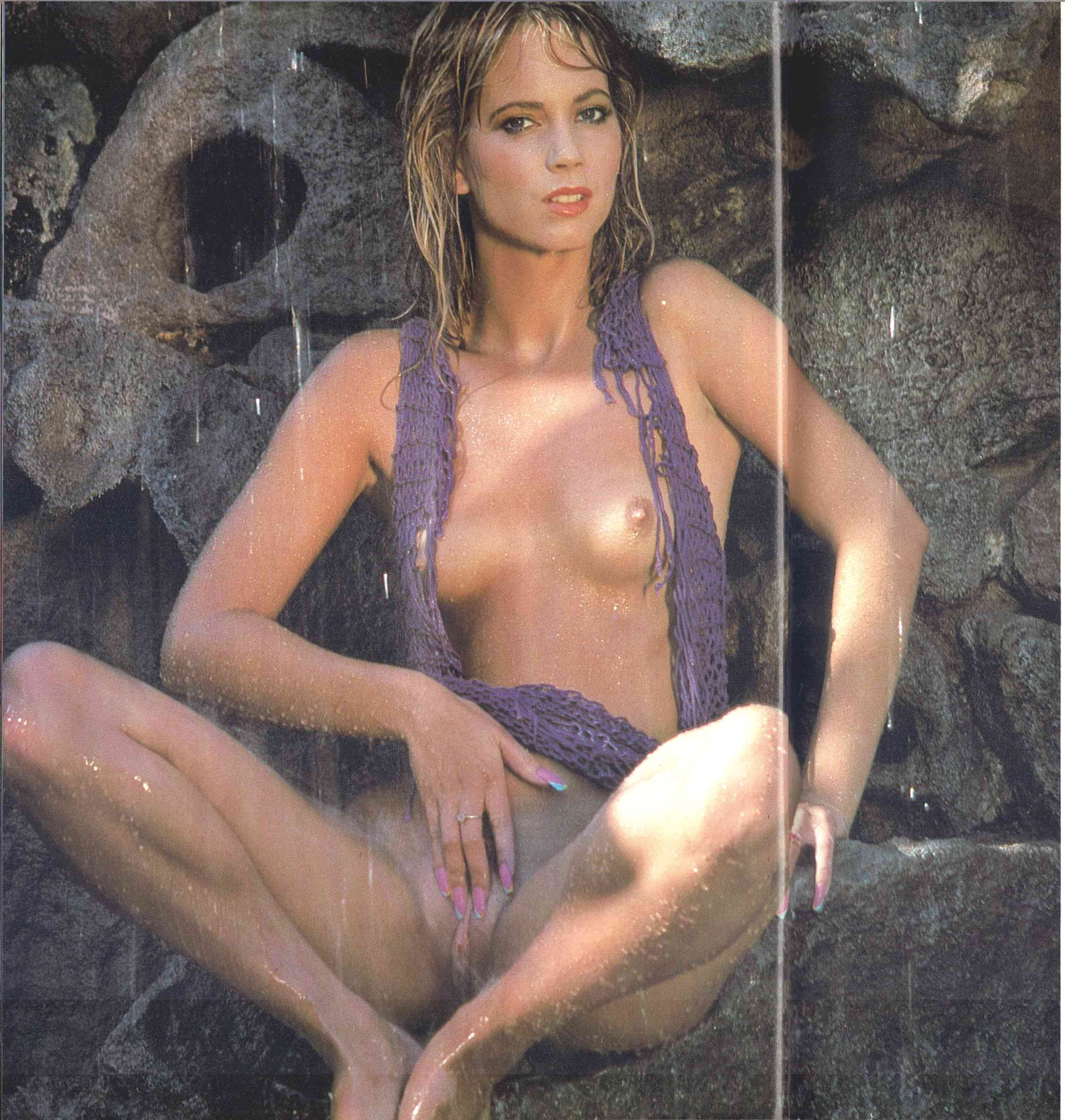
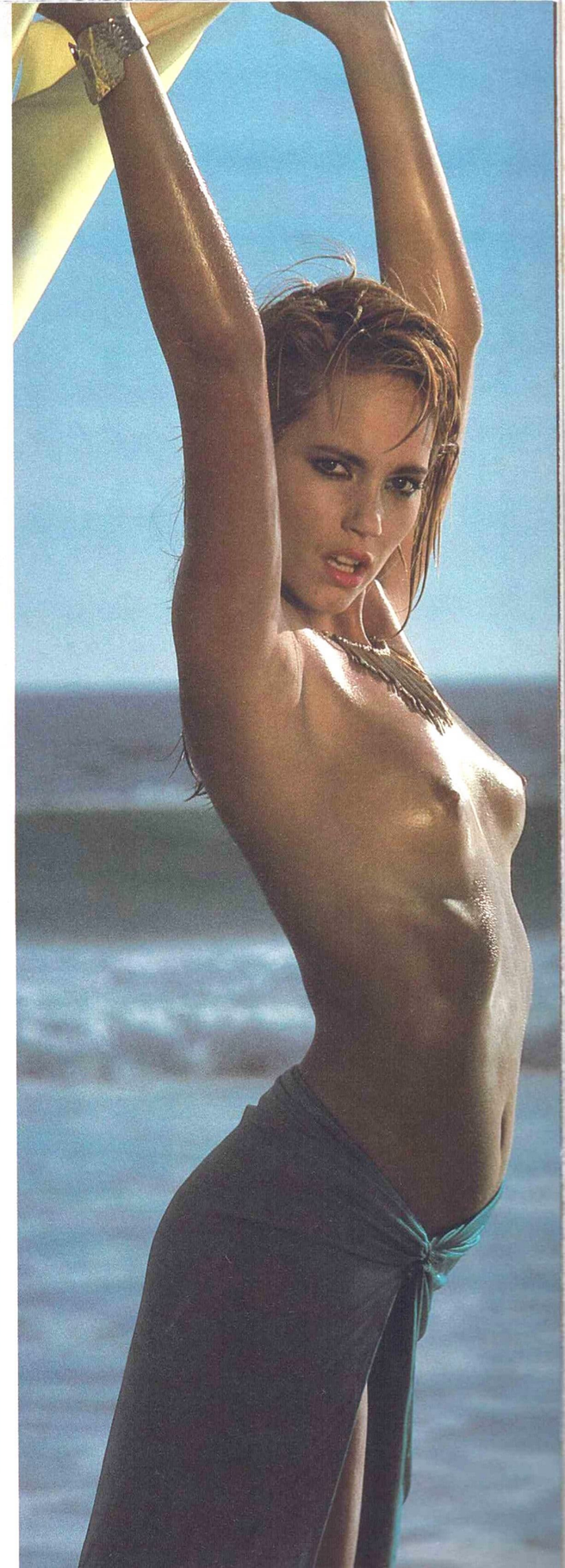
Life is all about "turning on" to the gorgeous Brittany Morgan, and this 20-year-old self-admitted schemer knows how to get the most out of life. "I know what I like, and I know how to get it. Perhaps I *do* sometimes get a bit didactic, but my partners have to learn to deal with that."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

GROUND RULES

Brittany spent a year doing teacher education before turning her hand etc to modelling. "After 12 years taking orders through the school system, I guess I just wanted to get a bit of my own back. Which was the right idea, but the wrong way to achieve my ends . . .





"Flashing my stuff is a far better avenue for me to take. I find it amazing what I can get away with and still not be considered to be cheating on my boy-friends . . ."

What do you call
a bloke with no arms, no legs and no body?

THE INVISIBLE MANIAC

FICTION BY ROGER RAFTERY

"There you go," the screw said, propelling a young guy through the doorway. "New roommate for you. Try to behave yourself for a change."

The door clanged shut.

"What're you in for, mate?" a voice asked from the shadows of the lower bunk.

"Test-driving a car before the owner decided he wanted to sell it," the newcomer said. "Whingeing bastard. What's two new tyres and a new motor to a scrooge like him? Hey," he said, shielding his eyes from the unshaded globe, "it's Maggot, isn't it?"

"Darryl?" Maggot replied, jumping off the bunk. "I never realised it was you."

"Haven't seen you for yonks," Darryl said, not quite sure how he should react to finding a slight acquaintance as his cell-mate.

"Don't say *that*!" Maggot protested, dropping back on the bunk.

"What'd they do you for?" Darryl asked.

"Fuck, it's a long story. Smoke?"

Darryl sat down on the bunk and took a smoke.

"You remember . . ." Maggot went on, hesitating as though trying to decide whether Darryl was the right person to tell or not. ". . . You remember Wellsie, that little old bloke that used to drink at the Austral? Always sat by himself in the corner nursing a pint of portergaff."

"Yeah, I think I remember him. They used to call him The Poof, didn't they?"

ILLUSTRATION BY RUSSELL GOODMAN

MANIAC

"Nah. The *Prof.* He was some kind of scientist or something. Anyway, one night about six months ago I dropped into the Austral for a couple just before closing time and old Wellsie was the only other bloke in the joint. He lurches over to me and says, 'I'm three parts Adrian Quist. You wouldn't be able to drive me home, would you? There'd be a bottle of Gilt Edge in it for you.'

"I thought: Oh yeah, I've heard that one before. Anyhow, if he gets cute I can always roll him and do his place over. So I drives him home and we go in. 'I want to show you something,' he says. Here it comes, I thought, and I'm rolling up my sleeve preparatory to king hitting the cunt.

"Fuck me if he isn't rolling up his sleeve too. 'What do you make of that?' he says. And he's got more holes in his arm than a dead junkie with chickenpox! 'It's not what you think — it's my invisibility drug,' he reckons. 'I've got it into capsule form now; all I need is someone to try it out. I'm getting too old . . .'

"'Invisibility drug?' I go. 'Leave it alone, mate, or it'll get corns on it. Where's me Gilt Edge?' I could see he really was pissed, but on the other hand his house *was* full of all test-tubes and shit.

"'Go on!' he says. 'You're dying to have a go at it, aren't you?' and he gets this devilish glint in his eye. 'Don't tell me you never peeked through a hole in the girls' changing sheds. Invisibility is like a peephole on the whole world — you can carry it around with you.'

"That made me stop and think: he had a way of putting things. 'I'm beginning to see what you mean,' I told him. 'These capsules — how long do they last? If you're bullshitting me . . .'

"'No, no,' he swears. 'They should last about two hours.'

"'Any side-effects?' I ask him.

"'Oh, a lowered arousal threshold maybe,' he goes.

"Well, mate, I ask you! You know what a sex maniac I've always been. Twat for breakfast, lunch, dinner . . ."

"You dirty dog!" Darryl chuckled.

". . . Supper and afternoon tea. 'I reckon I might just be your man,' I told him.

"He takes one capsule out of a little bottle. 'Give this a try tomorrow,' he says. 'About an hour after eating, with plenty of fluid.'

"Well, I took it home and laid awake half the night calculating all the erotic possibilities. Endless, man! If it was all true. In the morning I decided to give old Wellsie's peephole idea a shot first. So I waltzed down to the council swimming pool and into a cubicle in the men's change-rooms. I washed the capsule down with a stubbie and looked at my watch: 12 midday. But lo and fucking behold, my watch is floating in mid-air! *I'm disappearing.* I got all my gear off and paraded up and down in front of the full-length mirror next to the showers — not so much as a trace of bumfluff.

"So — what else? — I went next door to the ladies'. It was magic, unbelievable."

"Better than a night at the pictures, eh?"

"Well, there was plenty of 20th Century Fox. Anyhow, this lasts for maybe a quarter of an hour, twenty minutes. I'm leaning on the ragburner when all of a sudden I notice I'm getting another hard-on. Nothing unusual in that you might say, only I shouldn't have been able to *see* it: I was starting to reappear!

"I belted like fuck through the nearest door with wolf whistles ringing in my ears. Next thing I know there I am, blushing red all over, in the junior swimming class — with all the tiny tits getting an eyeful of me."

"Bad!" Darryl sympathised.

"It gets worse. Who do you reckon was head swimming instructor that day? Only Deputy Dawg — Senior Constable Deidre bloody Schultz. 'Oh goodie!' she goes. 'My first Serious Offence all week.'

> Dogs are barking, chicks screaming, and I'm running all over the joint like a blue-arsed fly

"As soon as I got out on bail I went round to Wellsie's and reminded him, by banging his head against the wall a few times, that he told me two hours for his bloody capsules.

"'It's hard to calculate the variable diffractive rates in the crystalline state,' he claims. 'Next time you'd better take two capsules.'

"'Next time . . .!' I went with my hands around his throat, but he was grinning up at me with his little piggy eyes shining.

"'All right,' I said. 'One more try, but it better —'

"'Sure sure,' he says and gives me two capsules.

"Well, I figured I'd give the swimming pool a miss this time and give the Liberty Riding School a bash. You know the talent that gets down that dump! I wasn't going to take any chances this time: I took both tablets and only gave myself an hour to get back to my clothes. So I get in the dressing shed and start taking in the sights."

"All in a setting of whips and leather, eh?"

"And horseshit and liniment. Anyway I hadn't been in there ten minutes — without a word of a lie — before I started reappearing again.

"I bolt for the doorway, cursing Wellsie and his bloody diffracted crystals, and behind me voices are going 'Eek eek — call the police.' I got round the corner but there's some old coot with a pitchfork standing right on top of my clothes. Dogs are barking, chicks screaming, and I'm running all over the joint like a blue-arsed fly. Then *whoo-whoo*: a siren comes racing up the access road. There was nothing else for it — I ducked into the stables to hide. I was really packing shit till a bright idea hit me: hop on a bloody horse and get the hell out of there!

"I put my hands on the back of this mare and was in the act of vaulting on when the stable door opens. 'Hold it!' — and there's a blinding flash — 'Thank you.' It's Constable Deidre fucking Schultz with her Polaroid camera! She stands there humming that *They Shoot Horses Don't They* while she's waiting for the picture to develop.

"I had to hock my jocks to get bail that time. But when I got out I raced over to Wellsie's with one idea in my head: get Deidre Schultz. 'I'll fix her little red tampon!' I promised myself. I grabbed the pill bottle off Wellsie and pushed him flat on his back. "'Don't don't,' he's screaming. 'That's all the capsules there is. I mightn't be able to . . .'

"He was making so much racket that I had to stick my foot in his windpipe to shut him up.

"Now, it was common knowledge that whenever Deidre was on nightshift her and her drip of a male partner would park the kiddie car up behind the cemetery and engage in naughties. So I waited for nightfall and sneaked up there: sure enough, there they are. I swallowed all the capsules that were left and crept over to the car. I just happened to have with me this gigantic firecracker I borrowed from a mate in Chinatown.

"It was piss easy: the windows were down and they were groping around with their pants down. I pushed the cracker up Deidre's arsehole as far as it would go. 'Oooh Michael,' she squeals. 'You know what I *like*, don't you!' I lit the wick and beat it for all I was worth. Mate, I'm telling you that explosion was the sweetest I've ever heard in my life."

"And you got away all right without reappearing that time?"

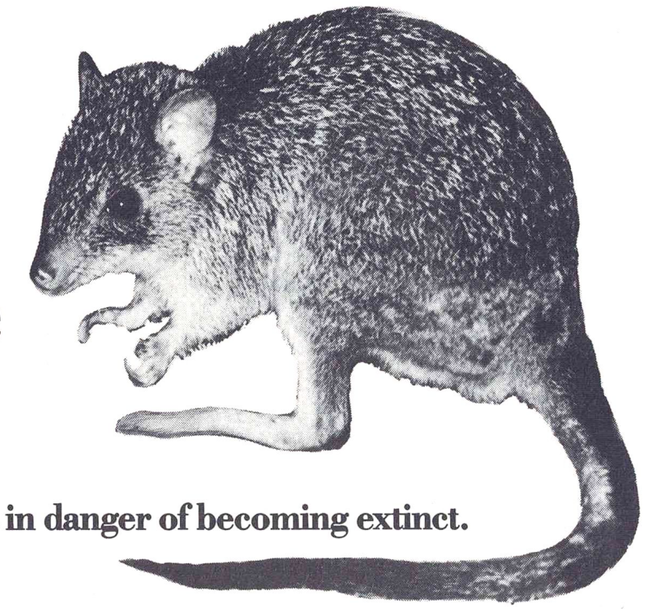
"Oh yeah," Maggot sniggered. "Trouble is, ever since then I've been disappearing and reappearing at the drop of a bloody hat."

"Without trying?"

"Without warning. I went back to

Continued on page 144

Please help me survive



This Brush-tailed Bettong is in danger of becoming extinct.

Only a few are known to be living in North-Eastern Australia in two widely-separated areas, and very little is known about this rare small animal.

WWF Australia is committed to the conservation of our wildlife and it is vital that we carry out a survey of the Brush-tailed Bettong's habitat before it disappears forever.

Since its inception in 1978, WWF Australia has funded more than fifty projects for the protection of our wildlife.

The total disappearance of any of our wildlife would be a tragedy for us, our children, and our children's children. Our planet can't survive without wildlife.

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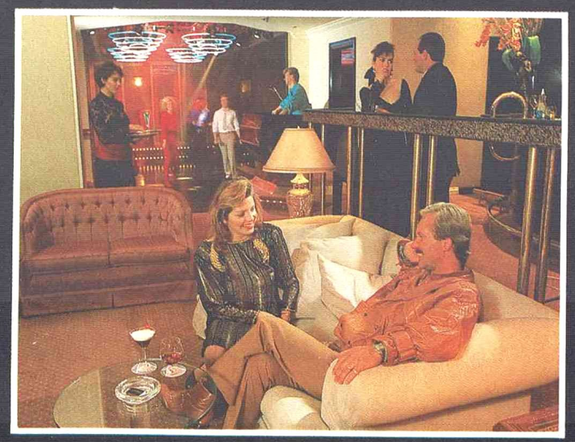
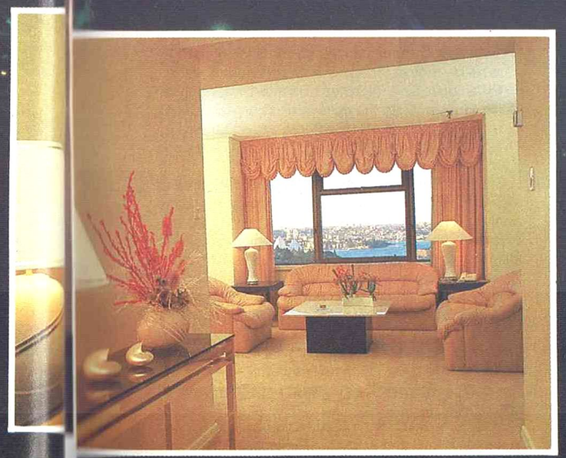
Source: ABC Audit, April 1, 1986 to September 30, 1986

WIN A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

The scene is Sydney at dusk. This is the view from the internationally renowned Sydney Boulevard Hotel. This month's competition prize offers you the chance of a rare privilege. You and the companion of your choice could wake to this view from the king-size bed in the Sydney Boulevard's Presidential Suite. This is the opportunity to win *the* night to remember. An elegant and sumptuous dinner for two in the 25th Floor Restaurant will whet your appetite for things to come. Then you'll enjoy the first night of your newly-won year's membership of Williams, the exclusive focus of sophisticated nightlife in Sydney. *If* you get tired, you can retire to the magnificent Presidential Suite and enjoy the 24-hour-a-day room service. Finally, you will be gently roused the following morning for a champagne breakfast. It's a complete, luxurious night on the town — and you don't have to leave the building. If you're from out of town or interstate, you'll be flown to Sydney for this night. Simply turn the page, complete the coupon, and post it to *Australian Penthouse* to be in the running for an unforgettable experience.





THE SYDNEY
BOULEVARD

The Sydney Boulevard Hotel, nestled in the heart of Sydney, minutes from the tranquility of the Harbor and the glitter of Kings Cross by night, has got it all. Due to the unsurpassed service and its plush surrounds, it is popularly chosen by international guests, celebrities and business executives for very clear reasons.

Case in point: five-star international standards of accommodation are observed in all of the spacious and elegant suites in the hotel — and most have magnificent views of Sydney Harbor and the Opera House. In the last two years, $6.5 million has been spent renovating the hotel. Of this, $110,000 has been spent refurbishing the Presidential Suite alone. The winner of this competition will spend a night in the Presidential Suite — with their companion.

A visit to the 25th Floor Restaurant starts with stunning views of Sydney Harbor. What follows is a feast of international cuisine fit for a king. Seafoods, gourmet specialties, fabulous presentation — the winner will discover what the Sydney Boulevard Hotel regulars already know when they dine on an amazing feast and taste the superb wines.

After dinner, the winner and friend will experience the grand style of an international supper club — and they won't have to leave the building. A year's His-and-Hers membership of Williams can be kicked off on this memorable evening. At Williams you can lounge in comfort, enjoy superbly mixed cocktails, soak up the tones of the grand piano and enjoy the complimentary hors d'oeuvres. And there's the world class discotheque where you can dance the night away. Williams' Members enjoy other special privileges in this atmosphere of elegance and sophistication. The winners of this competition will find out about these — soon enough.

A champagne breakfast will cap off this prize. Fancy the ultimate night out? Entry is simple. Just fill in the coupon, answer the questions and post it off. But be quick. Entries close with the last mail on Friday, June 26.

Clip and send completed coupon to *Penthouse* Night To Remember Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. The answers to the questions can be found on this page.

1. How much was spent renovating the Sydney Boulevard Hotel's Presidential Suite?

_____

2. On which floor of The Sydney Boulevard Hotel can you sample the finest international cuisine?

_____

3. List three pastimes you can enjoy at Williams:

_____

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ **Telephone:** _____

Permit No TC87/642. Issued under the Lotteries & Art Unions Act.
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CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form. Only one entry per person is allowed.

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families and employees of The Sydney Boulevard Hotel and their families.

Closing date for the competition will be the last mail on Friday, June 26, 1987. The winner of the prize will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section.

One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entrant will be the winner.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgment of his/her winning entry and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters may reasonably require. There is no cash alternative.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

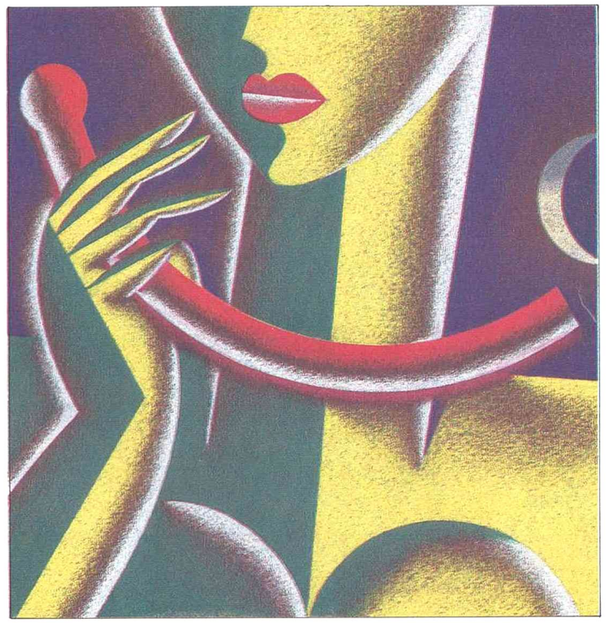
The promoters, The Sydney Boulevard Hotel and *Australian Penthouse*, shall be under no liability to the winning contestant and holiday companions for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to persons or property or death or injury caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance of anything or any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of the Night To Remember Competition (including negligent acts or omissions).

This competition is brought to you by The Sydney Boulevard Hotel and *Australian Penthouse*.

"Every morning, summer or winter, rain or shine, my lover wakes up and demands sex"

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM



Timetables

I have a problem that I know many men also face. My wife tells me I always satisfy her immensely, but I can only do it once and have to wait several hours till I can get it up again. This bothers both me and my wife. I am asking you for any advice you can give me before seeking professional help. — *J.P.*

One of the unfortunate side effects of erotica and the porn industry's present popularity is that we tend to get an exaggerated idea of what is expected of us. The performance of an Olympic athlete is far ahead of Mr or Ms Average, and most of us are aware of our limitations. But when it comes to sex, we all like to imagine that we are in the Olympic class.

According to Kinsey, fewer than two percent of men are capable of having more than one orgasm off the same erection. Most of the men he describes as being multiorgasmic lose their erection after orgasm and take from 10 to 30 minutes to rev up again. He adds that a man who is capable of more than one orgasm in an evening is a "high-outlet male." A man's orgasm drains a number of glands, and before he can perform again he has to wait for these glands to fill up. An hour or two between ejaculations is definitely above average. Many "normal" men require from 24 hours to a month to recuperate, so you don't have any worries.

A bird in the hand . . .

A few days ago I wasn't feeling very well and decided to go to bed early. My boyfriend stayed up to read the paper and watch TV. We don't live together, but I do spend several nights each week at his house. I very rarely go to bed before him. As I was lying in bed, I could see him on the couch, although he couldn't see me. Cameron is very good-looking and very sexy, and he was wearing his underpants — nothing else. Every now and then he would reach down and rub his balls or play with the head of his cock.

I had fantasised about watching Cameron play with himself to the point of masturbating for the past few months. As I watched him touch himself, I got really turned on. I could not believe how hot and excited I was becoming. I wanted to see more, and I silently hoped he would continue until he got himself off. After about ten minutes, Cameron's cock was hard and poking out of the top of his shorts. He began to caress and stroke his dick very slowly.

I put my hand between my legs and rubbed my clit. I was very wet, so when he suddenly stopped and went into the bathroom, I felt like yelling out to him to stay put and finish the job! I thought he was going to finish himself off in the toilet, so I was relieved when he returned after a few seconds, his cock standing straight up and glistening. Obviously, he had just dashed off to anoint himself with my supply of baby oil.

Cameron held his shiny tool. He started stroking at a much faster rate than before, and I continued rubbing my clit in the same rhythm. We both finished at the same time, which is what I always dreamed about. It was an intense experience for me, and, needless to say, I loved it.

I wanted so much to walk out of the bedroom, tell him how turned on I was by what I saw, and let him know that I masturbated right along with him, but I wasn't sure how he would feel knowing that I watched him in this private act. I want very much to tell him that I was turned on, and I really want to tell him that I'd like to watch again! Should I just come out and tell him, or should I wait for the

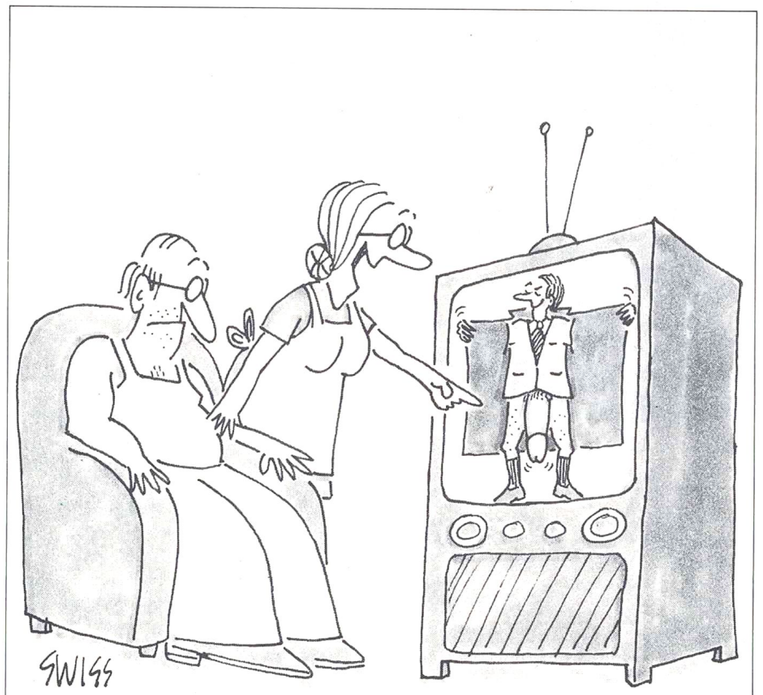
chance of catching him at it? I don't know how often he masturbates, and the probability of walking in on him "in the act" is pretty slim. I keep thinking about it, and the very idea turns me on. When I look at Cameron, I picture him as I saw him that night, and he wonders why I burst out in a big smile. What would you do? — *R.B.*

Most men masturbate. Were it not for the fact that there are a few guys around who are genuinely impotent, I would say that all men masturbate. This is why so many males are narcissistic. They have a complicated two-way relationship between their ego and their penis.

Every morning, summer or winter, rain or shine, my lover wakes up and demands sex. If I am not in the mood or have something more constructive to do than satisfy his mindless lust, he grumbles a bit, but quite soon he settles down to do it himself. I frequently get suckered into helping him, or I watch him, fascinated by the adoration he has for himself. But then I get turned on and . . . so on.

My boyfriend is a remarkably uninhibited creature and does not seem to mind who watches him, whatever he is doing, but there are many people who, although apparently unrestricted by convention, are reluctant to be observed under certain circumstances. Most of us have taboos that are imposed on us by what is considered good manners. We put our hand over our mouth when we yawn, we prefer not to get caught belching or farting or even picking our nose, and hardly anyone can handle being watched while using the john. Even nudist colonies are equipped with changing rooms because many dedicated exhibitionists are embarrassed to be seen dressing or undressing.

Men are much more straitlaced than us girls. A case in point is your boyfriend, who wears his underwear while jerking off in the privacy of his own place. Here we come to the punch line — almost all men hate to be caught masturbating. This may be caused by a prudish upbringing or possibly because a lot of men regard masturbating as being somehow unmasculine. Your dyed-in-the-wool macho man would like everyone to believe that every ejaculation he achieves goes into or on to some part of the female body. But I am sure that the basic reason for this curious shyness is that they have been furtive about it since they discovered it. It is a delicious, naughty game that they only play when they are alone. I once received a letter from a young man that contained a little quiz. It read as follows: Which part of the human anatomy does a man use most when he masturbates? Answer: his ears, as he is constantly listening to see if someone is coming to catch him in the act.



"Look, Papa! It's 'The Best of Carson'!"

Next time you make love with your boyfriend, masturbate him yourself as part of the foreplay. Try different handholds on his cock; vary the rhythm; use the baby oil or body lotion; ask him if you are doing it right; and then suggest that he show you how, by giving a demonstration. You could also make sure that he catches you at it, and instead of allowing him to leap on you, tell him that it would be a turn-on for you to watch him masturbate while you play with yourself. There is always the chance that he knew you were watching him, in which case he will certainly do it again soon. He may be waiting desperately to come out with the line, "I thought you'd never ask!"

Splitting hairs

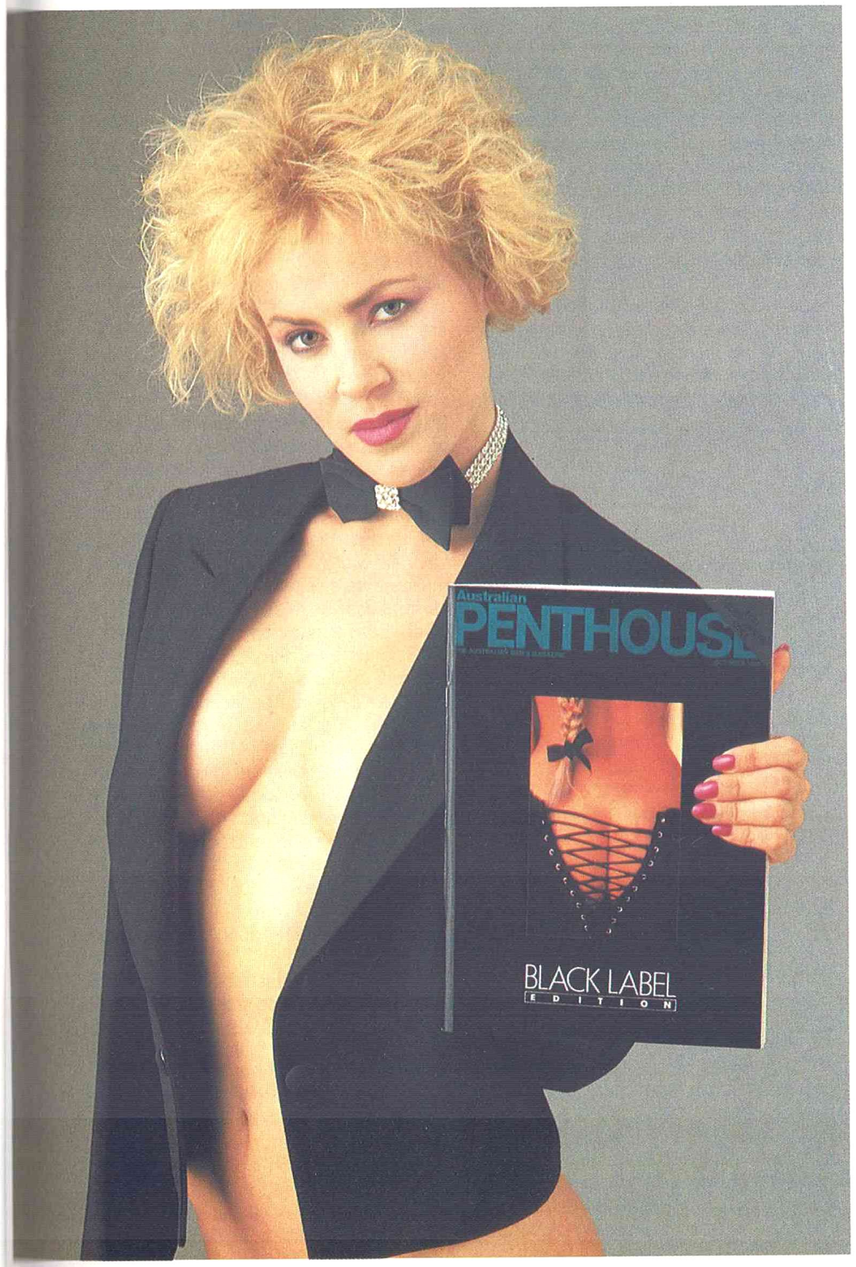
My wife and I would like to know if there is any way to grow more pubic hair than we already have. We both like a thick bush down there. I've heard that if you put some baby oil on your pubes they will grow thicker and faster. Is this true? If not, please tell us what we can do. Also, is there any method other than a mechanical device that I can use to increase the size of my penis? Something like jogging without underwear or tying a weight to the end of my dick? — *N.I.*

You and a few hundred million balding males all over the world would like to know how to grow hair almost anywhere on the human body, but mainly on the head. My research into hair growing has been extraordinarily unproductive, and the only positive answer I have come up with is that from doctors to hair specialists, from scientists to barbers, no-one seems to know a damn thing about the subject. Most of the widely advertised cures for baldness are apparently valueless.

I don't think baby oil works any better than all the other gunk on the market, but why don't you try it? I can't believe it will do you any harm. You could also buy a wig. Pubic wigs are known as merkins and were used in the 18th Century to disguise the fact that an individual had been shaved as part of a treatment for veneral disease. They were also worn by dancing girls in such places as the Moulin Rouge and the Folies Bergeres in Paris so that the ladies' pubes could be made to match their dyed hair. In this century, photographic models wear them to cover up visible vaginal lips in order to comply with censorship laws in certain backward countries.

A girlfriend of mine at school had a bald uncle who was always prepared to try any new hair restorer, tonic, or miracle remedy that he could find. He wrote off for the "only infallible cure for baldness", Dr Somebody's new treatment, which guaranteed a crop of hair within hours of trying. "How can I go wrong?" said my friend's uncle. "It says your money will be refunded if it doesn't work." It consisted of a large packet of hair and a pin. The instructions said simply, "Prick and plant!"

THE BLACK TIE PENTHOUSE.



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AIDS

Continued from page 77

First of all, not all people who are infected with the AIDS virus have AIDS. This suggests that there are other, nonviral reasons for the development of AIDS within the body. The impression being created in the current hysteria, however, is that the virus *is* the disease. Here again, the statistics must be carefully examined. The CDC has estimated that some 1.5 million Americans have been infected with the HTLV-III virus during the past several years; but according to the CDC report, "The total number of AIDS patients in the United States represents only a fraction of the number of persons with HTLV infection. It has been estimated that in 1985 for every case of AIDS, there were 50-100 persons with HTLV-III . . . infection." It is on these statistics that the dire predictions of a growing AIDS epidemic are based. But there is clearly another way of looking at the evidence. If only one to two percent of HTLV-III-infected people are developing AIDS, there may well be good lifesaving medical reasons why the other 98 percent are not. After all, AIDS is a failure of the immune system to fend off a host of secondary, "opportunistic" diseases that have been around for centuries. If more and more viruses are discovered to be triggering this breakdown, might it not be that the real cause of AIDS is the breakdown itself? There may well be a variety of reasons why some human immune systems are no longer able to fend off viral infection.

Of all the impressions being created by the press today, perhaps the most misleading is that AIDS is a "killer" disease, fatal to everyone who gets it. For arousing public panic and maintaining big budgets, this is an effective tactic, but how effective is it at getting to the truth? Will AIDS, as the news stories suggest, wipe out a huge part of the population? Consider the following excerpt from *Time:*

"The figures need to be seen in perspective. The 54,000 AIDS deaths expected in 1991 would exceed the total of 47,319 American battle deaths during the entire course of the Vietnam War."

That is a perspective all right, but a bizarre one. Here is another perspective offered by *Time:* Last year — in one year — 45,600 people died in motor-vehicle accidents — real, not hypothetical, projected deaths that rival the projected AIDS number *five years from now.* The *Time* article was entitled "Call To Battle." Where is the "call to battle" over motor vehicle safety?

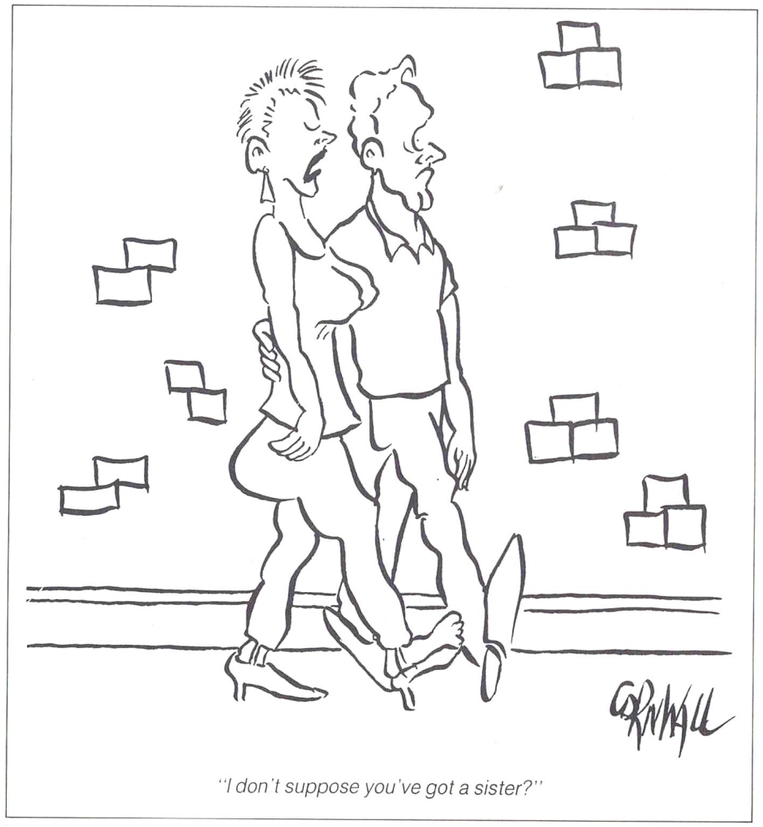
A more insightful comparison can be made when the statistics for cancer and heart disease are compared with those of AIDS. At this moment, over 63 million Americans are suffering from heart disease — and nearly one million will die of it this year. Last year, cancer killed *463,000* Americans — eight times the AIDS toll projected for 1991. In the entire history of AIDS in America there have been 18,000 reported deaths. Nevertheless, the government and medical establishment are telling us that in 1991 AIDS will require at least as much and possibly double the expenditure for cancer.

It has taken 25 years for cancer to reach the $8 billion mark; AIDS is predicted to reach that amount within the next five years. The treatment of an AIDS patient costs, on average, eight to 16 times that of a cancer patient. The cost of drugs used in the treatment of AIDS patients is about six-and-a-half times the average cost of all medications for other hospitalised patients. For the medical establishment, AIDS is a growth industry. If the statistics begin to show, as Terry Kreiger believes, that the AIDS "epidemic" is not growing as fast as once suspected, the medical establishment must either redefine the disease in order to include more "victims," or maintain a heightened sense of concern amongst the public.

There is considerable evidence that a successful AIDS treatment may be achieved with safe, nontoxic, and inexpensive therapies — that many AIDS patients are surviving with treatments that offer little opportunity for enormous profit. Instead, however, the headlines are dominated by such "wonder drugs" as AZT (azidothymidine), the experimental drug manufactured by Burroughs Wellcome. The brief, stormy history of AZT provides a good example of how medicine, business and the media can frequently interact.

Time reported that initial "results of clinical trials with AZT were so promising that the tests were halted in September for ethical reasons, so that the drug would no longer be withheld from a control group of AIDS patients who had been receiving only an inert placebo. But," the article continued, "AZT is not a panacea for AIDS. Because the original trials were terminated after only seven months, doctors cannot predict how long doses of the drug will continue to thwart the virus. They also warn that AZT has damaged the marrow of some patients' bones and could have even worse long-range effects. Moreover, says Terry Beirn of the American Foundation for AIDS Research: 'We're not talking about cure. At the moment, I don't think it's in the lexicon.'"

The article demonstrates the media's friendly, unquestioning rapport with the organised medical establishment. *Time* quickly skips over the "ethical reasons" for abandoning AZT tests. Without our questioning the researchers' ethics here, it must be pointed out that when alternative methods of treatment are being tested on the outside of the orthodox medical community, and when such tests are abandoned for the same "ethical reasons," the medical establishment seizes the opportunity to call into question the validity of the tests in the first place, and to criticise the same "ethical reasons" as an excuse for abandoning the tests. But no such charge was made here. *Time* readers are left with the impression of a wonderful new drug that was almost, but not quite, a great weapon against the AIDS "epidemic." The implication is that, given enough time and money, the orthodox medical establishment will eventually save us all.



"I don't suppose you've got a sister?"

But who will profit along the way? Consider the recent fiasco with Interleukin II, the heralded cancer drug. *The New England Journal Of Medicine,* in an article that was widely reported in the mass media, announced in 1985 that Interleukin shrank tumors in 44 percent of all patients it was tested on. After this announcement, in a period of 24 hours, the stock of the manufacturer, Celus Corporation, shot up $10 a share — and doubled over a period of two months. One year later, *The Wall Street Journal* ran an article that reported that the success rate of Interleukin II was actually ten to 20 percent. As the *Journal* pointed out, "Inflation of initial research findings . . . isn't new." Nor is governmental involvement in such inflated findings. There is little reason to believe that such a thing could not happen again.

Besides the fact that AIDS has already become a big business, there is a strong moral and political undercurrent to the present hysteria. When governmental agencies, interacting with the news media, project certain findings, the objectivity of these findings can and must be questioned. The current American administration prides itself in its conservative ethos and so-called "family values." Under an administration that bitterly opposes homosexual rights, sex education, abortion, birth control for teenagers, and other social reforms, can it be merely a coincidence that the public is being constantly alarmed about AIDS, a condition that carries with it considerable social stigma?

In fact, the issue of sexual transmission of AIDS is far from clear, and a closer examination of the statistics is again in order. The PHS estimates that "new AIDS cases in men and women acquired through heterosexual contact will increase from 1100 in 1986 to almost 7000 in 1991." *Time,* citing these statistics, abandons reason for sensation and asks, "But in later years?" The numbers simply do not support a growing epidemic spread through heterosexual sex. Instead, the figures represent an increase of two percent — from seven percent of cases today to nine percent estimated in 1991. In later years almost anything is possible. In the current climate the US Surgeon General issues "sex is dangerous" warnings to a public frightened enough to believe him.

As Kreiger points out, there are other far more common diseases than AIDS that are transmitted through sex. If AIDS is indeed a sexually transmitted disease, it is, in Kreiger's words, "an uncommon venereal disease."

It is clear then that it is important to evaluate and question the statistics presented by the mass media, as well as the competing interests and motivations of the people who issue them. A realistic view of AIDS cannot be made in an atmosphere of panic and doom. Instead, we must separate out what is known about AIDs from what is not known; what the medical establishment has been looking at from what it has been ignoring; and what doctors outside the orthodox medical community are doing about AIDS.

Kaposi's sarcoma and pneumocystis carinii, the primary diseases that characterise AIDS, are not new. Homosexual sex, a supposed means for the transmission of AIDS, is not new. The premise that AIDS can be spread through heterosexual contact is based on knowledge of AIDS cases in Haiti and Central Africa, where, it is believed, promiscuous sex is prevalent. These factors, taken into account with the entirely separate theory of AIDS transmission through the blood, and the fact that only two percent of 1.5 million Americans infected with HTLV-III manifest AIDS symptoms, suggest that one area of concern that must be addressed is not so much how the virus is spread, but why some people succumb to it and others fend it off; why some of those infected die, while others survive. A good starting point may be to examine the lifestyles and circumstances of those people who have been diagnosed with AIDS.

> Sexual activity itself can weaken the immune system. Some homosexual men admit to having, regularly, up to ten orgasms a day

Among homosexuals, for example, other factors beside sexual inclination may contribute to an overall weakening of the immune system. Among these factors we find the use of amyl nitrate inhalers ("poppers") often in conjunction with other drugs, poor diet, and overall generally stressful lifestyle. In addition there is firm evidence that sexual activity itself can weaken the immune system. In a male orgasm up to two milligrams of zinc can be lost, and zinc is known to be an important nutrient to the immune system. Some homosexual men admit to having up to ten orgasms a day on a regular basis. Such sexual habits, over a prolonged period of time, can severely hamper the immune system's ability to fight off infection, due to a severe zinc deficiency. Coincidentally, the symptoms of this disorder are virtually identical to Kaposi's sarcoma.

Likewise, the theory that promiscuous sex in Haiti and Central Africa has caused the spread of AIDS ignores other salient conditions of life in those areas: poor sanitation and poor nutrition could contribute to progressively weakened immune systems. Consider where the full-fledged symptoms of AIDS are appearing in America in drug users, recipients of blood transfusions, and children. Certainly, outside factors can be cited in these groups. Children's immune systems are frequently not fully developed; the use of intravenous drugs, as well as the snorting and smoking of such drugs, carries with it its own damage to the system; and people receiving blood transfusions are presumably in some state of injury or ill health already. The point is that, regardless of how any one particular virus is spread, the people who succumb to HTLV-III all share a general inability to fend off disease.

In interviews with over 100 gay vegetarian men we found no symptoms of AIDS. These men watch their diet, take immune-boosting nutrients, and abstain from recreational drug use and excessive sexual contact. Conversely, when we interviewed another group of gay men whose lifestyles included high stress, drugs, and poor diet, we found that almost 90 percent had tested positive for HTLV-III, or had ARC (AIDS related complex) or the antibody.

Here it bears repeating that AIDS is an acronym for acquired immune deficiency syndrome, and that at the heart of this whole issue is an inability of the immune system to do what it is supposed to do naturally: fend off disease. Everyone agrees that rebuilding a patient's immune system after the onslaught of AIDS is a vital part of therapy. But what of building a healthy immune system before an AIDS attack?

Very little is being said about known, proven ways to bolster the immune system against AIDS or any other infectious disease. For years now, the importance of vitamins such as A, C, D, and E and minerals such as zinc and selenium has been widely recognised. But these unpatentable substances have gone ignored in the course of the AIDS hysteria — as has the work of those doctors who use them.

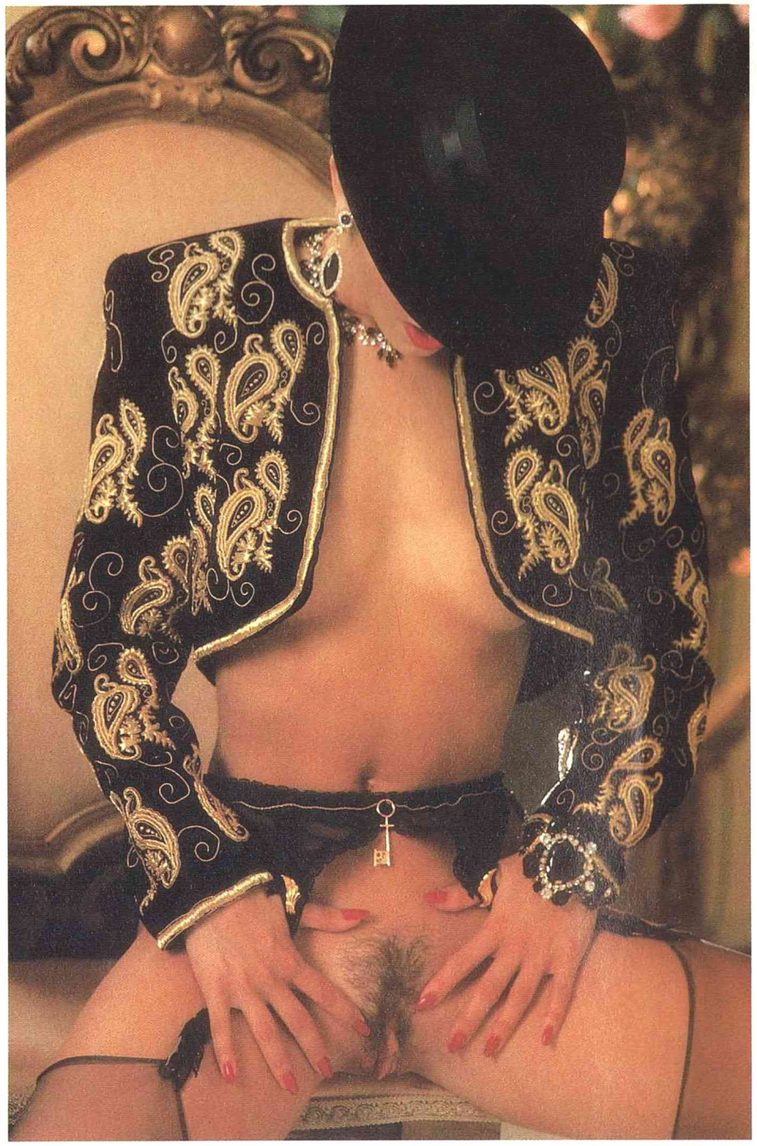
Indeed, many doctors who use immune-boosting therapies have had considerable success treating AIDS patients — and these AIDS patients are among those who have survived the syndrome. No doubt there are lessons to be learned from that — but will anyone in the medical "establishment" be prepared to admit it?

VISION ACCOMPLISHED

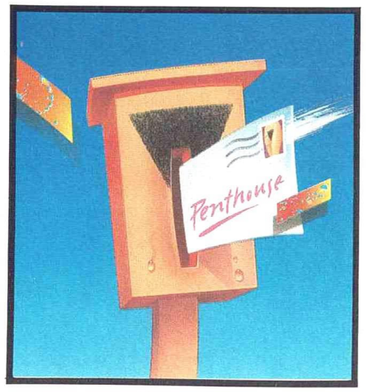
PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

She sings, she can act, she dances, she models, she can drink most men under the table, and she can tell a joke. At 23, Angela Nicholas can also take the breath away, weaken the knees, and send butterflies into the stomach and a lump to the throat. Angela's mission is to be as multi-talented as possible. Vision accomplished.

Angela can also juggle, debate, whistle, play the piano, swim like a fish, waterski, snowski, and whip up a *mean* taco mix in record time. She can hold a handstand, handle a cricket bat, pass a football, and mix a great cocktail . . .



With a little prompting, she also admits to windsurfing, a huge appetite for the good life, and very selective tastes in men. With extra prompting, she also admits that she understands that she is a *very* good lover. Needless to say, she has learned to be very good at avoiding marriage proposals . . .

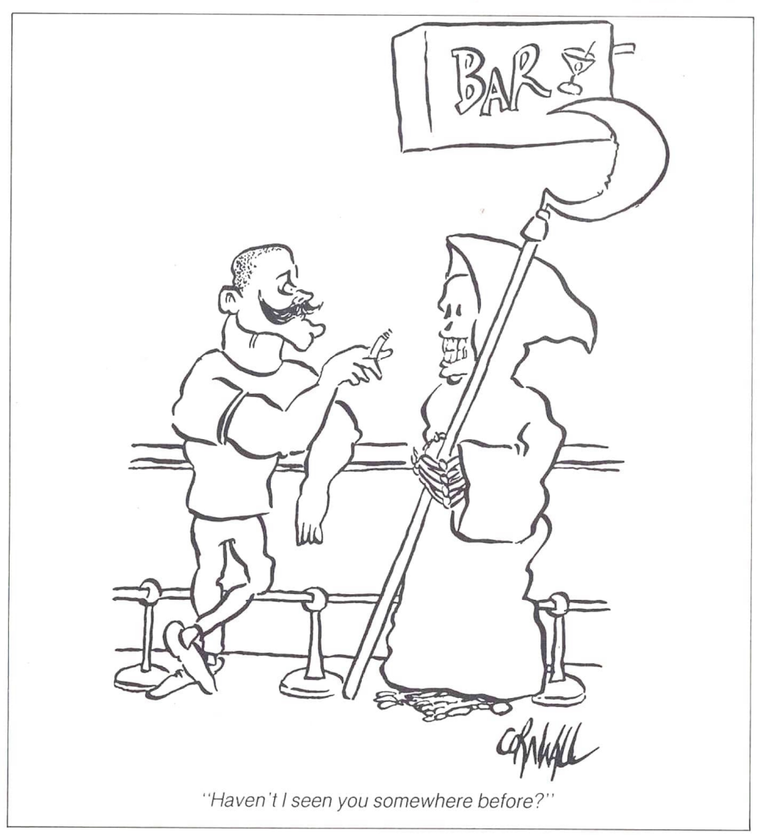


FORUM

Continued from page 16

top of my cock and said, "Come in my mouth. I want you to just love my mouth." She took one more deep stroke as I unloaded into her throat.

We both stood up and returned to work, the whole process not taking more than ten minutes. I never believed this could happen to me. I thought this sort of thing only happened in books and movies, but I'm not going to complain about it! I love my job now, and would never consider quitting — as long as Amanda sticks around! — *Name and address withheld*



"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

Just like a woman

I'm 29 years old and married. For the past several months I've been having an extramarital affair. It's a relationship I really didn't seek out because I had considered my sex life with my husband to be satisfactory — until I met Mick, that is.

Mick and I work for the same company. For a long time we were no more than acquaintances. About five months ago, I made a dramatic change in my appearance. I changed my hair from a natural dull brown to light blonde. I was very satisfied with the results and pleased by the many compliments I received. But no compliments were more flattering than Mick's.

I enjoyed Mick's attentions and our conversations. We discovered a mutual interest in tennis and soon scheduled a match together one evening after work. As it turned out, our skills at tennis were comparable, and we had an exhausting but very enjoyable match. Afterward, we went to Mick's place to relax and have a drink.

I had been intrigued by Mick and more than a little curious as to what might happen when we were alone. Although my thoughts were erotic, I wasn't sure how I would react should they actually come true. Now that they were about to, I felt apprehensive and uncertain that I wanted this to happen. You see, Mick is short for Michelle. She's 34 years old and has a natural beauty that is never hidden by a lot of makeup. Her auburn hair is cut short but stylishly. Mick has beautiful green eyes and a slim, shapely body.

She realised I was nervous. Mick took my hand, kissed the palm, and placed it on her cheek. "Relax, Sharon," she said, "I only want to please you." She leaned back, and she stared deeply into my eyes as if looking for my reaction. I was stunned. Then, reaching out with both hands, she ran her fingers through my hair and pulled my head forward toward her waiting lips. This time her kiss was more aggressive. Unconsciously, my lips parted, allowing her tongue to enter my mouth. Hers was the most sensual kiss I had ever experienced.

Each kiss became more passionate. Our tongues danced in and out of each other's mouths. Mick skilfully removed my blouse and bra. I don't remember my nipples ever being so hard and erect. She kissed my breasts, tenderly sucking each nipple. Her hand moved gracefully down my body and beneath my shorts to caress the hair above my aching pussy. I thought I would come at the touch of her finger as it gently entered my cunt. Mick kissed me again as she began massaging my clit. Within seconds I was trembling from the orgasm she had so successfully brought me to. We kissed again as she repeated her activity until I reached another climax that rivalled the first.

Mick kissed me and said she'd be back in a few minutes. She returned shortly after taking a quick shower and changing into a black lace teddy. She handed me a short satin nightgown and told me to freshen up. While in the shower, I reflected on what had happened and tried to get a grip on my disoriented emotions. I didn't deceive myself; I truly enjoyed what had happened so far and was looking forward to what was about to occur.

Mick greeted me at the bedroom door. We embraced and kissed as she led me to the bed. Reaching below my waist, she took the gown and removed it, gently pushing me on to the bed. She kissed my breasts again while working her way down to my thighs. She moved up to my pussy, which was aching by this time. Mick kissed my cunt lips, separating them and inserting her tongue. I had never known such pleasure before. She licked and sucked, and I had a flurry of orgams. It was tremendous!

Mick moved up the bed beside me. "You're so beautiful," she sighed. "I want you to kiss my breasts." Without hesitating, I did as she asked. She played with my hair and pushed my head downward toward her stomach and navel. "Oh yes, yes," she encouraged me, "kiss my pussy." My excitement grew as I tasted her sweet wetness. I eagerly buried my face in her muff, seeking out her clitoris with my tongue. I was surprised at its size and firmness. I licked and sucked her until she reached a thrilling orgasm. Later, we fell asleep in each other's arms.

This first experience has been followed by many others. Mick introduced me to the joys of sex toys, and we often strap on dildos and fuck each other. I really enjoy my newfound bisexuality. I definitely encourage other women to seek the fulfilment of their desires, no matter what they may be. When I think that it was something as simple as a new hair color that opened my life to such pleasures, I wish I'd done it years ago. It seems that gentlemen are not the only ones who prefer blondes! — *Name and address withheld*

Strip poker plus

I am stationed at an RAAF base. My wife recently went back home to visit her parents for a few months. Since we just got back from a two-year tour overseas, we agreed that she should have an extended visit with them — but without me, since I couldn't get the time off.

Around 11.30 one extremely hot night I was sitting on my front verandah, hoping to catch a cool breeze. While there I noticed that Paul and Maria, who live across the street, were also outside. For a short time they kept looking my way and whispering to each other. I thought that was a little strange, but after a while they went inside and I forgot about their behavior.

Paul and Maria have a large picture window in their living room, and I could see inside their house quite clearly. I watched Paul go into the hallway while Maria remained in the living room, right in front of the window. I was shocked when she faced out toward the street and began to strip. She pulled off her bra, and out popped two of the biggest, firmest tits I had ever seen. She started rubbing her pussy, pushing her panties deeply in and out of her hole faster and faster until she shook in orgasm. Removing her drenched underwear, she revealed a perfectly shaven pussy to me — and the whole block, for all I knew.

My hard eight-inch cock strained against my shorts, trying to burst out. I retreated back inside, into our living room, which faces Paul and Maria's. I sat directly in front of the window with all the lights off and removed my clothes, stopping to grab a pair of binoculars on my way. Stroking my throbbing dick with one hand while holding the binoculars with the other, I looked into my neighbors' window. By now, Paul had joined Maria. They were both naked and were locked in a steamy embrace, French-kissing while rubbing their hands up each other's bodies. Paul had also shaved his pubic hairs, and the sight of his hard tool and Maria's bald, dripping pussy made me want to come right then and there.

Maria started to run her tongue down Paul's body until she reached his quivering shaft. Inch by inch she took it into her mouth until her face was buried against his bald crotch. She pulled back, nearly exposing all of his glistening hard-on, then drove back down. Maria repeated this performance until Paul arched his back, grabbed her head, and launched his rocket of jism into her throat.

I began pounding my cock furiously until I started to come. My sperm splattered the window in front of me, and I nearly collapsed with the force of my orgasm. When I caught my breath and looked up again, Maria was facing my way and smiling as Paul turned off the lights in their house. I cleaned up my juice and went to bed, remembering every detail of what I had seen. I had to relieve my aching cock three more times that night.

The next day I set up the room so that I could get the best possible view. Around eight o'clock I waited, nude, hoping the show would go on soon. About quarter to nine there was still no action, but I was so intent on waitng that I nearly jumped out of my skin when I heard a knock at my front door. I grabbed my dressing gown, bitching to myself because I didn't want any company to spoil the fun. I almost fainted when I realised that it was Maria herself at my doorstep.

Maria asked me if I would like to join her and Paul in a game of cards. I quickly got dressed and followed her across the street. When we arrived Paul was setting up a card table in the kitchen. After a few hands of euchre, Maria asked if I would like to play a game she called "strip poker plus." I could feel my dick coming to life as I answered in the affirmative. She explained that it was a lot like regular strip poker, but the first one to lose all of his or her clothes had to bet "plus" on the next hand. If that person lost, they had to do whatever the winner of the hand told them to do.

It wasn't long before we were down to the last hand. Paul was completely naked, I had my shorts left, and Maria was still in her bra and panties. I couldn't help but steal a few glimpses at Paul's pulsating cock, and as I watched I saw a long, glistening drop of pre-come seep out and slowly fall to the floor. Seeing his pole and Maria's erect, brown nipples made every vein in my prick bulge, and my own purple helmet was covered with sticky come.

Paul had to bet "plus", I bet my underwear, and Maria punted her panties. Maria won. She looked from me to him, then said, "Paul, I want you to watch while I suck his cock." I almost blew my wad right there and then. He replied "okay" as Maria grabbed me by my pole and led me into the bedroom.

She laid me down on the bed, spread my legs, and nibbled at my shaft, stopping every once in a while as if to savor every firm inch of it. Paul sat down in a chair facing us, fondling his own dick as he observed his wife devour me. I soon started to come and shot what seemed like a gallon of hot jism down Maria's waiting throat. As I caught my breath, Paul pushed Maria on the bed and shoved his dick deep into her pussy. He gasped and trembled, riding her wildly, until he too began to come.

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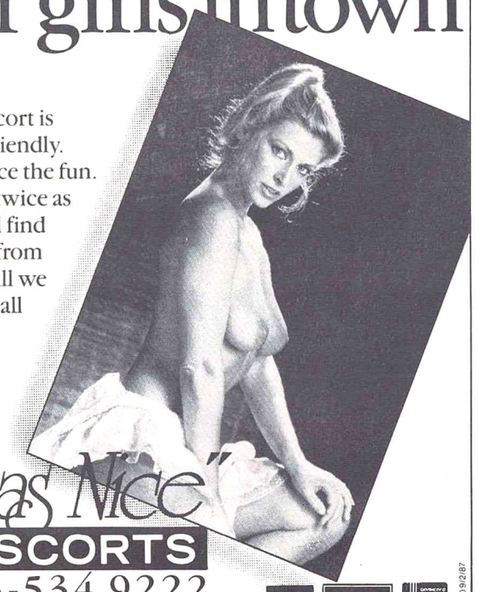

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Maria was moaning and writhing on the bed, and was obviously not yet satisfied. I dove for her pussy, sucking out all of Paul's cream while driving Maria into hysterics. As I tickled her with my tongue, Paul fondled her huge tits, and we didn't stop until we were sure she was totally sated.

I have spent every night possible with Paul and Maria. Maria has even shaved my pubic hair so that we would all "match." My wife is coming back next week, and we're trying to figure out a way to get her to join us. I hope she will. That will make for another interesting story. — *Name and address withheld*

Tree for all

Well, this is definitely a new one for me. I have always been a strong believer that the letters in your magazine are all written by some little old man in the basement. I now stand corrected.

I am a third-year student at a small teacher's college in NSW. The campus takes up a very small portion of the college-owned grounds. The rest of the area is a scenic, secluded woodland. Over the last few years I have had some pretty interesting experiences — I'll write about them in the future — but they are nothing like the one I had a few nights ago.

I met Julie at a fancydress party last weekend. I was dressed as Robin Hood. A lot of guys think tights are gay, but let me tell you, boys, there isn't any better way to let the ladies see the kind of love you pack without getting arrested. It also shows off your legs. The girls go wild.

Anyway, I was standing at the bar and I felt a tug on my bowstring. I turned to face the most awesome female vampire I had ever seen. She had long, flowing brown hair, curled sensuous lips, and eyes that would have shamed Cleopatra. She was about five foot three, and must have had a perfect figure. I almost lost it in my tights. I said hello, and began to chat her up.

She was really working on destroying my self-control. She was wearing a long black velvet gown that laced down the front. It left at least half of those tasty-looking melons exposed. I could also see that she didn't have a bra on. She licked her lips and I almost died; I could not wait to go deep into this vampire's tomb. Let me tell you, it wasn't my blood I wanted her to suck.

She rubbed up against me, and my sex arrow brushed her leg. If fucking was like archery, my bow was at full tension. She licked her lips again and said she had something to show me. I asked where it was and she said, "Well you're Robin Hood, so I assume you don't mind the woods."

Julie told me that she was an art student specialising in sculpture. I soon found out what her pet project was. We came into a clearing, and she led me over to the trunk of a fallen tree. On one of the protruding lower branches, Julie had carved a cock. It was perfectly smooth and polished, and was it erect! Before I could say anything, she had literally melted out of her gown. She stretched it out over the trunk near the dick and lay down. "Me vampire, wanna suck you," she taunted. It didn't take long before this merry man was out of his tights and plunging his quarterstaff in between that lady's fangs. The sight of her soft hair falling around my meat and the feel of her hard titties brushing my thighs drove me mad. I fucked her face like an animal as I straddled both her and the tree. I hadn't noticed till then that the polished wood dildo had slipped up her hot muff. I heard the succulent slurping sounds of her wet pussy as it coated the tree's dick. Plunging deeper, I felt her buck and take the wood cock all the way. I must have shot my come for five minutes. She arched and sucked it all as the dildo brought her to an incredible climax.

When that was done, she clawed my arse and half begged, half snarled. "Fuck me! Fuck me! I've got to feel you in my pussy! Sperm my clit!" This bandit was happy to be of service. So she climbed on top, and I found my "sexy seven" in about the tightest, warmest, wettest pussy in the world. She was gyrating like a demon and screaming. "Fuck me! Suck my tits! Come on, give it all to me!"

She came so hard she fainted. I carried her back to her room, and when she came to we did it again. She was as good in bed as she was in the woods.

Julie says she is working on a new project. I can't wait to help her test it. — *Name and address withheld*

The friendly skies

I had been home for a quiet Easter holiday. To be quite frank, I was as horny as I have ever been after spending four days with my parents. On Sunday I went to the airport. Upon arrival, I was informed that my flight was delayed. Being the frequent flyer that I am, I inquired as to the whereabouts of the courtesy lounge. The lounge was behind a nondescript brown door. I entered the living room, ordered a stiff Bloody Mary, and took a seat.

No sooner had I sat down than a very sensuous man, obviously alone, came in. He got himself a drink and struck up a conversation about late flights. I began fantasising about what he was like underneath his tight jeans. He must have caught me staring at his crotch, because he mentioned how lonely the weekend had been. We engaged in small talk and I found myself wondering what my mouth would feel like on his cock. He must have read my thoughts, for he got up and fixed us both a drink and came and sat next to me.

By this time I was so horny that my cunt was very wet. My stranger was also beginning to show signs of getting hard I was

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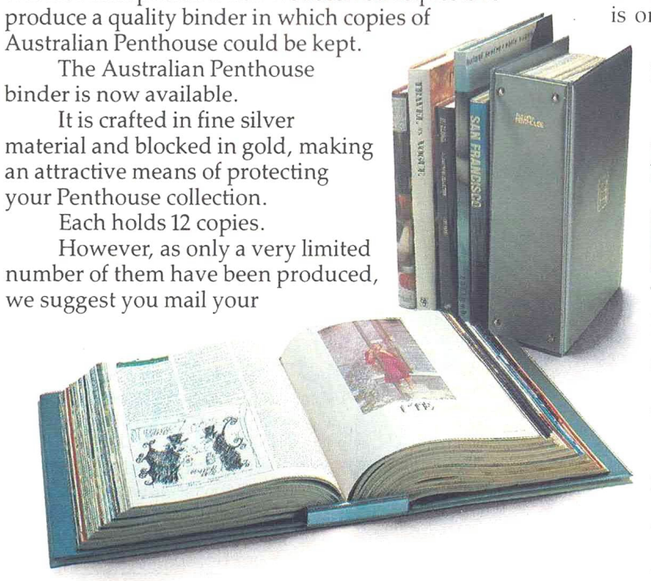

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Jacka 943

shocked when he took my hand and placed in on his cock. I could feel how excited he was. In my excitement the touch of his hard dick almost made me come. He kissed me and I couldn't resist unzipping his pants. His hard cock invited my mouth. I placed my lips on his long shaft, embarrassed by the fact that at any moment someone could walk in. I ran my tongue up the length of his nine-inch rod. He must have felt my apprehension, for he let me get behind a secluded partition, where I got down on my knees.

I continued to suck, my own excitement increasing until I thought I would come without being touched. At the point we were both going to explode, he picked me off my knees and laid me over a table. He ripped off my hose and stuffed that huge, hard cock deep into my extremely wet pussy. I climaxed within seconds of his entrance. He continued to fuck me for what seemed to be hours. By this time, the thought that anyone could walk in and find us had been forced from my mind by his prick. The excitement built and he exploded in my cunt with long spurts of hot come. I climaxed again and again.

Shortly after we had finished, the ticket agent came in and informed us our flight was ready for boarding. On the way up the ramp he invited me to his home. I went. That night made the day look uneventful. We plan future rendezvous in other airport courtesy lounges. "Come fly with me" has never had so much meaning.— *Name and address withheld*

Where there's smoke . . .

I've always thought that fantasies were, well, just that—dreams that you never live out. Thanks to my lovely wife, I can now say that dreams do come true! It began when I'd just come home from work on a busy Saturday, tired, but not enough so that I'd refuse sex. My wife, obviously knowing this, had the entire evening planned out. Upon entering our unit, I found the lights low, the drapes closed, music softly playing on the stereo, and the bedroom door slightly open. Not really knowing what to expect, but with my hopes rising every second, I went into the bedroom. A soft, sexy voice came out of the darkness and ordered me not to enter until I was showered and shaved. I hurriedly cleaned up, not being able to keep my thoughts from what pleasures surely lay ahead. My cock grew to semi-hardness as I enlightened it with a few strokes under the warm shower spray. The way I was feeling, it really wouldn't have taken much for me to blast my load on the spot.

I pushed open the bedroom door, hoping my newly cleansed body could now reap its promised reward. To my delight, there was my wife, decked out very seductively on the bed. She was wearing her most alluring "naughty" nightie, the one she saves for very special occasions. Her makeup was expertly applied—bright deep-red lipstick and dark sultry eyeliner that made her eyes look both sleepy and horny at the same time. Around her neck were two strands of glistening black and red pearls, and her long fingernails were boldly painted a blood red. All of these extras highlighted her black and red lace gown and left me breathless. The final touch was when she reached into the drawer and pulled out a packet of cigarettes and a lighter. I quivered with anticipation as she put a cigarette to her creamy lips and lit up, seductively smiling and blowing out the wispy smoke. In her breathy voice she told me how much she'd missed me today, and how she wanted me to be her love slave for the night. I jumped out of my wet towel, trying to get a grip on the gorgeous reality of the situation. All the while, a little voice in my mind was telling me this was too good to be true!

She ordered me to stand near the edge of the bed, and as I did, she sat straight up. With a sexy, sinuous movement, she took my now quite rigid cock in her hand, lowered her lips, and started to lick and slurp my pulsating head and shaft. She expertly tongued and probed my cock slit and entire length of hardness, alternately sucking my cock and bringing the cigarette up to her lips for a quick puff. She whispered and moaned in delight as her other hand found my balls and massaged them. As her motions increased and my cock found its tip being deep-throated, I knew I was but seconds away from a thundering explosion. All of a sudden she stopped everything, looked up at me with greedy lust, and said, "Mmmm! Seems like my baby is ready to come now. I can hardly wait to taste your dick juice in my mouth. I bet that you'd really like that, huh?" With that, she brought her fingers to her face and rubbed then in circles on her soft skin. "Wanna come on my face? Wanna shoot that warm sticky wad on my lips and tongue? Do it. Cream all over my face!"

I was almost unconscious with ecstasy and sheer shock. I wasted no time and hungrily nodded yes. She lay back and slinked her way out of her lacy outfit, stopping for a moment to put her cigarette in the ashtray. With her head propped up by pillows, she motioned me to straddle her stomach and tits. Her mouth and tongue were seducing me into climax, and she pulled my arse forward so she could lick my purple cockhead as I jerked off feverishly. Once again she paused to take a puff from her almost finished cigarette, and as she exhaled she let out a deep moan. Her excited eyes were alive with expectation and her velvet tongue was busy tantalising her moist lips as well as my pole. "C'mon, let me have your sweet come. Come on my face and tits . . . Let me have it all. You can help lick it off me."

I was in a pure state of sexual oblivion and had my eyes shut until I heard a wet slurpy sound. I opened my eyes to see my wife sticking two fingers up her juicy snatch. She finger-fucked herself for a moment or two, then withdrew her fingers teasingly. She brought them to her lips, and after her tongue snaked out for a quick taste, she held them up to my mouth as an offering. I sucked and licked her sweet, pungent wetness as my cock spewed forth giant streams of warm cream all over her face and chest. My orgasm was so deep and powerful that I really thought it would never end. I looked down at my luscious target as the last few pulsations subsided and saw quite a lovely sight. My juicy come was all over her nose and cheeks, dripping off her lips to her chin. There was even some in her hair. In between her fully rounded tits was a pool of come that was slowly edging its way to her stomach. She smiled and slipped her tongue out for a taste from her lips, then rolled her finger between her mounds for a hefty gob, which she savored in her mouth.

I was so fulfilled that I felt obliged to help her clean it up, as she had hinted earlier. I bent down and slurped up as much of my cock juice as I could with my tongue. She finger-fed me some more, then stuck her fingers in her cunt for a great dessert, mixing our fluids together for a flavor that I'll not soon forget. Our mouths melted together for a long, hot French kiss.

Afterward, she asked me if I was happy now. What a question! My fantasy was lived out, my adoring wife is simply a sex goddess, and we both could have been in some hot triple-X film. All I can say is that life can be eventful and full at a moment's notice. I hope *Penthouse* readers can keep on attesting to this and let the rest of us know each and every month in the Forum section. — *Name and address withheld*

Making waves

I have never had a problem attracting females. I am six foot tall, have brown eyes and hair, and am considered attractive by females. My main sexual attribute is below the belt and consists of a protruding eight-inch muff-diving machine. I have always had the sexual fantasy of fucking in public. One night my erotic fantasy came true.

One night while out shopping at one of the malls located conveniently near me, I wandered into a water-bed shop. When I entered, I saw the most beautiful woman that I have ever seen. She was as beautiful as some of your monthly Pets. I thought of my secret fantasy of fucking her in front of the few people in the store.

This goddess of beauty made her way over to me. "Can I help you?" she said softly.

You sure can, honey, I thought to myself. "Oh, yes," I answered. I asked for a certain type of sheet cover and she went in the back to check on it. I couldn't help but stare at her gorgeous buttocks, and thought to myself that she had to have the nicest arse in the history of split flesh. Her body did not stop. My thoughts were interrupted when I noticed her standing in front of me, staring at my now erect love tool.

"I found what you were looking for. Come back with me and I will show you," she said. I followed and before I could offer any resistance, she tore off most of my clothes and threw me on the bed. We kissed passionately and then she started to nibble on the head of my penis. She worked down my rod and licked my balls, and she didn't stop until I spewed my penis cream over her face and down her throat. As I was coming I told her my fantasy of making love in public.

We dressed and walked casually toward one of the sensual water beds set up in the middle of the shop. We lay down as if we were just a young couple testing out the bed to see if it was comfortable. I unbuttoned her shirt to reveal her large, firm breasts and rock-hard nipples. I was really turned on. I slipped off her dress and panties as she disrobed me. Our sexual act caught the attention of several customers. I lifted her up and placed her under the sheets. She whispered in my ear to fuck her with all I had. I got under the covers and slid my rod into her tight love tunnel. I was so aroused that I came almost immediately, and her climax followed several seconds after mine.

She was moaning for more. So we turned around and got into a 69 position.

She began to suck like there was no tomorrow. I slid my tongue around the circumference of her labia and tongued her clit until she was about to climax. I finally dove right in and tongue-fucked her until she had four consecutive orgasms.

We finally got up and got dressed. She locked up the shop and told me that she would call me again sometime. She never did, but it didn't matter to me. My erotic fantasy had come true.— *Name and address withheld*

WILD CHILD

Continued from page 81

Four years later at the age of 14 she was listening to Janis Joplin, going out with boys, and starting to sing with rock and roll bands. She left home and if you want to believe the hell-raiser's version, she was kicked out of Geelong.

For the next four years this coquettish country girl traipsed up and down the East Coast with both Sydney and Melbourne as her bases. She was a vulnerable teenager, trying to survive in a savage business in which male chauvinism reigned supreme and girls of her ilk were considered to be little more than sexual commodities.

Chrissie soon joined the throng of young Australians who were heading for Europe and she spent three and a half years hitchhiking around the Continent. "I was travelling around and getting into all sorts of things," she later recalled. "I was living in Florence for about a year, joined a punk band and travelled at the same time." She also enjoyed a relationship with one of the band members.

Amphlett is known to be a volatile personality and she has always been prone to explosive tiffs with her lovers. It was following one such emotionally draining argument that the couple parted company. Chrissie returned the following morning to her lover's room to find he'd blown his brains out. She left the band soon afterwards.

Back in Australia, Amphlett threw herself headlong into a variety of jobs, from singing in the 2CH choir to performing in a nude musical, *Let My People Come*. I think it may have been the musical that sowed the seed for her outrageous uninhibited performances on stage today. During that production, she often performed nude in front of a jeering, drunken audience. It was a true test of patience and a lesson in the art of being thick-skinned.

It was around 1979/80 that Chrissie met Mark McEntee. Originally from Perth, he had played guitar with an early version of the group Air Supply, who later hit it big in the USA. Air Supply was not quite McEntee's cup of tea and during a tour of Queensland he decided to leave the band.

The pair's collaboration paved the way for the creation of the Divinyls. It also paved the way for a song-writing collaboration, an explosive romantic relationship and later a business partnership. Now the two are totally intertwined with each other 24 hours a day.

Whilst recording demos the couple persevered with their songwriting, at the same time recruiting the right musicians for the Divinyls. They began performing in small inner city pubs like The Picadilly in Kings Cross. It was around that time that Chrissie began to develop her unique stage act. "I never used to move on stage," she said last year in an American interview. "I'd just stand there and have a staring match with the audience. I always came off stage feeling dissatisfied because I wasn't being me on stage."

Things are different now. Her props have included the schoolgirl garb, rats pinned to her dress, smeared lipstick all over her face, buckets of water thrown over her, axes wielded on stage, cartwheels . . . anything to amaze the audience.

Soon her on-stage sexuality began to develop. This was also the point at which her habit of urinating on stage during a particular part of the act became a regular feature for those fans who clamored at the front of the audience. Whether or not this was just perverse pleasure on the singer's part or, as she claimed, "a weak bladder", we may never know. But that act sure caused some friction among other band members, with one disgusted member threatening to quit. He was eventually sacked.

> Recording the video for "Pleasure And Pain", nobody knew she was to have an abortion the following day

The band began to develop a fanatical following and it was decided to sign directly with an overseas recording company because it was always the Divinyls' desire to hit the American market. They signed with the New York-based London label Chrysalis Records, a company which was committed to investing time and money in the band's career. It should also be remembered that most Australian record companies refused to touch the Divinyls due to their reputation for being difficult to deal with.

It was true that some members enjoyed an inflated opinion of their talent and their knowledge of recording techniques, and some of them also had an almost paranoid obsession about signing anything whatsoever that tied them to anyone or anything.

It was the band's potential to make trouble which kept the record companies away, as well as their unrealistic attitude towards the industry. So it was more through accident than design that they ended up with Chrysalis.

That made the Divinyls the first Australian band to sign directly with an overseas company and the first band to record their debut album overseas. The company took a long-term approach to their development, ploughing almost $2 million into the band. Even in today's megabuck rock and roll world that is a lot of money. Nearly half that amount was spent on the band's second album, *What A Life*. It took two years to make and it was a comedy of errors.

The costs, both financial and emotional, of *What A Life* were humungous. As an aside, months later when Amphlett was recording the video for "Pleasure And Pain" nobody knew at the time that she was to have an abortion the following day. The emotion she evoked during the recording of that video certainly proved to be powerfully realised. It gained her an award for the best female performance on video in 1985.

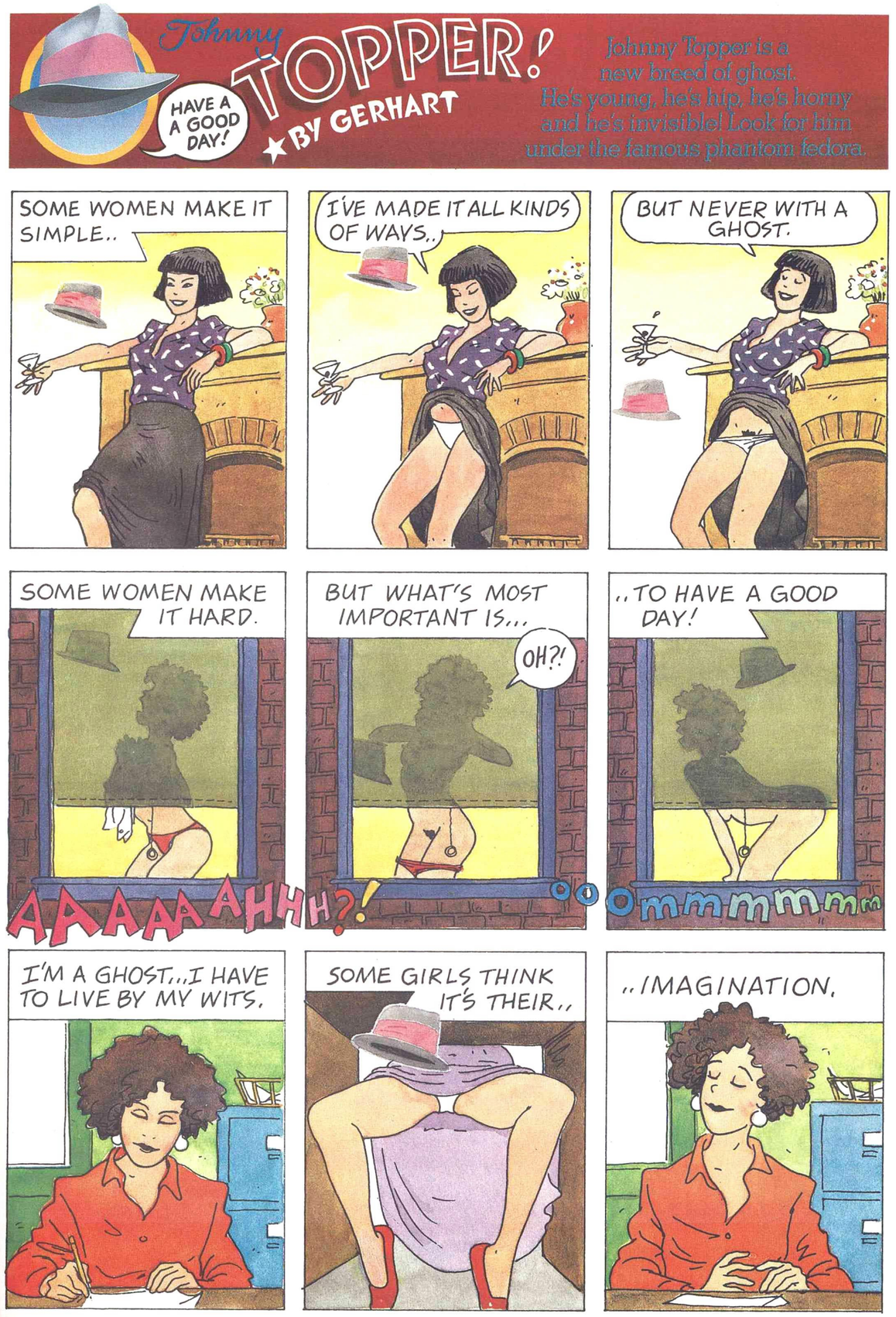
Recently the band has spent more time in the United States than in their home country, and Amphlett has developed as a result of that exposure to a larger audience. Like most of her relationships, her affair with the media has been a tempestuous one. Her evasively brittle but forthright approach has infuriated many journalists. But despite this, or perhaps because of it, she has become the darling of the chic US press. A critic from the *New York Times* called her "possibly the most important female rock performer of the Eighties."

As a child of the Sixties she has finally come to terms with the Eighties. Amphlett has definitely embraced the new rock and roll creed in which money is the latest instrument. She has learned to juggle artistic freedom with business. The urchin wild child has learned the art of survival in the boardroom as well as on the streets. Her well-publicised jail terms for failing to pay parking fines a couple of years ago were no big deal really, but she made the most of this incident in an attempt to further her reputation as a crusader for the downtrodden. Yet this same woman can explode in a vitriolic outburst, broadsiding the very people with whom she has linked herself.

I consider her to be a true artist . . . confused, intense, volatile, and in constant pain. Perhaps this is why her performances are so swathed in a labyrinth of moods. Without her the Divinyls would be nothing more than an average rock and roll band.

If you want to experience an unforgettable act by a unique performer, then catch a Divinyls show the next time they pass your way. But hurry, because right now it's a race against time. The group will either make it worldwide on a huge scale or finally end its selfish, incident-ridden lifespan by self-destructing.

I believe that whatever the future holds for the Divinyls, you can guarantee that Chrissie Amphlett will the next successful Aussie rock performer in the United States. I only hope that success proves to be what she dreamed it would.


Johnny TOPPER!
BY GERHART
HAVE A GOOD DAY!
Johnny Topper is a new breed of ghost. He's young, he's hip, he's horny and he's invisible! Look for him under the famous phantom fedora.
SOME WOMEN MAKE IT SIMPLE..
I'VE MADE IT ALL KINDS OF WAYS..
BUT NEVER WITH A GHOST.
SOME WOMEN MAKE IT HARD.
AAAAAHHH?!
BUT WHAT'S MOST IMPORTANT IS...
OH?!
..TO HAVE A GOOD DAY!
Ommmmmm
I'M A GHOST..I HAVE TO LIVE BY MY WITS.
SOME GIRLS THINK IT'S THEIR..
..IMAGINATION.

SAY, I'D LIKE TO..

..FOLLOW THIS ONE UP!

HEH, HEH, WAS THAT SMILE FOR ME, LYDIA?

PISS OFF..

OH LYDEEAHH, DO YOU BELIEVE IN DREAM LOVERS?

WHY NOT? SHE HAD IMAGINATION.

I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND!

NO. YOU MUST BELIEVE, LYDIA!

?

A DREAM LOVER YOU SAY?

OH DARLING... MEET ME IN THE **LAV** IN FIVE.

A GHOST MUST WEAR MANY DISGUISES.

LADIES

Hi!

SO, YOU **ARE** A DREAM LOVER.

HOW FAR CAN YOU .... AH..

TAKE THIS?

"AS FAR AS YOU'LL GO."

WOW!

FARTHER

I LEANED LYDIA AGAINST THE SINK..

IT'S COLD..

.. AND SUNK.

IT'S WARM..

IT PUT A SMILE ON HER FACE AND A SONG IN MY EAR...

OOOOHHHH

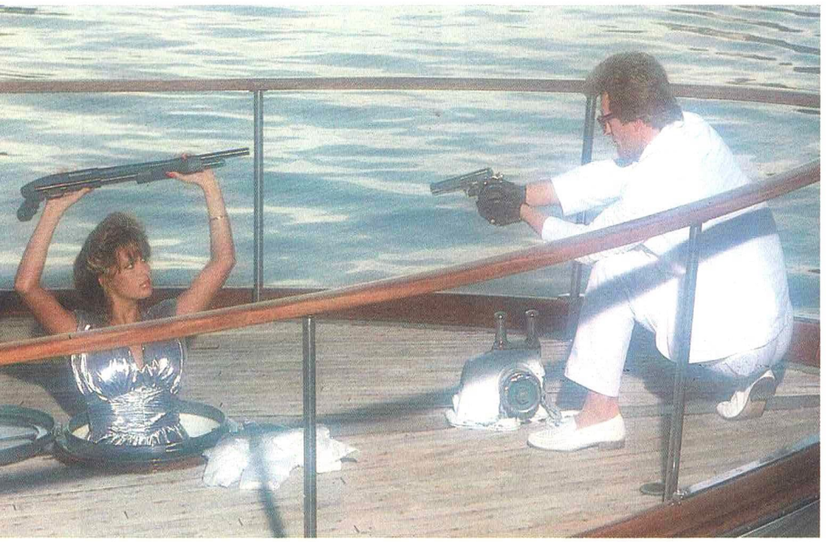
.. IT'S NOT FOR ME IS IT, LYDIA?

SORRY MATE, IT'S FOR TOPPER!

HAVE A GOOD DAY!

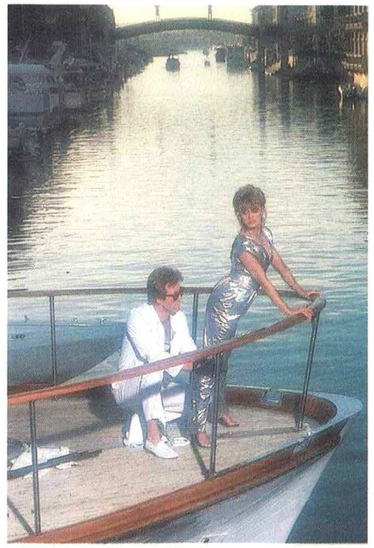
TO BE CONTINUED..

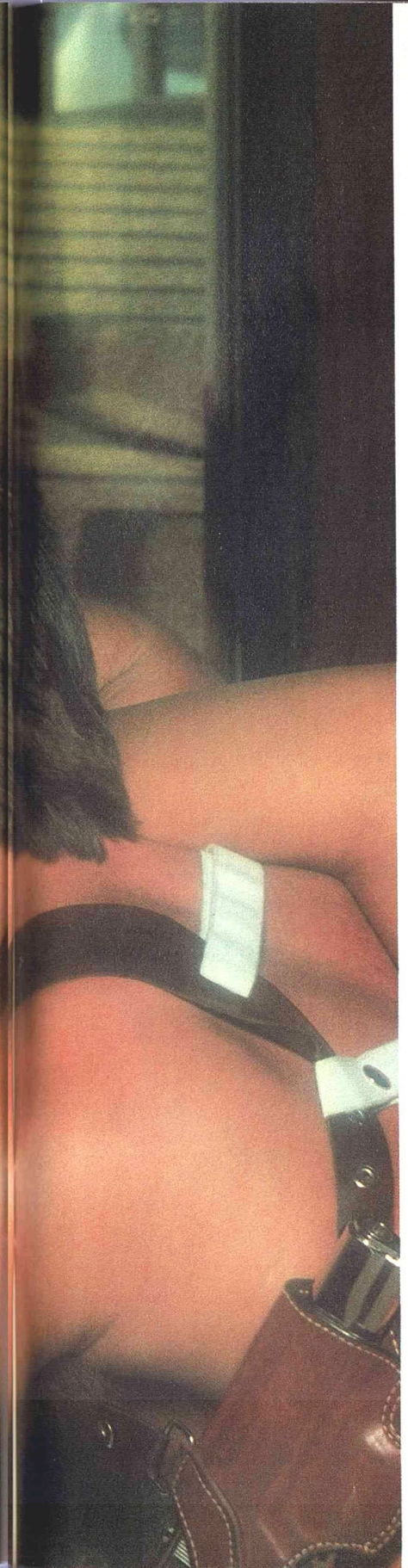
INTERROGATE



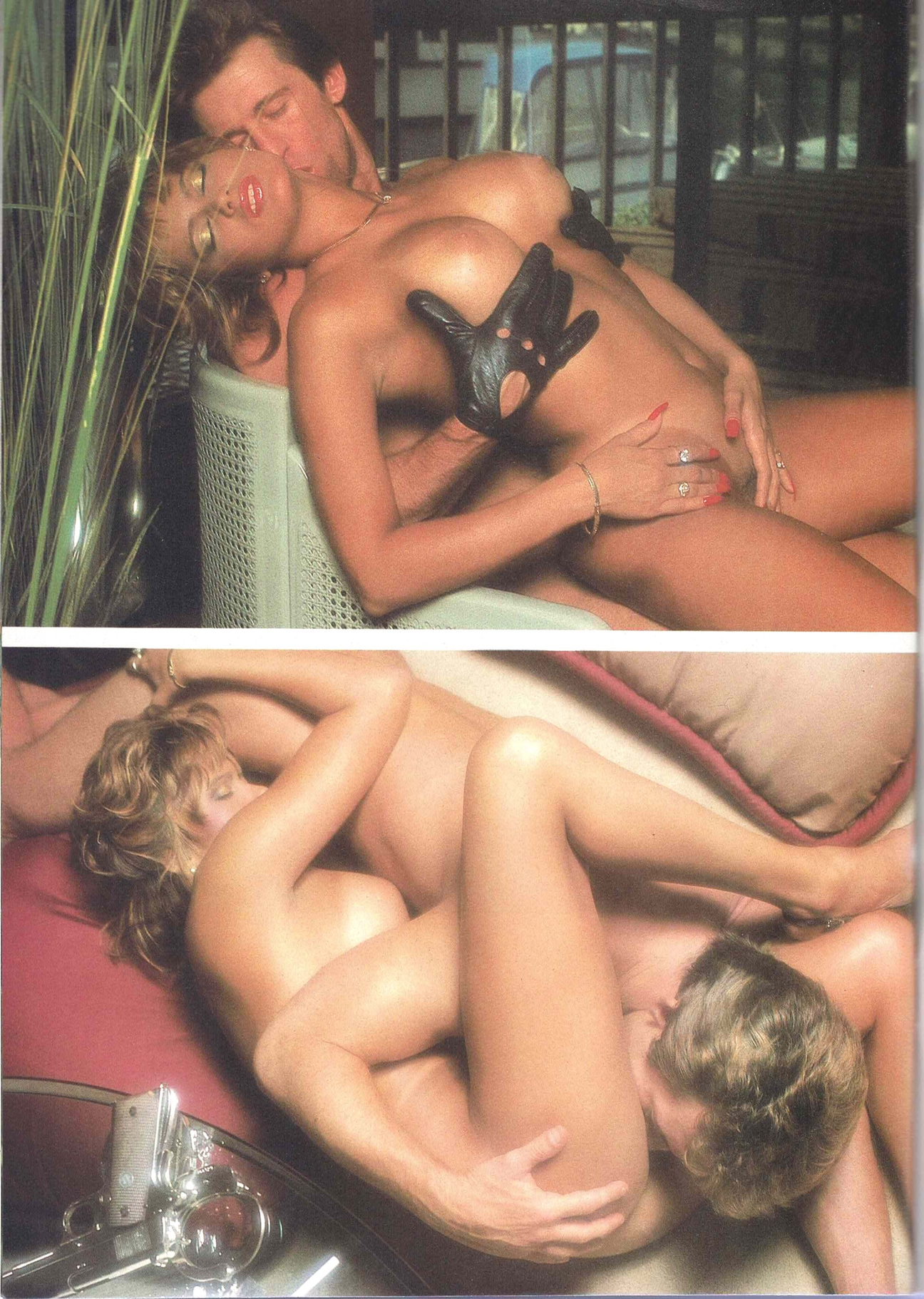
"You've heard of Watergate — and Irangate?" he asked. "Now it's time for me to interrogate. You've been a bad girl. I'm going to have to frisk you."
"Lucky I'm feeling frisky," she replied.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER



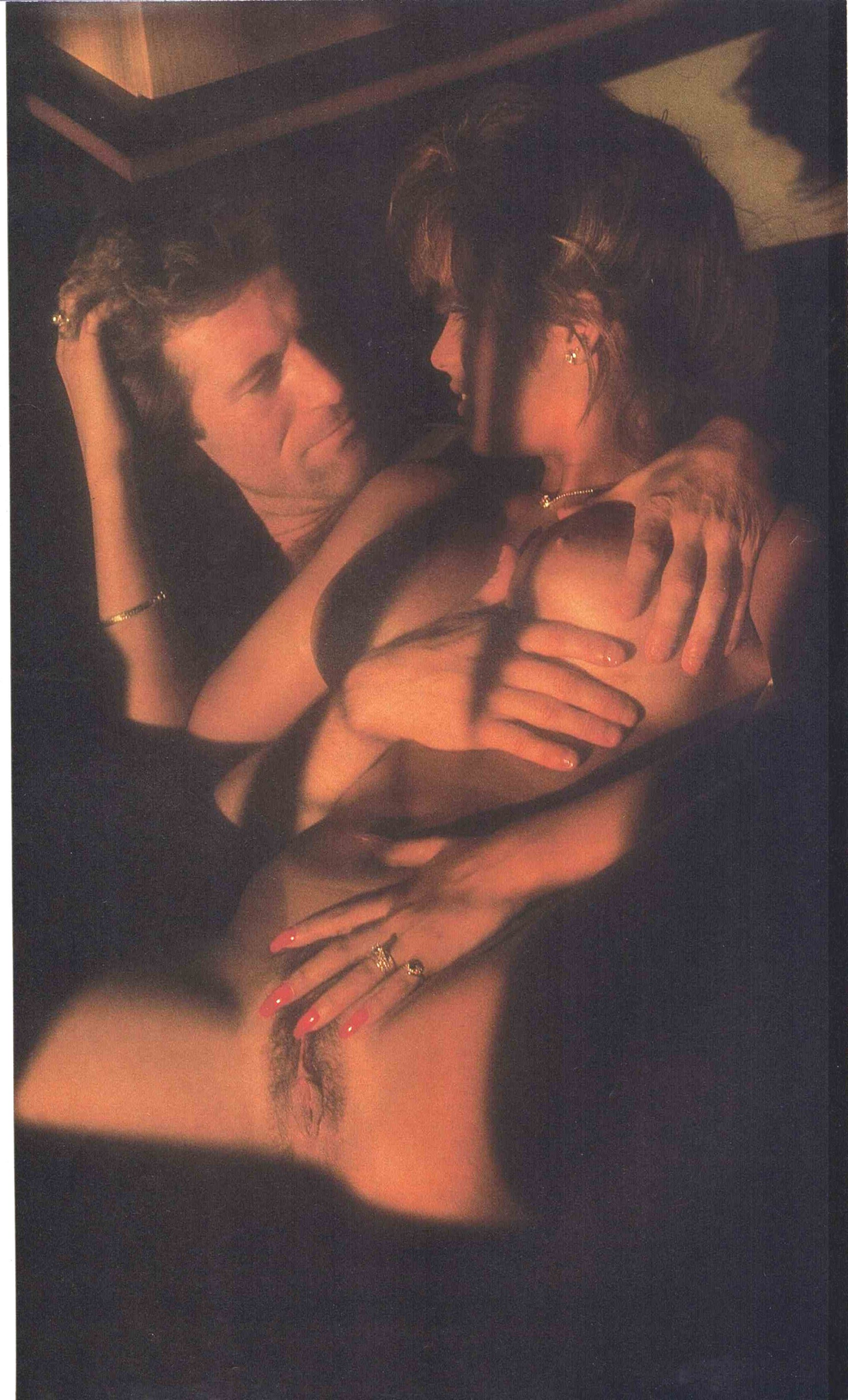


"And lucky this is a matter of national security," she continued. "You're going to have to do a complete and thorough job." "I'll be leaving no turn unstoned," he assured her.



"Right. Talk," he went on. "Tell me everything. It's no use holding out on me. Make it easy on yourself. We're not going anywhere . . ."

"You do your job and I'll do mine," she said.



SHOCK

Continued from page 59

old. At the time the only child. Walking down the shaded street, the hot summer sun sucking scents from the leaves. A vehicle rolled to a halt and I glanced over. Uncle Bill was sitting at the wheel of his Vanguard, grinning at me. I got in.

I kicked harder. I recalled my bedroom. My mother was getting bigger all the time. She was going to "have a baby", whatever that meant. I was scared, because she was scared about it. She kissed me goodnight. The smell of her powder, her perfume, washed over me, like the scent of the eucalypts — but sharper, going straight to my groin.

I kicked again. I was getting a bit of a backswing. "Open your mouth," I heard a voice say. "Yell. Get it out."

I tried to shout. All I got was a whisper.

"Tdd."

"Again."

"Tdd. Stood."

"Kick. Give it all you've got."

I swung back and sank my naked foot into that bag.

Like when your foot connects with a ball. The dream of it, when the ball sails through the air, clear between the posts. High, spinning, slicing in a beautiful arc.

Except my place-kicks always went astray. Half the time I'd jam my foot into the earth. Once I broke a toe.

Broken toe. Broken leg. What am I trying to kick?

Blankets. Kick my blankets. I want to kick my blankets.

"Stard! Stard! Bar Stard! Bastard! Bastard! Bastard!"

But I was frozen with fear. I couldn't move. Moonlight through the window. I could hear my parents snoring in the next room. Someone was in the bedroom with me. I wanted to kick them. Their hand was on me. It came in under the blanket. It slid down my body. Whoever it was, was holding their breath, afraid to move now the prize was so close. The hand slid down my right side, right arm, right ribs, on to my right leg. The whole right side of my body locked in fear.

"Is it a man or a woman?"

"Man. It's a man."

"Do you know him?"

"No. Yes. I don't know."

"Shout. Open your throat. Let it out."

"Fucken bastard Uncle Bill! You fucken bastard!"

I could see his face. My foot slammed into it. That's what I wanted to do. Kill the bastard. His hand stroking my cock. I began to feel dizzy. I found I could hide in the dizziness. Let go and not know he was there.

"If you tell anyone, I'll kill you. Okay? Got that? Tell anyone, you're dead, and you won't go to Heaven," the shadowy Uncle-Bill-figure whispered, as I blacked out.

"Fucken bastard! Kill you, you slimy, two-faced bastard!" I was yelling.

"Is this the only time he did it?"

"No. The slimy cunt! No! He kept coming back, while my mum was in hospital!"

"Okay. Now I want you to kneel down, and then I want you to hit the bag with the bat, like you saw Sharon doing. Okay?"

"Okay."

God, the wonder of it! I slammed that bat down. It was like the rending of the temple curtain. With every blow I could feel my prick growing bigger. Bigger. Bigger. I smashed my slimy uncle's face to pieces. I destroyed him. I watched him shrivel up and blow away, to become just another travelling Bickfords salesman in his van, his cheap jokes, his hands always eager to stroke the children. I kept swinging, until the anger was all gone, until I could feel my cock harder than a real baseball bat, hard as iron, straining my pants. Smashing him

> But I was frozen with fear. Someone was in the bedroom with me. I wanted to kick them.

seemed to smash up my own life. The high school English star. The small-town reporter. The shoddy Paddington flat I now lived in. The typewriter in the corner, stopped at page 27 of the novel I was going to write. Stopped at the scene where the hero begins to recall his childhood in the country town.

"How's the old feller feel now?"

I looked up. Harrison was grinning at me. I began to laugh.

"How did you do it?" I asked him.

He walked back to his desk.

"I did nothing," he said. "You did it all. You made yourself 'sick', made your cock shrivel up, to protect yourself from the possibility of having sex with men, because you knew at a deep level that if you were to do that, you would discharge all that pent-up anger on your partner. You would have hurt someone."

"You mean poofter-bashing?"

"Absolutely. You're probably blaming your mother for it, too, because she stopped being sexy with you and went off and had the baby. Your relations with women since then have been pretty ugly. You're probably close to getting sexually violent with women, too. So you put it all on hold, and protected yourself and other people with your impotence and your dizziness. You see, we give ourselves a specific illness in order to protect ourselves from something even worse."

"Like getting killed?"

"We're afraid of our own anger. We store it up in our bodies. That anger affects our physical being, our psychological being, and ultimately our spiritual being. It affects the sort of jobs we take. Look at the metaphor you used when describing your job. You were 'poking your nose into something horny.' That's pretty graphic."

"So what do I do now?"

"Well, if you want to get rid of all that tension in your body, the circulatory problems, the high blood pressure that's making you dizzy — and making your hair fall out — I want you to start a course of massage. I'll want an inventory of your diet. Exactly what you eat and how you eat it. I'll want your family history, what sort of illnesses your family used to keep itself safe. We need to draw up a chart of the world as you constructed it around your childhood anger."

"I didn't construct the world. It exists out there. Shit, I know that. I'm a reporter. I go out every day and find it."

But I knew I didn't really believe myself. I smiled as I said it. He smiled back.

"Just think of it," he said. "Everyone in the world is like you. Every individual has constructed a shield of illness around themselves. Every person has invented themselves a job where they can act out those infant traumas."

"Including you?"

"Absolutely. Curing people stresses me right up. Just like interviewing people does with you. We'll both know we're totally cured when we give up our jobs."

"Then what happens?"

"I dunno. I'll go back to Sri Lanka and meditate, I guess. What about you?"

For some reason I thought of that guitar in his waiting room.

"Music," I said. "I've always loved music."

He gestured, as if to say, "Well, there you are, go to it."

I stood up. I seemed to float. But, at the same time, I was scared. It was like a lifetime's armor had begun to break up and fall off me. My body armor. I was like a tiny, pink crab moving across the sea-floor, looking for a new shell.

"I was thinking about doing a story on you," I heard myself say.

He waited expectantly.

"But no-one would believe it," I finished. "I'd have to pretend I'd made it up. People would accept it if it was fiction, I guess."

"Maybe you should write a novel."

He knew, didn't he? He knew about page 27. But I wasn't angry any more. I laughed and walked down the corridor, past the black leather waiting-room and into the street.

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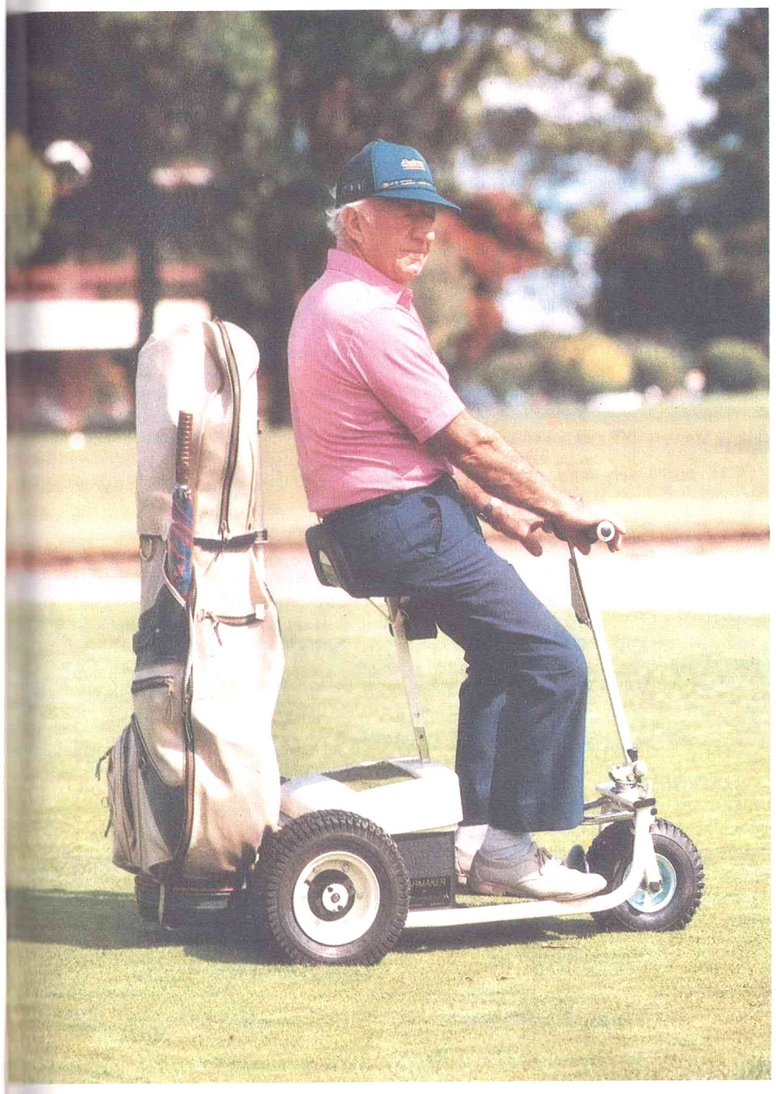

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1. This sweepstake is open only to Australian residents authorising a subscription to Golf Australia magazine before last mail on 10 July 1987. Employees of Horwitz Grahame Pty. Limited and those associated with Golf Australia and their families are not eligible to enter. To be valid for drawing, the subscription order must be signed against a nominated valid credit card, or, if paid by cheque, cleared for payment. 2. South Australian residents may request an entry by writing to the Subscription Manager, Golf Australia, PO Box 306, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Only one entry per person is available by this method. 3. The prize is a Parmaker ride-on portable buggy, worth $2,300. The prize is not redeemable for cash or otherwise transferable and the judges' decision is final with no correspondence entered into. 4. The prize will be awarded to the person nominated on the subscription application as the recipient of the subscription. 5. The winning entry will be drawn on 15 July 1987. The winner's name will be published in the November issue of Golf Australia and the winner will be notified by registered mail. 6. The promoter is Horwitz Grahame Pty. Limited, 506 Miller Street, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Permit No. TC87-679.

DESPERATELY SEEKING...

Continued from page 62

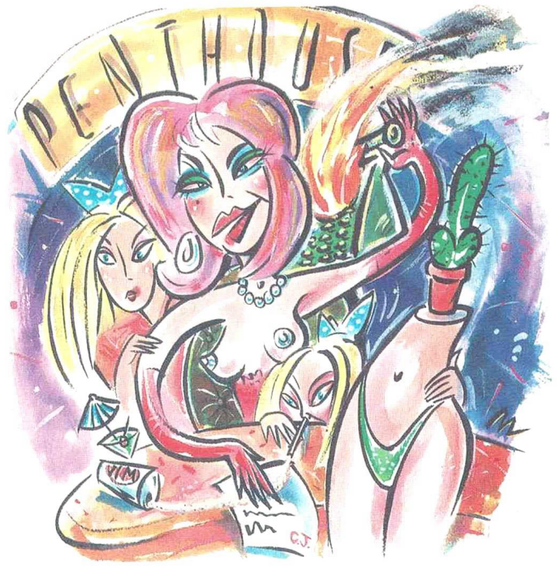
GENTS

What he says about himself	Translation
quiet and reserved	I like to be seduced
Christian	I won't do it on the first date
looking for friendship and fun	looking to get laid
disillusioned male	My alimony payments are killing me
irreverent sense of humor	I fart in bed
easy going	I won't mind if we don't go to bed on the first date
warm and sensitive	I like to use my tongue during sex
fun-loving	I like sex in the afternoons
independent	I have lots of fun
can cope with most situations	I don't mind if you've got herpes
unselfish	I will try to hold back until you've had your orgasm
masculine	I have a hairy chest
sexy	I have hairy legs
charming	I'm overweight but I talk well
interests are many and varied	I play squash
I enjoy dining out or dining in	I eat
refined	I studied French at high school
adventurous	I am prepared to risk not using a condom
spunky	I have blond hair
strong personality	I don't give foreplay
forceful personality	I am a rapist
I admire integrity	If I cheat on you, I'll tell you about it in graphic detail
I adore children	I am a child-molester
will try anything once	I like anal intercourse
average weight	I have no muscles
tertiary educated	I like to be walked over by women wearing high heels
well-spoken	I'm a used car salesman
I love life	I love sex
I have a heart as big as myself	I'm a dwarf
well-mannered	I apologise if I ejaculate prematurely
well-situated	I own my own home
financially secure	I have a boring job
I like discos	Basically I am a shallow person but I have a lot of energy
I like videos	Basically I am a shallow person and I don't have much energy
I enjoy good conversations	Good conversation is rare when I'm around
well-travelled	I've been on a singles cruise
cosmopolitan	I've been to New Zealand
articulate	I think I can talk you into bed — or bore you into it anyway
I'm told I'm good-looking	I'm still close with my mother
down to earth	I only know two sexual positions
looking for serious relationship	looking for relationship that will last over a month
seeking meaningful relationship	looking for relationship that will last two months
looking for a partner	looking for a relationship that will last six months
one in a million	I'm a virgin
Give me a try	I'm a sleazebag
I believe in women's rights	I expect to go dutch everywhere
Are you looking for Mr Right?	I'm short — try looking down here.
very fit and active	I'm in my 30s
fit and active	I'm in my 40s
fit	I'm in my 50s
open-minded	I like to give oral sex
still very single	I'm not interested in marriage
romantic	I like to have dinner with a woman before getting it on
hopeless romantic	I can remember the names of all my previous girlfriends
completely hopeless romantic	I cried when I saw *Love Story*

What he says he is looking for	Translation
She must love to have good times	I want someone who will do it on the first date
looking for well-presented lady	I don't want anyone with herpes
looking for that special lady	ugly ladies need not apply
looking for a lady with a great sense of humor	You'll need it when you see me in the nude
looking for woman with an open disposition	looking for woman with an open mouth
All letters faithfully answered	I expect to get two replies

LOOSE ENDS

PENTHOUSE EXPOSED



You know when you're at some social occasion chatting aimlessly about the weather and whether Joh will get in and the question eventually comes up: "So what do you do?" And you tell them and they say, "Oh, that must be interesting" with all the sincerity of a real estate agent who writes a bit of ad copy on the side.

Well, that doesn't happen to me. It used to, even when I said I was a medical researcher on the verge of a breakthrough cancer cure. "Mmm," they'd say. "That must be nice. Excuse me, I think I just saw someone I know. Andre, daaahrling!" I'd reckon "Fuck 'em!", as I viciously assaulted the nozzle of a wine cask.

It doesn't happen like that when you say you work for *Australian Penthouse*. "Admit" would probably be a better choice of words there. You've got to choose your company carefully before you make the revelation. Like, you wouldn't catch me blurting it out over a rough red and a roll yer own Champion Ruby down at a meeting of Wimmin Against Everything. I'd say I was into alternative publishing, wiggling my fingers when I said "alternative." If pressed, I'd add, "alternative to the *Women's Weekly*."

You get a reaction when you say you work for *Penthouse* — albeit not always a good one, but when people say, "That must be interesting," they say it in italics. *"That must be interesting."*

Men and women differ very little in their response to me. Men *think:* "Here's a woman who's seen more pussies than I've had hot dinners. She's gotta be a lezzo. Maybe just sex mad. Root anything — men, women, carrots and Hoover handles. Probably screams obscenities when she comes." Then they *say*, "There really are some good articles in *Penthouse*. Hey, are those Forum letters real?"

Women *think:* "What's a woman doing working for *Penthouse*? Look at those shoulders — she might be one of those transexuals. Probably just a bull dyke. Better watch out or she'll put the hard word on me." Then they *say*, "I personally haven't seen a copy in a while, but, by the way, are those Forum letters true?"

That's my cue to dribble my plonk, take a long, probing scratch at my crotch and leer, "Whaddyareckon? Doesn't everybody do those sorts of things?"

The public perception of working at a glossy men's magazine like *Penthouse* is somewhat removed from the reality of it all. The grind, as it were. Some people think that we sit around a lavishly appointed office taking designer drugs and occasionally deigning to do some one-handed typing in between accepting fancy drinks with purple paper umbrellas poking out of them from long-legged, scantily-clad centrefold girls with one thing on their minds.

Well, that part of it is TRUE. Where the perception departs from the reality is the point where people begin erroneously to believe that this is "fun." Brother, it's not.

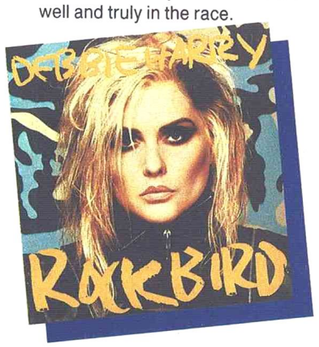
For a start, we're not allowed to wear clothes in the office. Not *real* clothes, anyway. The blokes all flollop around in those short silk bathrobe numbers and, believe me, the sight of the back of a hairy male senior editor bending down to adjust his terry towelling scuffs is not a pretty one. But the men get it easy. As a female staff member I am obliged to wear a "uniform" that consists of a G-string and a couple of dangly suction things to put on my nipples. When I'm not at work I carry them around in a cigarette packet. You reckon that woman in *Crocodile Dundee* got a hard time about her cellulite? Ha, I say. Ha! And many is the time I've been trapped in my office long after five with a diamante G-string biting painfully into the crack of my bum and my nipple pasties hopelessly entangled in the keyboard of my typewriter.

Then there's the problem of the soggy shag pile carpet. It squishes swampily when you walk on it. If I've told those guys once, I've told them a thousand times: "*Dry yourself* when you get out of the jacuzzi." Occasionally I find sweet respite from the inane giggles of identical teenage twins reproducing their private parts on the photocopying machine and the ceaseless thunder of champagne corks by retiring to the office suntan bed. Just some galley proofs, some coconut oil and me. But it went on the blink about a month ago and as it can only fit one person at a time no-one seems interested in getting it fixed. The sauna's no use either, ever since the art department started using it as a drying room for the Maui Wowie and Durban Poison they have airfreighted in weekly.

And girls! Damned girls everywhere! This isn't an office, it's a gym changeroom at a girls' high school. When I hear people say it would be "fun" to be paid to work here, I deadset do my nana. No way, Jose, is this "fun." If I was in charge around here there'd be some mighty big changes, you mark my words. Better-looking male colleagues for a start. I put it on the boss the other day, but did he listen? Do *Penthouse* Pets say "no"? If someone asked me what this joint was coming to, you know what I'd tell 'em? Huh? I'd say: "Don't ask me, buddy, I only work here." — *C.J. Mackay*

SOUNDS

There is a triumphant mood on **Colin Hay's** *Looking For Jack* (CBS) that peaks in the obviously frenetic pumper "These Are Our Finest Days." His premier vinyl excursion after having been a Man At Work retains the final rhythm section of that band. Jeremy Alsop (bass) and Chad Wackerman (drums) have been given enough rein to put some muscle into the feels of Hay's songs — from the solid rock of "Circles Erratica", the reggae inflections of "Puerto Rico" and "Ways Of The World", to the slower grinds of "Fisherman's Friend" and the title track. Hay sounds best when soaring at the top of his register and songs like "Hold Me" (with its token South African native choir intro) give him just enough competition from brass lines and backup singers to make him push through in full flight. The disc is littered with guest singers and brass players alongside Herbie Hancock's piano ("Looking For Jack") and Robbie McIntosh's guitar (the Pretenders), but the core of the arrangements is still the trio, which gives the record a strong band feel. On the strength of this record Hay and cohorts are well and truly in the race.

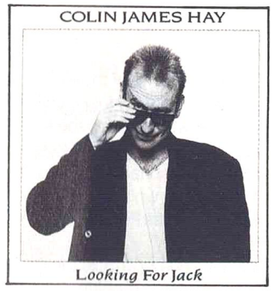


Debbie Harry has returned with a vengeance as *Rockbird* (Chrysalis). She powers back from a lengthy break after helping Blondie guitarist Chris Stein through a protracted illness, having entered the studio only a couple of times in the last few years to record songs for movies. The album sees her back looking and sounding as positive as ever with a collection of deeply trite songs. Blondie were constantly in the vanguard of pop trends in the late Seventies/early Eighties. This is a confident grab at her old limelight with songs co-written by her and people like Chris Stein and Nile Rodgers. This archetypal blonde bombshell asks: "If I did make you love me, will you make me belong?" Staunch Blondie devotees should have no qualms about an affirmative answer. After all, she does her best to look fabulous and enticing and pout anthems to osculation — "French Kissin'."

The **Triffids** haven't gone back to the garage for *In The Pines* (White Hot) but rather the next best thing — a shearing shed 600 kms south-east of Perth. A week with an eight-track, alcohol and rural bliss, this is not meant as a serious sequel to their last studio effort. The arrangements have more of a country and western singalong mood, as does the tuning of some of the instruments. A little less than exciting live, the band here toy with the waking side of comatose. They achieve some of the acoustic anarchy that Jonathon Richman and the Violent Femmes have produced, but without the sense of humor. It's all down to how polished you like your music making. The Band and Neil Young both got great mileage out of recording in barns (albeit with more equipment and time). With their stance of serious musicmakers they have taken their urban thoughts to this country retreat and imbibed them with a rural sense of tuning and rhythm. A seriously sloppy disc.

David Byrne celebrates the mundane with *Sounds From True Stories* (EMI)—the soundtrack to his movie of the same name. A totally different album to the Talking Heads' *True Stories*, there are some of the same songs but the bulk is tracks or incidental pieces that are specifically for the film. Tracks range from the dinky "Mall Muzak" to the elegant "Dinner Music" courtesy of the renowned Kronos String Quartet. Much of the flavor of this largely instrumental disc is Tex Mex — Texas being the film's setting — with jaunty accordion feels. Some beautiful to perverse textures that will make more sense in a cinema.

I'm always suspicious of bands that class themselves as "no frills — just damn good music." **The Smithereens** nevertheless have



Looking For Jack

some strong if not innovative moments *Especially For You* (Big Time). These nice boys from New Jersey (Springsteenland) sound like they'd have posters of the Stones and Monkees on their rehearsal room walls. Harmonies and guitars that echo late Sixties psychedelia pause only for the introspective "In A Lonely Place" — where Suzanne Vega guests on vocals. Ultimately they tend to chime on with grinding consistency. An American rock band that inherited the culture shock of the Sixties British invasion.

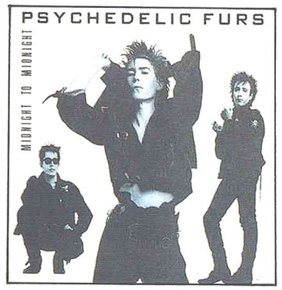
The **Psychedelic Furs** are not so much part of any Eighties invasion — more migration to the home of rock and roll, along with the likes of Billy Idol. The Furs' new spiritual home became New York (after London) and they number their days *Midnight To Midnight* (CBS). Any earlier menace has now been replaced by boutique leathers and gel. Thumping, pumping guitars and Richard Butler's nodes-in-progress vocals provide the basis for their version of a rock and roll towering inferno. Their rerecorded "Pretty In Pink" from the film of the same name sounds more like a Springsteen anthem than the wheezing, angular original. Slick and listenable but perhaps a little consumed by poise.

Kissing The Pink assure us *Certain Things Are Likely* (Magnet) on their third album with their new streamlined ensemble. Early Motown sensibility meets chic English techno-pop, from the Human League school of funk. It's full of what we at the office call soul aspirations and you at home call pretensions.

English trio (plus friends) **Working Week,** featuring the vocals of

MAN BACK AT WORK

Clockwise from far left: Debbie's back in blonde; Colin Hay, looking good; David Byrne's movie sounds; Slick Psychedelic Furs.



Juliet Roberts and veteran saxman Larry Stubins, are *Companeros* (Virgin) who run the gamut from ideologically sound pop soul a la Style Council and Special AKA to early Miles Davis flavored instrumentals.

On the subject of history, popular songs and jazz classics of the late Twenties and early Thirties are tabled in *Duke Ellington Great Original Performances 1927-34* (ABC) and *The Way They Were* (RCA) — a compilation of the then hits. — *Jeremy Cook*

FILM

MIND YOUR MORALS

What do you get if you put Bryan Brown, Rachel Ward and Sam Neill together? (a) A women's magazine editor's dream? (b) A long-winded but ultimately pointless story featuring an Australian, a Pom and a Kiwi? (c) A three-star movie with a no-star plot? (d) All of the above?

If you answered (d) you're on the money — which is unfortunately more than can be said for **The Good Wife,** directed by Ken Cameron from a script by Peter Kenna. A great deal of publicity signalled BIG things for this tale of sexual desire run off the rails in a sleepy country town, but somewhere along the line what was supposed to be a Tennesee Williams-style story of forbidden longings metamorphosed into ennui of forbidding proportions and the promise inherent in the film's triple treat of stars melted into disappointment.

Set in a small NSW timber town in 1939, the film tells the story of Marge Hills (Rachel Ward), a woman who begins to feel the frustrations of a mundane married life with honest, hardworking Sonny (you guessed it, Bryan Brown).

In her misguided quest for something to *happen* to her, Marge sexually initiates Sonny's brother Sugar (Steven Vidler) then falls for the new cad in town (Sam Neill), descending to the level of town laughingstock as she does so.

Director Ken Cameron describes the film as a meld of melodrama and ideas about psychology. It is indeed melodrama, if a little short on drama. As far as psychology goes, it would help to have crib notes, as the reasons for Marge's behavior are somewhat elusive.

Bryan Brown's steadfast sincerity as Sonny stands out. Alone.

Stories abound that too many fingers were poked into this pudding, changing it from what was originally considered exceptional Australian script material. But that, of course, is by the bye. What we see is what we get and *The Good Wife* is difficult to recommend — even if it's raining out and there's an Elvis festival on the telly.

Anyone familiar with the best-selling book and the stageplay of **84 Charing Cross Road** will no doubt eagerly await a motion picture rendition. They'll not be disappointed in the Geoffrey Helman-produced, David Jones-directed version starring Ann Bancroft and Anthony Hopkins. For those not acquainted with *84 Charing Cross Road*, it's the story of a relationship that begins in 1949 when New York writer and book fancier Helene Hanff writes to London booksellers Marks & Co requesting out-of-print books. Over the next 20 years, a friendly correspondence continues between Hanff, Marks & Co's Frank Doel and other employees — reflecting growing affection, and the changing times in New York and London. The story was hailed everywhere as a heartwarming triumph. This film lovingly recreates Hanff's experience and adds the extra dimension of superb casting.

Director Trevor Nunn brings his experience as joint artistic director of the Royal Shakespeare Company to **Lady Jane**, a film of the romance and political and religious intrigue surrounding the short reign of teenage English Queen Lady Jane Grey. Redolent of pomp, splendor and the swishing of ermine-edged gowns, *Lady Jane* is a beautiful film to behold, not the least because of bewitching Helena Bonham Carter as the title character and Cary Elwes as her blond, blue-eyed husband Guildford Dudley. Produced by Peter Snell. Screenplay by David Edgar. Recommended for those with an interest in historical intrigue, kings and queens and things. One for a rainy day, perhaps.

Women — interesting women — are the stuff of director Bob Rafelson's latest film, the thriller **Black Widow**. Interesting characters — a female federal agent with a fascination for her quarry, a woman suspected of serial murders. Interesting actresses — the double Academy Award nominee Debra Winger as the fed; the sizzling Theresa Russell as the enthralling baddie. Same adjective applies to the supporting cast

which includes my favorite, Dennis Hopper, and British actor Nicol Williamson. Interesting. — *C.J. Mackay*

The Whistle Blower sounds great on paper: a cast with Michael Caine in the lead role, as well as James Fox, Nigel Havers, John Gielgud, and a plot of espionage and intrigue which dodges in and out of the light and shade of fact and fiction . . .

Frank Jones (Caine) is tracking down the killer of his son, one of those boffins who worked in the listening posts tapped straight into the Kremlin. The trail leads right to Whitehall — and Jones pursues it.

This film effectively leads you along by the nose, and has you trusting that its ponderous pace is some purposeful dramatic device — until you strike one of the most transparently contrived, cheap climaxes you will ever see. Monumental cop-out.

When the Wind Blows is a special number — and black as the ace of spades. Featuring some fascinating animation techniques, it's a story adapted from

From the top: Bancroft in 84 Charing Cross Road; Scene from The Good Wife; Gielgud and Caine in The Whistle Blower.

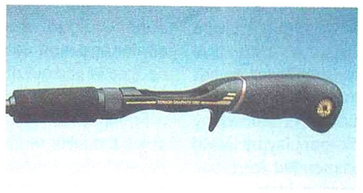
Raymond Briggs' cartoon book about Jim and Hilda Bloggs, in which this fat, puppyish middle-England couple batten the hatches of their home as warning of a nuclear strike is given. The first half of the movie is devoted to their pathetic misunderstanding of nuclear consequences, the second half to the price paid for this planet's flirtations with the same. The flesh peels off their bodies as they rot and starve to death. Cute, huh? *Could* be a true story. — *Graeme Sims*

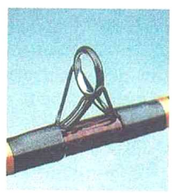
TOP GUN

Not so much a gun as a work of art, this Browning is one of a thousand made to commemorate the two millionth firearm made by Browning. It features a 24-carat gold engraved autograph of John Moses Browning, the Utah Mormon who carved his reputation as a quality firearms maker to the wild, wild west. Selling for $3950, it is among the most valuable and cherished firearms available at Mick Smith's Firearms and Sporting Goods Store at 773 George Street, Sydney. A spokesman for Mick Smith's says the store is most interested in purchasing old guns, swords and weaponry and that many Australians may have valuable pieces tucked away in barns, sheds and attics. For appraisal and cash sale Mick Smith's can be contacted on (02) 211 0166.

OPTICAL COLLUSION

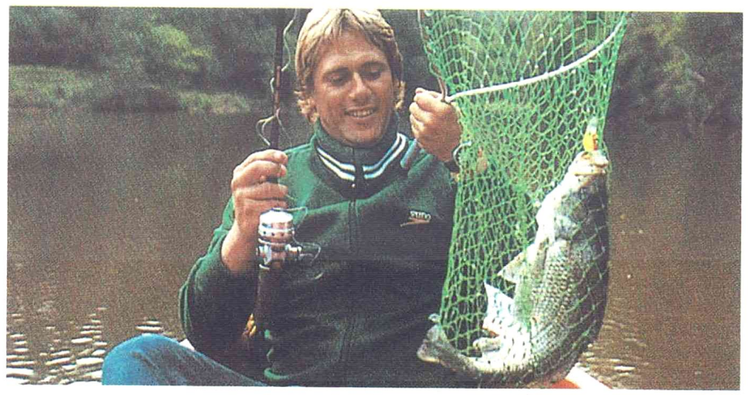
Tasco adventure telescopes can magnify your enjoyment of the great outdoors no end. At the top is The Adventurer, a powerful multi-purpose spotting scope which zooms from 15 to 60 power. It handily converts to a high-power 1000 to 4000 telephoto lens. The camouflaged number has a protective rubber armored shell, making it the heavy duty model. All are covered by Tasco's lifetime warranty.





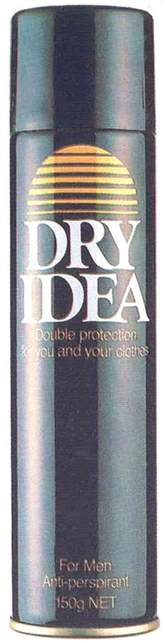
A LURE

Let's put you in the picture. Daiwa's spincast/baitcast rods have been developed with powerful butts to handle the hard fights. Who wouldn't want to be put in the picture? That's a solid bass, one of our heftier freshwater species. The grip on the rod gives the sensitivity to feel the action of your line while you're spinning with the other hand. If you'd like to feel every subtle chomp of a similar specimen, check out the Daiwa range at reputable fishing and sports stores.



IT'S THE PITS

Once upon a time, and not too long ago, gentle reader, there was no such thing as deodorant. Now, of course, there are hundreds of brands of antiperspirants and deodorants around and if you don't include a roll or a spray in your personal hygiene routine your wife or a dear friend leaves a cake of soap in your bed. But it would seem that even in these enlightened days there are still pockets of the community who appear never to have heard of the stuff, and these folk are often to be found jammed very close to your person on peak hour public transport. All of which serves to introduce a new deodorant/antiperspirant called Dry Idea For Men. It's light, herbal and its black packaging looks bloody good in a bloke's bathroom cabinet. What more could you ask?



SHOCKING VIEWING

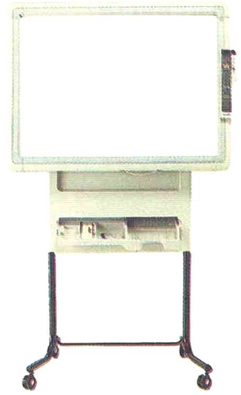
The less than polite among us might call it a case of snatching snatch from the jaws of defeat. Just when you thought you'd heard the last of the America's Cup, the video people of Electric Blue are releasing Number 24 — a behind-the-scenes romp filmed in Perth and Fremantle at the time of the Cup. The goings on in this little number may go a long way to explaining how we let the Auld Mug slip through our fingers — the Australians had their hands full of other things at the time. If you're an Electric Blue fan, you know what to expect. Also featured in Number 24 is a segment called Silicon Valley in which attractive former flatchests proudly display the fruits of modern medical technology. And don't miss the segment on nude female skydiving — sounds like enough to put the wind up anyone. Hire Electric Blue 24 at video stores now. For any enquiries phone Video Ray on (02) 908 4422.

TIME TRAVEL

Some of us have a hard enough time remembering what day it is . . . let alone wondering what day it is on the other side of the world. Seiko has come up with a great new idea for those who must know these things instantly. The Seiko World Time Touch Sensor displays the local time in major cities around the world — so you're not waking up business associates in the early hours with telephone calls *because you didn't know.* This desktop clock displays the time in any of the 27 time zones. Available from jewellery and department stores nationally for around $165.

TAKE NOTE

No-one likes taking notes, but here's something that executive types might like to write down. Sharp's UB-200 Electronic Whiteboard is an invaluable tool which frees an audience or client to sit back and absorb a presentation. Whatever is written on the board can become multiple hard copies at the touch of a button. And they only get to write down what you want them to. You make the notes — they get the copies. Easy.



DANGER! DANGER!

For fans of old sci-fi movies and television's *Lost In Space*, here are a couple of conversation pieces that actually talk. These quality Japanese replicas of Robbie The Robot (cybernetic star of *Forbidden Planet, The Invisible Boy*, etc) and the unforgettable tin-plated wise-cracking robot from *Lost In Space* both light up, waggle their arms and bleat out choice selections from their respective starring roles. They're not cheap, but what die-hard fan could quibble about paying $170 for an icon to such entertainment greats? You'll find them at Hobbyco, Australia's largest hobby, game and toy store, located at 417 George Street and 630 George Street, Sydney. Miniature Robbies and *Lost In Space* robots (wind 'em up and they walk) sell for $18.50 each, also at Hobbyco.

HEARD ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY?

Picking up a good book for leisurely reading is becoming an increasingly rare pleasure. If you're a business executive, just catching up with the morning papers is a mammoth time-consuming task. An average broad sheet is the equivalent of a small book — so who gets time to read for pleasure? For most of us holidays and a few pages before falling asleep at night is the extent of pleasure reading. But there is an alternative to the printed article — books on audio tape. They're becoming increasingly popular with time-pressured types and no doubt with those too lazy to read. Harlequin Audio Publishers introduced the books on tape concept to Australia last year and their current range includes plenty of interest for the businessman, the fitness fanatic, the self-improver and the fiction fan. Harlequin Audio tapes sell for $12.95 at bookshops and department stores.

Re-inventing the Corporation
The Minute Manager
HOW TO MANAGE STRESS
FLATTER STOMACHS & TRIMMER WAISTS
WORKOUT FOR WEIGHT LOSS
WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU AT HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL
THE IBM WAY
WITH BUCK RODGERS
FOR LIFE

AND THE WINNERS ARE . . .

The Sanyo CP710 Compact Disc Player offered as a prize in our Pet Of The Year Reader Poll competition was won by Mr Bob Vickers, of Taree in NSW. Mr Vickers' entry was drawn from thousands of votes cast for the 1987 Pet Of The Year. His prize is valued at around $550.

The winner of the Swiss Ski Holiday Competition was Mr Jeff Lloyd of Rankin Park in NSW. Mr Lloyd's correct entry won a trip for two on British Airways to Zurich via London, a week's five-star accommodation in St Moritz and a further week in Zermatt for skiing in the shadow of the Matterhorn.

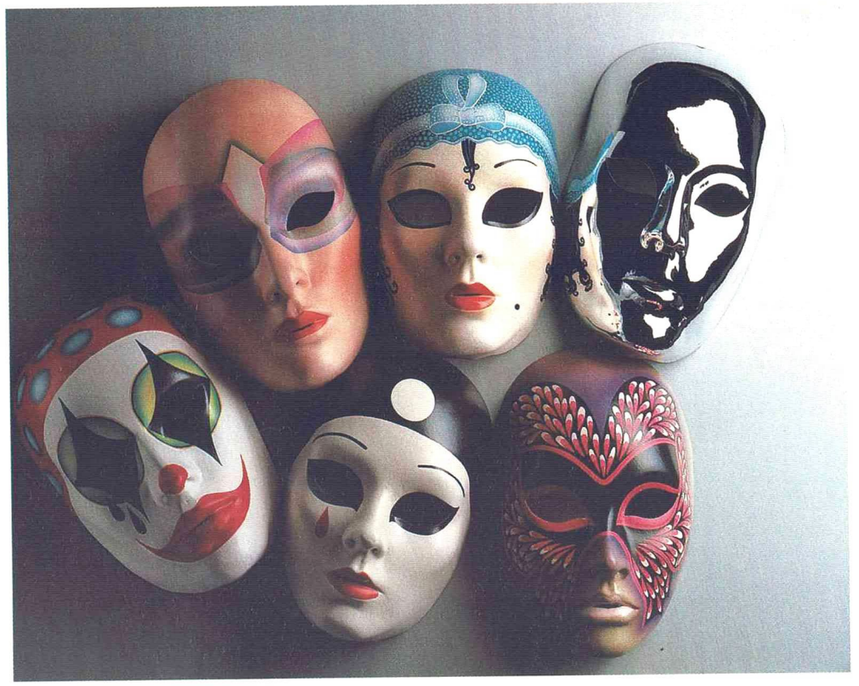
LIP SERVICE

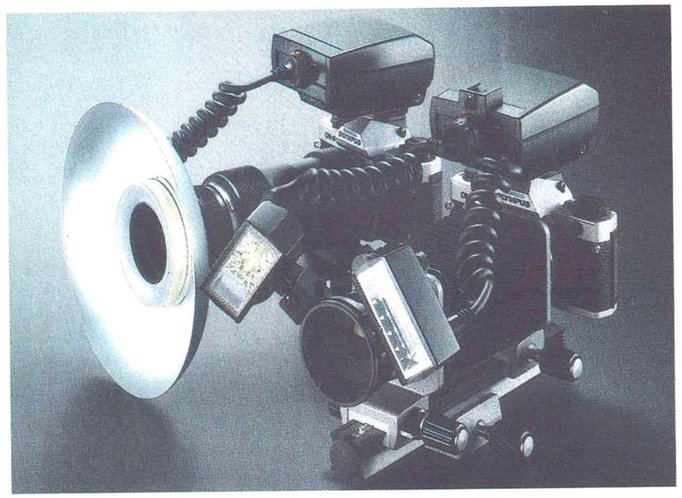
Any powderhound worth his ski tan knows that winter sun on the slopes can be as damaging, if not more so, than summer sun. And the chilly wind factor can rip the proverbial out of your exposed skin whether you're traversing or heading downhill fast. Facial skin, your nose and lips in particular, needs all the protection it can get when you're skiing. Nothing like cracked lips and cold sores to put the dampers on your chances with the snow bunnies back at the chalet. Save face with Rosken's

Lip-Sed in a gel tube or lipstick-style applicator. Lip-Sed has a sun protection factor of 8, it's transparent, waterproof, emollient and medicated to aid healing of cracked skin. In bright green packaging at supermarkets and pharmacies for $2.10 and $2.70.

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?

Masked balls always have a painful ring about them — conjuring up images of ripping sticking plaster from delicate hairy body parts. Well, these masks aren't painful at all and they are just the thing for balls. But seriously, grouped together these colorful masks make a beautiful and interesting wall decoration. They're great for fancy dress parties, and they could be an interesting adjunct to bedroom paraphernalia. They can certainly put an attractive twist on the old paper bag routine and you can fool your partner by wearing one on the front of your head and one on the back of your head in bed. She won't know whether you're coming or going. A wide range of dazzling colorful masks are available from Saywell Imports. For gifts and decorator stockists in your state phone Saywell Imports on (02) 5195622.





FLASH SYSTEM

Camera buffs know the Olympus name; serious camera buffs know that Olympus can match any other system when it comes to the tricky area of macro flash photography. This type of photo has traditionally stumped even the professionals, but beginners can now consistently obtain great results in the world of the close-up. There are two different ring flash models, as seen here on the left, and a choice of single or twin bar flash units as well. If you're serious about close-ups, any Olympus dealer worth his flash unit will be more than happy to shed some more light for you.

MENAGE A DEUX

The Menage range of men's grooming products claims to market to "the man who doesn't have to try too hard . . ." Does that mean that every bludger's wearing it? We asked Menage this hard hitting question. "Oh no, no, no, no," they were quick to inform us. "Menage is a fresh, masculine fragrance that women love to notice and Menage Musk is exotic and definitely for those who appreciate the excitement of the mysterious East." Sound like you? Well, Menage and Menage Musk have undergone a packaging change. You'll find the former dressed in black, silver and blue and the more exotic latter in charcoal, red and copper in stores and pharmacies. New look, same affordable price.

Sydney's Sarah Lipton

COMING IN JULY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Consumers' Guide To Gambling — The introduction of casinos in nearly every state is altering Australians' gambling habits. What for many was once an occasional fling is now a permanent opportunity. The big question is, "Can I win?" The answer is "Yes." But you can also lose. This comprehensive guide gives you the lowdown on avoiding the latter option.

The Sign Of Asmodeus — Jane Butterworth's body was found naked on the floor of her Melbourne flat. The police report suggested that there were no suspicious circumstances. But further investigations indicate that Jane's death resulted from dabblings with witchcraft, prostitution and drugs. This startling report reveals the existence of a coven specialising in the exploitation of naive Australian girls.

Fast Bucks — He's the scourge of NSW north coast developers. Identified by his Stetson, cigar, sunglasses and sense of humor, Fast Bucks is a radical conservationist who knows how to manipulate the media and make the establishment mad. Find out how he does it in July *Australian Penthouse*.

Madmen Of Australian Music — "Get out there and shoot Australia's maddest musicians." That's the brief we gave renowned photographer Jim Sheldon. He rounded up Angry Anderson, Doc Neeson, Brian Mannix and a host of other eccentric songmen. Check the results in next month's issue.

Pet Of The Month — Sarah Lipton's stunning appearance in July is something of a homecoming. Although born in Australia, she's been in Europe for the intervening 19 years; late last year she came back, and she's fallen in love with Australia all over again. "I have the feeling that I can do anything here," she says. And she can. She has. She does. Next month.

MANIAC

Continued from page 100

Wellsie's but he'd gone — the whole place was cleaned out and nobody knew nothing about him. It's all been downhill since," he sighed. "I got stuck with 12 months in here . . ."

"Tough," Darryl commiserated as the lights went out. A sliver of moonlight fought its way in through the window.

"Still," Maggot said, patting Darryl's knee. "I've got a friendly face here now."

"Eh, cut that out," Darryl said, getting up off the bunk and moving away.

"You don't want to take that attitude," Maggot said. "We could be bunked up together here for quite some time. Twenty-four hours a day while the work-to-rule is on."

Darryl had heard what prison could do to a guy. "Oh no," he vowed. "I'm going to ask for a shift first thing in the morning."

"You ought to be nice to a bloke who could suddenly . . . pop up behind you without you knowing it."

"Where are you, where are you?" Darryl demanded.

"Here," Maggot said, moving into the light. "I've been here all the time."

"Well, stay where I can see you."

"Can't promise anything," Maggot grinned.

"Just keep away from me," Darryl said, swinging up on to the top bunk. He rubbed his eyelids. *Christ I'm tired*, he thought, *but if I can keep my eyes open I should be . . .*

Darryl blinked. Had he been asleep? He looked over the edge of the bunk. Maggot wasn't on his bed. There were no shadows now in the morning daylight; Maggot wasn't on the floor, or the wall or the ceiling. His clothes, however, were strewn across the floor.

"Maggot?" Darryl slid off the bunk. "Keep away from me you — pervert!" he howled. He felt around in both directions. Nothing. Was that his own heavy breathing?

"Touch me and I'll *kill you* when you reappear!" Darryl threatened. There was a chill silence. Then Darryl throught he felt something touch his leg and he ran to the door and pounded on it shamelessly: "Open up, open up!"

A screw opened the door. "Get him away from me!" Darryl begged.

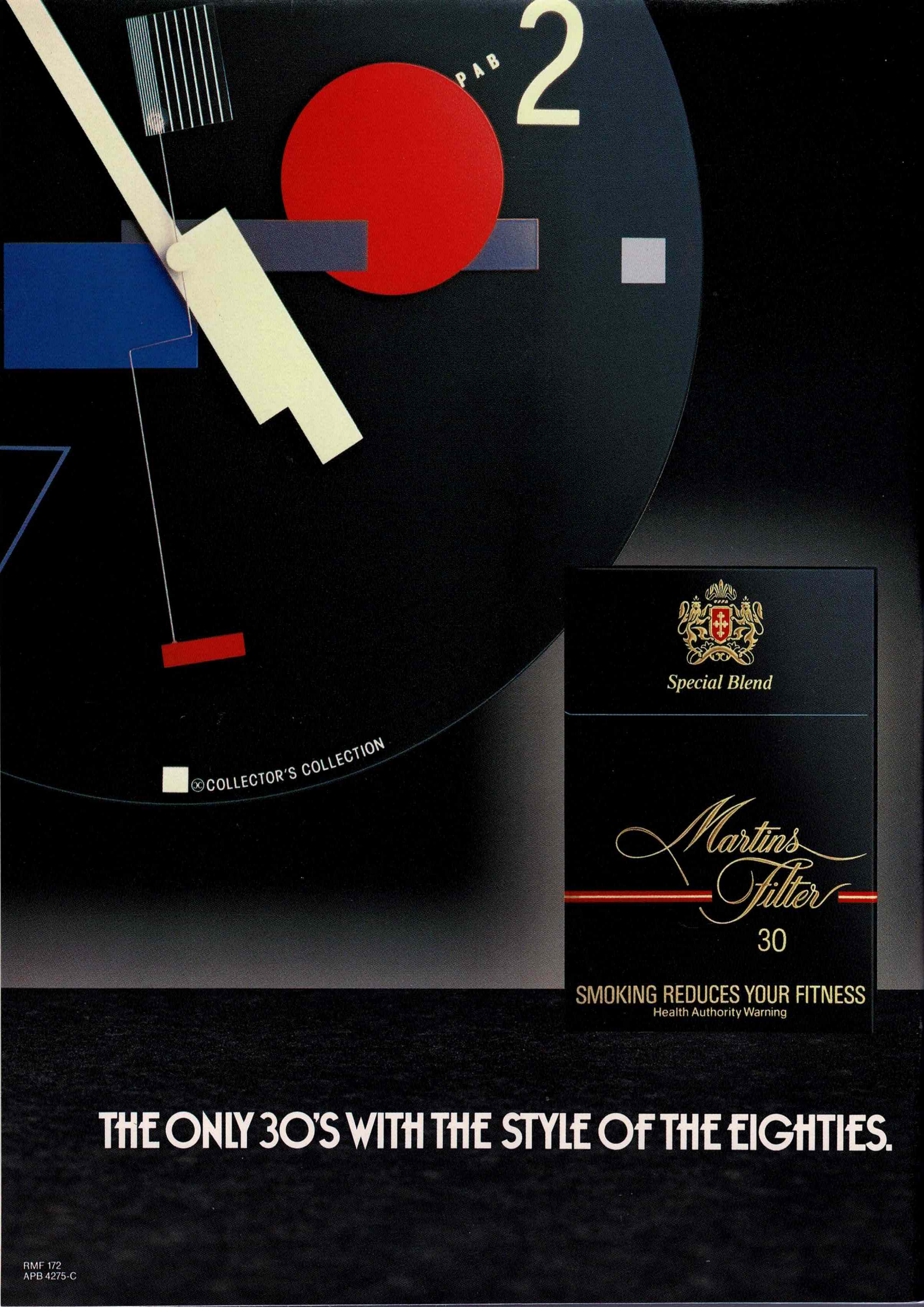
"Who?" the screw said, looking around.

"Maggot."

"He's been down the shrink's office for half an hour."

"The shrink . . .?"

"Yeah. Alternate Tuesdays. We have to take him down there in a straightjacket or else he's liable to expose himself to the doc's poor old canary. Lovely bit of work, isn't he?" O⊢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